

RAW ORCAKE

#32



THE BANANAS

THE DENTS
PINE HILL HAINTS
PORCH MOB

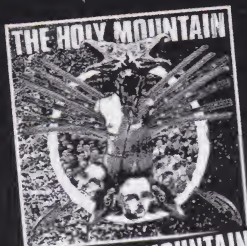
author **GEORGE HURCHALLA**
photographer **DAWN WIRTH**



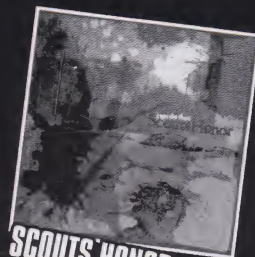
\$4 U.S.



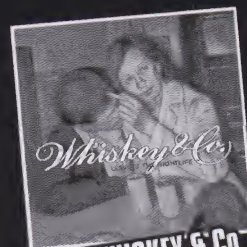
FIFTH HOUR HERO
"Not Revenge... Just a Vicious Crush" LP/CD



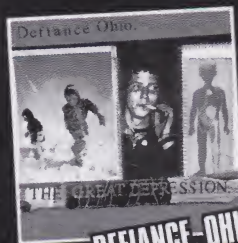
THE HOLY MOUNTAIN
"Enemies" 12"/CD



SCOUTS HONOR
"I Am the Dust" LP/CD



WHISKEY & CO.
"Leaving the Nightlife" LP/CD



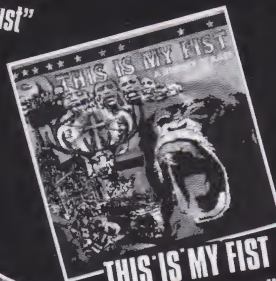
DEFIANCE, OHIO
"The Great Depression" LP/CD



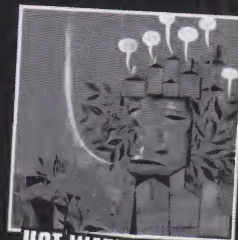
TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT
"Crooked Life / Straight World" LP/CD



ASSHOLPARADE
"Say Hello" LP/CD



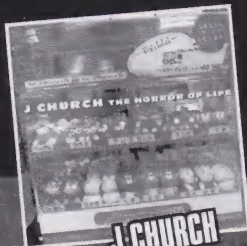
THIS IS MY FIST
"A History of Rats" LP/CD



HOT WATER MUSIC
"Til the Wheels Fall Off" LP/CD/DVD



ARMALITE
"Armalite" LP/CD



J CHURCH
"The Horror of Life" LP/CD

NO IDEA

www.noidearecords.com

SECURE ONLINE ORDERING!

1,000's of CDs, Records, Shirts, Pins,
Posters, & other Fun Stuff!!

P.O. Box 14636 Gainesville Florida 32604

LP or CD = \$9 Postpaid in the USA.

GHOST MICE "Europe" LP

THE BOMB "Indecision" LP

NEW MEXICAN DISASTER SQUAD "Don't Believe" LP

RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS
"To the Confusion..." LP

THE FEST 3 DVD

www.myspace.com/noidea

www.purevolume.com/labels/NoIdeaRecords

www.steakmtn.com

RAZORCAKE

Gus had just downed a six-pack while perusing an online interactive global atlas. He panned across satellite pictures of the Amazon and zoomed into the small side streets of his hometown, Titusville, Pennsylvania. The enormity of Earth flashed with each pixel across the screen and everything in our lives just seemed so tiny.

"We're just a small cancer in this," he concluded.

Sometimes Gus becomes an existentialist asshole when he's been drinking. As soon as he became bored with virtually flying across the globe, he turned his attention to me. I was hunched over a glowing monitor, going blind as I grappled with another technological obstacle.

"Why do you do this?" He demanded. His breath was heavy with the sour smell of cheap beer. "What do you get outta this?"

It was a week before deadline and I had two layout assignments due. I was struggling in front of someone else's computer and their unfamiliar set-up. This was one of three computers that I had been scrambling around Portland to use after my own machine's motherboard imploded.

I was perched on the plank of wit's end, the splintery board bent ominously low as I was weighed down with a truckload of stress. Gus's questions jabbed at my back like a rusty pirate dagger.

"Do you think you're doing important work for *Razorcake*? What? Are they the latest cutting edge underground punk rock publication?" He was mocking me.

All I could muster was, "I dunno. I just like doing it."

Gus and I were both at a loss.

I've never pondered why I do this work for a fanzine. It doesn't pay a cent and it can be as intensely time-consuming and retardedly stressful as any other deadline-driven job.

But it still isn't a 'job.' Regardless of the tireless hours, it is work that I take great pride in—my heart glows like a thousand-watt bulb from a swell of joyous satisfaction every time I crack open another issue to see my imprint inked permanently across the pages. Regardless of the lack of cash compensation, it is work that I do with friends—passionate people for whom I care about deeply rather than folks that I'm forced to tolerate for 40-hours a week.

Gus was condescending when he asked if this was important work. *Razorcake* isn't going to prevent wars, save endangered species or solve world hunger—but we're an independently published fanzine who gives voice to a small counterculture and the people who struggle as artists, musicians, and writers. We do our part as a gasp of fresh air in a culture suffocating from the massive chokehold of advertising disguised as corporatized media watered down to keep the majority of us ignorant enough to consume mindlessly. Of course our work is important—what else are people going to read when they're on the toilet?

I was wrong when I told Gus that "I just like doing it." It's more than that.

I am grateful for this work. I am excited about this work. I love this work.

—Amy Adoyzie

AD DEADLINES

ISSUE #33

June 1st, 2006

ISSUE #34

August 1st, 2006

Email todd@razorcake.org
for rates and full details.
Our ad rates are super.

AD SIZES

- Full page, 7.5" wide, 10" tall.
- 1/2 pg: 7.5" wide, 5" tall.
- 1/4 pg: 3.75" wide, 5" tall.
- 1/6 page, 2.5" wide, 5" tall.
- Please make all checks out to *Razorcake*.
- We only accept electronic ads.
- All ads are black and white.
- We don't reserve ad space.

Cover designed by Amy Adoyzie
Cover photograph by Megan Pants

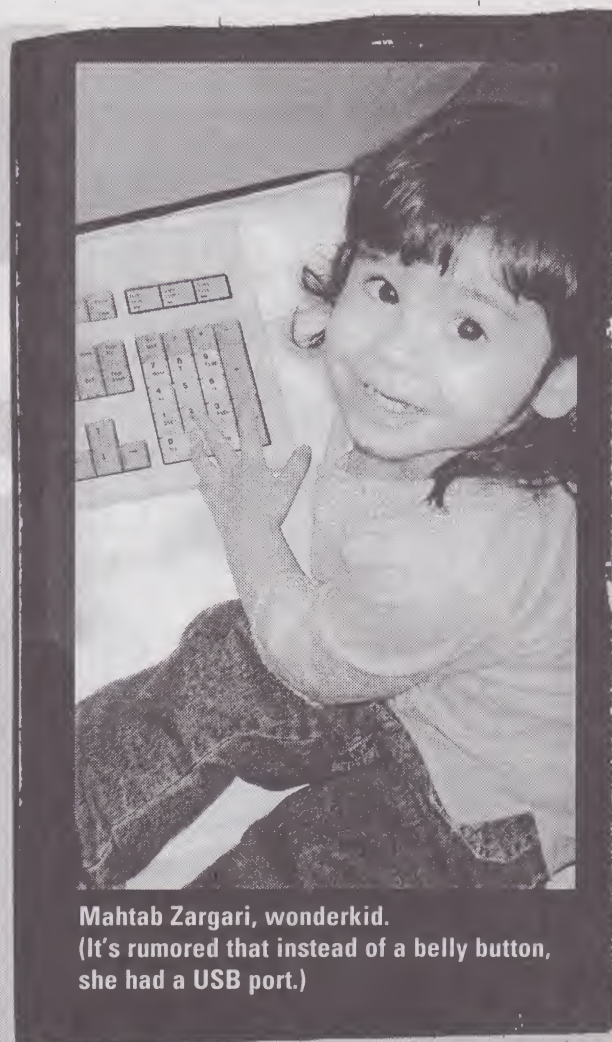
"Death takes away vanity."

—Graham Green, *The Quiet American*

This issue is dedicated to: The marriage of Dave Guthrie and Angelina Reyes; Andy Taylor, Todd's brother, who's going to Iraq by the time this is printed. Come home in one piece, please.

Contact *Razorcake* via our fancy new website: www.razorcake.org

Thank you list: Nautical rock'n'roll and fish sticks thanks to Amy Adoyzie for designing the cover, and whiz-banging the Bananas and Pine Hill Haints layouts; beershirt highschool drugs and pregnancy thanks to Rafael Avila for his illustration in Dale's column; so you finally burst Poland's ruckus hymen thanks to Wojtek Stasiak for his pictures in the Rhythm Chicken's column; Juliette Lewis is already sort of a cartoon character thanks to Mitch Clem for his illustration in Nardwuar's column, the secret of male/female relationships in two easy steps thanks to Brad Beshaw for his illustration in Sean's column (RIP Confounded Books. Long live Brad!); that one dude is totally getting his rock on thanks Sean Koepenick for his Porch Mob interview, Julia Smut for the layout, Kris Tripplaar for his photos; you busy, me busy, let's get shit done thanks to Keith Rosson for his George Hurchalla layout and reviews; thanks to George Hurchalla for sending photos along with his interview (If you took one of those photos, let me know, I'll say thanks to you, too!); fuckin'-a, pre *London Calling* Clash thanks to Ryan Leach for the Dawn Wirth interview and Jesse Vidarre for the digitizing help with Dawn's pictures; fish eye pictures usually look goofy, but you've got a great eye thanks to David Allen Jones for his Pine Hill Haints photos; "Dude, that's just, like, your opinion" thanks to the following folks who've done record, book, zine, and DVD reviews (in order of when they turned them in): Comrade Bree, Lord Kveldulfr, Kurt Morris, Jenny Moncayo, Joe Evans III, Mr. Z, Speedway Randy, Anthony Bartkewicz, Ty Stranglehold, Donofthedeat, Jennifer Whiteford, Ayn Imperato, KO!, Mike Frame, Greg Barbera, Josh Benke, Newtim, Keith Rosson, Jessica T., and Russ Lichter; words and stuff thanks for additional proofing of this issue: Lord Kveldulfr, Joe Evans III, Jenny Moncayo, and Ryan Leach.



Mahtab Zargari, wonderkid.
(It's rumored that instead of a belly button,
she had a USB port.)

ALL I WANTED WAS A PEPSI!



BENT OUTTA SHAPE

STRAY DOG TOWN LP/CD

SWING DING A MIGOS

KINGS OF CULO LP/CD

MODERN MACHINES

TACO BLESSING 12"/CD

SHARK PANTS

porno snakehead LP/CD

TOYS THAT KILL

CONTROL THE SUN

LP (PIC DISC) / CD

NEW ALBUM OUT SOON!

ALL PRICES POSTPAID WITHIN USA

7"=\$3 LP=\$8 CD/2xLP=\$10 book w/cd \$15

RECESS P.O.B 1666 SAN PEDRO, CA 90733

WWW.RECESSRECORDS.COM



NEW!! FUCKBOYS COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY CD INCLUDING 7 UNRELEASED SONGS MATTY LUV AND AESOP OF HICKEY (1987-1994)

FAST CROWD RECORDS



DAN PADILLA/CHINESE TELEPHONES SPLIT 7"

DAN PADILLA U.S. TOUR

W/MODERN MACHINES AND CHINESE TELEPHONES

6/28 Tucson
6/29 Las Cruces
6/30 Austin
7/1 Denton
7/2-7/4 ?????
7/5 Chicago

W/LOTTO FROM JAPAN

7/6 Bloomington Il. @Plan-It-X Fest
7/7 Bloomington Il. @Plan-It-X Fest
7/8 Bloomington Il. @Plan-It-X Fest
7/9 Grand Rapids Mi.
7/10 Milwaukee Wi.
7/11 Carbondale Il.
7/12 Chattanooga Tn.
7/13 Athens Ga.
7/14 Gainesville Fl.
7/15 Tampa Fl.

w/blackcougarshockunit and dukes of hillsborough

7/16 Gainesville
7/18 Pensacola Fl.

7/19 *****

7/20 ??????

7/21 Minneapolis

7/22 Pierrer S.D.

7/23 Billings Mt.

7/24 Yellow Stone

7/25 Missoula Mt.

7/26 Seattle wa.

7/27 Portland Or.

7/28 Camping at Shasta Lake

7/29 San Francisco

7/30 L.A. area

7/31 San Diego ***IF YOU CAN HELP WITH ANY SHOWS PLEASE EMAIL FASTCROWDRECORDS@HOTMAIL.COM***

ALL 7" \$4ppd CDS \$6ppd

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO

J.J. ELMORE OR JOSH PARRIS

2721 WIGHTMAN ST.

SAN DIEGO CA 92104

OR EMAIL FOR FULL CATALOG

FASTCROWDRECORDS@HOTMAIL.COM

ONLINE ORDERS

FROM THESE FINE FOLKS

LITTLETYP.COM

ADDZINE.COM/RECORDS

NOIDEARECORDS.COM

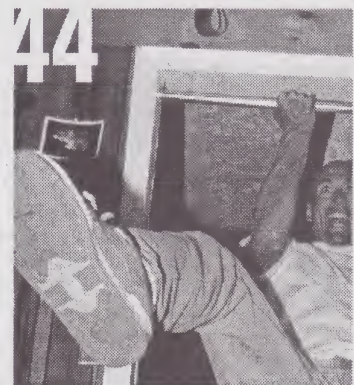
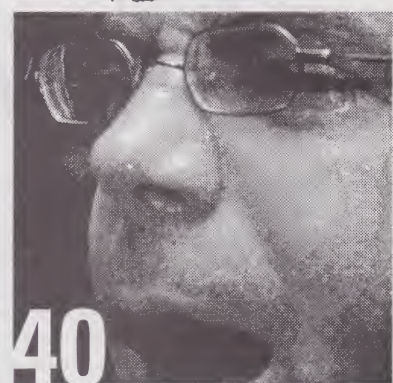
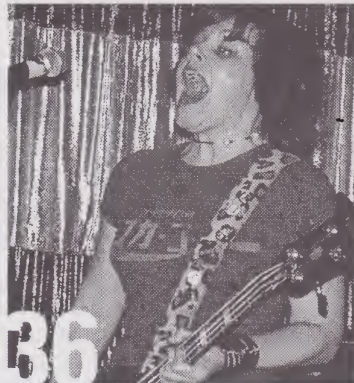
RAZORCAKE

Issue #32 June / July 2006

PO Box 42129
Los Angeles, CA 90042
www.razorcake.com

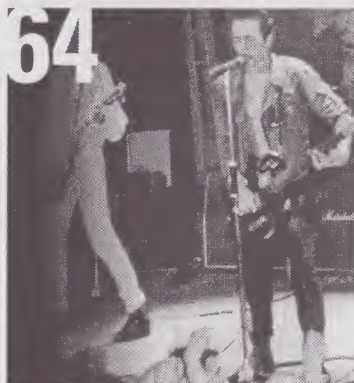
WE DO OUR PART COLUMNS

- 4 Liz O. *Guerrilla My Dreams*
- 7 Art Fuentes *Shizzville*
- 8 Jim Ruland *Lazy Mick*
- 10 Designated Dale *I'm Against It*
- 12 Amy Adoyzie *Monster of Fun*
- 15 Ben Snakepit *Snakepit*
- 16 Rev. Nørb *Love, Nørb*
- 20 The Rhythm Chicken *The Dinghole Reports*
- 22 Kiyoshi Nakazawa *Won Ton Not Now*
- 24 Nardwuar *The Human Serviette Who Are You?*
- 29 Chrystaei Branchaw's Photo Page
- 30 Sean Carswell *A Monkey to Ride the Dog*
- 33 Dan Monick's Photo Page
- 35 Miss Jenny Angelillo's Photo Page



INTERVIEWS AND FEATURES

- 36 *The Dents* by Brian Mosher
- 40 *Porch Mob* by Sean Koepenick
- 44 *George Hurchalla* by Jimmy Alvarado
- 56 *Bananas* by Megan Pants
- 64 *Dawn Wirth* by Ryan Leach
- 68 *Pine Hill Haints* by BD Williams



FAVORITES AND REVIEWS

- 76 Top 5s *P.S. sorry about the sheets...*
- 78 Record *Fuck the past, kids, 'cause it's deader than Rosie O'Donnell's career.*
- 104 Zine *The so-called "reviewers" who will inevitably purposely project their paranoid self-hatred onto them, and then flat-out lie to their readers...*
- 108 Book *A unique and powerful view of an odd man at the end of the world...*
- 111 DVD *Shot, stabbed, or hit in the face with a gardening claw...*

Individual opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.

Razorcake/ Gorsky, Inc. Board of Directors are: Todd Taylor, Sean Carswell, Dan Clarke, Katy Spining, Leo Emil Tober III

This issue of Razorcake and www.razorcake.com were put together by: Todd Taylor, Megan Pants, Sean Carswell, Skinny Dan, Amy Adoyzie, Keith Rosson, Juila Smut, BD Williams, Jenny Moncayo, Chris Devlin, Lord Kveldulfr, Joe Evans III, and Ryan Leach.

Razorcake is bi-monthly. Issues are \$3.00 ppd. in the U.S. Yearly subscriptions (six issues) are \$15.00 bulk rate or \$21.00 first class mail. Plus you get some free shit. These prices are only valid for people who live in the U.S. and are not in prison. Issues and subs are more for everyone else (because we have to pay more in postage). Write us and we'll give you a price. Prisoners may receive free single issues of *Razorcake* solely via Books to Prisoners, 92 Pike St., Box A, Seattle, WA 98101. Want to distribute *Razorcake* in the United States? The minimum order is five issues. You have to prepay. For \$10.00, you'll receive five copies of the same issue, sent to you when we do our mailout to all of our distros, big and small. Email megan@razorcake.com for all the details. George Hurchalla wrote a really phenomenal book. If you like punk, it's worth the dough to read about your roots.



"You think about art and commerce, press and hype... In the end, it really is just about the music."

Only Tongue Can Tell

You first heard the song in the middle of the night because you never reach over to flick off the switch before you fall asleep. You do this because, even though you are still horribly unsophisticated in matters of music business, you have come to an understanding that radio stations play the new songs and the old ones that never really caught on sometime during the graveyard shift and you are in the midst of an active pursuit for another sound that will change the way your ears function. This song does it.

There's a hint of Johnny Marr in the lead guitar and that is what makes you perk up from your position flat-on-the-stomach in a state of half-sleep with your nose stuck in the middle-bend of a Steinbeck book that you have to read for class. This song is vastly more interesting than some poetic rendering of the Central Valley, which you know for a fact is cow-spotted wasteland since you have to travel there with your family no fewer than two times a year. You knock the book off the bed and try to wake yourself up fully so that you can wait around for the DJ to announce the song, but after its conclusion, you're asleep.

When you wake up, all you can think about is that song and the fullness of the voice that sings, "And the itch to get rich quick/ Has never been so hard to reach," which is the

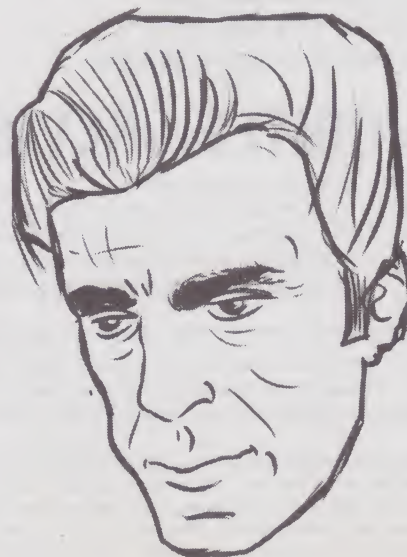
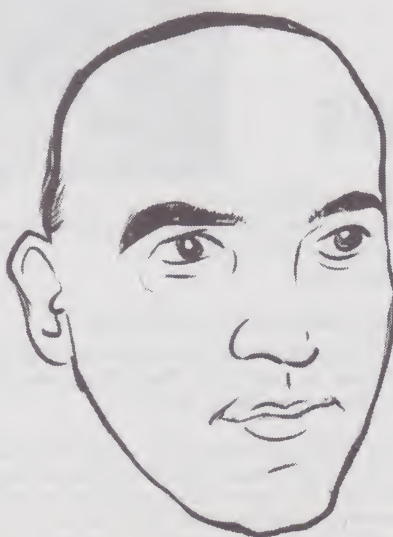
only line of the song that you can recall with some sense of certainty. You want to call the radio station, but you have done that so many times at this point in your young life that you know better than to demand a title from an intern on the basis of a single lyric. So, when you get back to your bedroom later on that afternoon, you turn on the radio and you wait for that song with a fresh tape in the deck and your hand reaching distance from the recording button. After a few hours of lying in wait, you hear the song and promptly copy it. The copy lacks the first half-bar on account of the way your tape recorder delays and the last two bars are obscured by the station ID, but this will do for the few days that it takes to find out that this song is called "Only Tongue Can Tell" and this band is named Trashcan Sinatras and the debut album is entitled *Cake*.

After your next payment for spending a Saturday night chasing around seven-year-old redheaded monsters, you head to the record store, buy the first of two copies of the cassette, which will last you until get around to buying a CD player, and whatever British magazine you can afford that has Trashcan Sinatras inside. The British music journalists heard the Smiths connection, but you think that there might be something else, that it's not just about five Scots playing like four Mancunians did a few years ago. The Smiths

are your favorite band, but it's still in the past for you as you didn't hear them until after they disbanded. Trashcan Sinatras are now, part of a wave of bands that will bridge together this new decade with the one that only recently passed. You will consider it your mission to tell every one of your friends about this band. You will remain faithful to this mission for years to come, handing out copies of various albums as birthday presents and carefully placing songs onto mixed tapes. Sometimes you will encounter people who were converted at the same time as you and one of these people will become one of your closest friends. You will leave each other Trashcan lyrics as comments on your Myspace pages and, when you finally find a way to not only get into the show, but to interview the band, you will call this person and he will drive for what seems like an eternity so that the two of you can cruise into Hollywood on a Friday night, singing "Only Tongue Can Tell" at the top of your lungs before going to see this band that has seemingly consumed both of you for over a decade.

Trashcan Sinatras started out in Irvine, Scotland, situated on a harbor south of Glasgow near the tail end of the 1980s. They

illustrations of The Trashcan Sinatras by Art Fuentes



were young, with the older members still in their early-20s and played around pubs, eventually writing their own songs.

John Douglas, rhythm guitarist and vocalist for the group, tells me the story backstage at the El Rey. He answers all of my questions with great detail and insight. Neither of us are aware that the sound check on the adjacent stage will leave a grinding hiss on the tape that will obscure most of our conversation. Still, he tells me about "Drunken Chorus," the first song the band wrote, which was eventually released as a b-side, and "Funny," from the album *Cake*. I have to fight myself from humming the melody when he mentions this.

"We started sending them off to record companies," he says of the songs. "Just through sheer brassneck."

I stare at him blankly, the sort of stare that plagued my face when I first heard a person refer to a cigarette as a "fag."

"That means balls," he laughs. "You know, just to see what would happen. Then we got some calls saying that this stuff is actually pretty good."

The band's earliest material received some airplay on its local radio station.

"Then we went down to a few record companies and some of them were enthusiastic," he says. "Then we wrote a few more songs. The next one was 'Only Tongue Can Tell.' That was the one that everyone fell in love with."

Trashcan Sinatras earned a deal with Go! Discs, a now-defunct sector of London Records, which, at that point was a division of PolyGram. *Cake* was released in the United States in 1990 as part of a convoluted major label chain with the resources to help secure airplay on the college and commercial alternative stations and press in widely read magazines.

"Everyone's debut record is probably their most publicized," he says. "When you are on a major label, you only get one or two albums. That was kind of the case with us. The record company was enthusiastic up until the second record, which didn't sell as well."

I raced to the record store the day that *I've Seen Everything*, the band's sophomore album, was released. After listening to it for the first time, I thought it was perfect. It is, overall, a more developed album, the sort that can only be listened to from start to finish. The songwriting is stronger and the production is so intricate that I still notice something new every time I listen to it. The harmonies are more pronounced, the bass lines thicker, the guitars denser. It is something that goes far beyond the "jingle-jangle" U.K. pop image of the debut and remains my favorite album from the band. However, it was released in 1993, just long enough after the Seattle invasion to get lost in the slew of heavy metal bands marketed under a different name.

"We suffered a bit," Douglas says of the album's timing. "Who knows, maybe if it came out a year beforehand... It's the nature of the record industry. You get trends and scenes and everyone seems to go with it and then bands get a bit of a hard time."

He sighs. "It's a shame. I'm really proud of our second record. I think it's probably our most cohesive."

Nearly four years later, Trashcan Sinatras released *A Happy Pocket*. I tell Douglas that, by the time I found out the record existed, I couldn't find a store that carried it. To this day, I have not been able to secure a copy. He tells me that he doesn't have one either.

"The record company wouldn't support it," he says. "It didn't come out in the United States. It came out in Europe. The songs on there are actually pretty good, but again, it's a difficult period."

Go! Discs was bought by Sony after the release and the band lost its deal.

"Because we lost our deal, we didn't have much money," Douglas explains. "We ended up losing our studio, Shabby Road. We had to deal with the loss of that. We had to deal with some bad tax advice. So, we went into debt and eventually had to go bankrupt completely. So, we just stopped and went home."

A few years passed and the Trashcans learned that some things just don't go away.

"We started getting out of the depression and writing songs again," he says. "We got to

a studio and started writing with the same sort of essence. The passion hadn't stopped. We were back to ourselves."

Eight years after what could have been the beginning of the end, Trashcan Sinatras released *Weightlifting*, with more of a soul influence but still not a far stretch from prior albums. I asked him if the album's title track was intended to make a statement about the band's return.

"There wasn't any particular reason, but it worked pretty well because that is what we felt after we went through the bankruptcy and lost everything and realized that we're still friends. We didn't try to write the song around our feelings, we wrote the song just to try and capture the feeling of what it is like to go through a bad patch and survive."

I ask him if it's strange that, after the hardship, the band retains the same lineup as it did on *I've Seen Everything* (David Hughes replaced George McDaid on bass between the first two albums).

"I suppose it's because we were friends before we had a record deal," he says. "We were just a bunch of guys who were devoted to trying to write something."

On the night of the show, you and your friend squeeze through bodies towards the front of the stage. You can only get so close and, still, you can feel the summer sweat of others pressing up against you. You think about the band's tour last fall and how the tickets sold out before you could get a pair and you look around and notice that this show is most likely sold out as well. You realize that you are surrounded by roughly 749 other Trashcan Sinatras fans and you smile.

You watch as John Douglas walks out to the stage with his bandmates: Frank Reader on vocals; Paul Livingston on guitar; David Hughes on bass and Steven Douglas on drums. They start to play and you and your friend sing along with virtually every number. You giggle during the breaks at the girl behind you who keeps screaming for "I'm Immortal," because you're pretty sure that the band is deaf to requests from the stage.

Then they play a song that you know for sure isn't theirs, yet you know all the words. You look at your friend and ask, "Why do I know this?" He responds, "Because it's 'MacArthur Park.'" You're in shock that a guitar-pop band can take a disco ballad about a neighborhood in your hometown and turn it into something completely different, yet equally breathtaking.

After the show, you meet a fan that traveled from Colorado and you realize that you and your friend aren't alone, that there are thousands of others who feel as deeply about this band as you do. On the way home, you think about art and commerce, press and hype. You think about how these things that are supposed to matter, really don't. In the end, it really is just about the music.

-Liz Ohanesian



RAZORCAKE 5

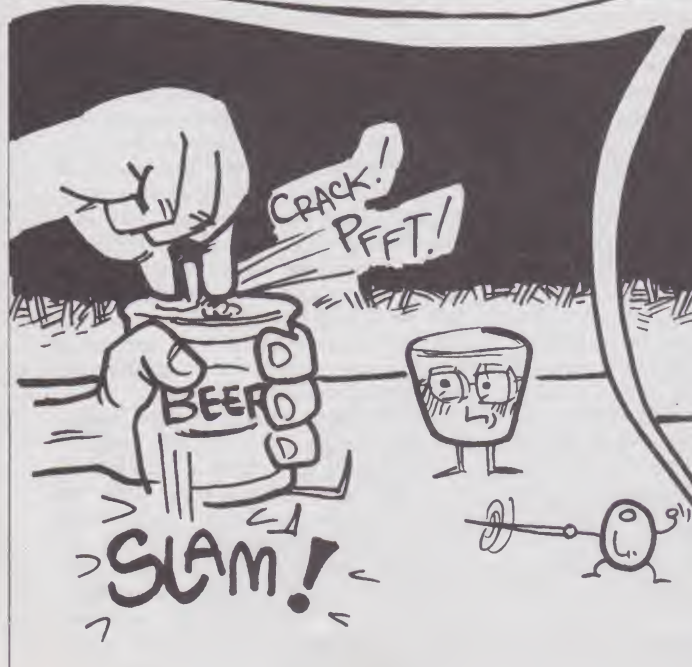
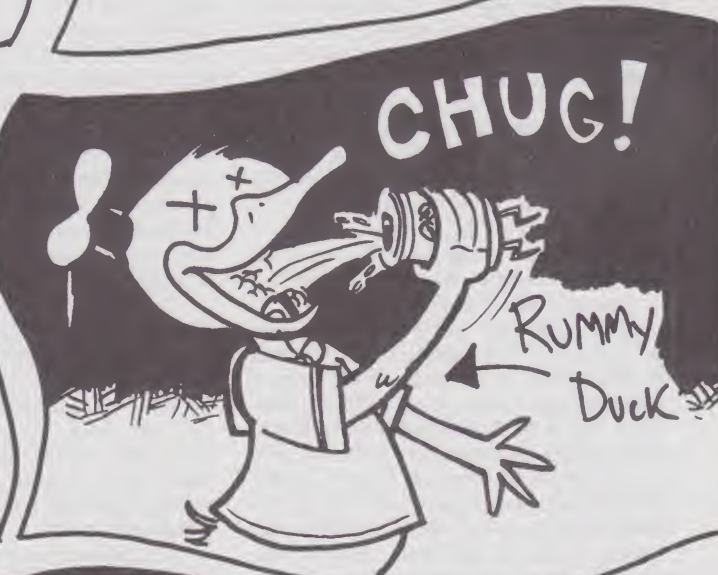
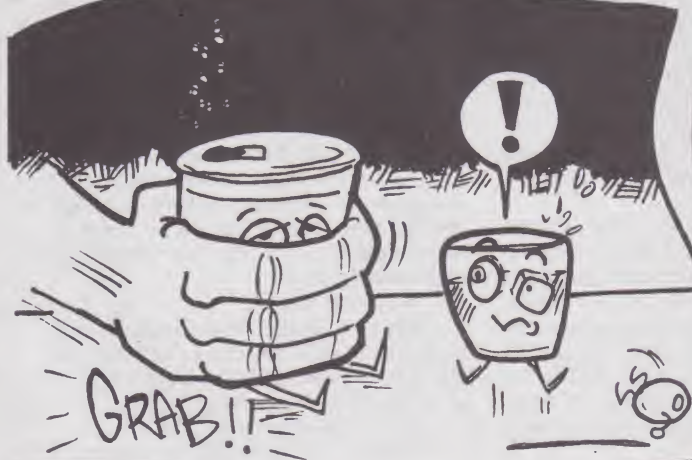


from our ears to yours, with love...



**FOUR DEADLY QUESTIONS (New York)
THE ANSWER LIES (New Mexico)
split CD to be unleashed Summer 2006
www.gcrecords.com**

SHIZZVILLE DRINKY FRIENDS





LAZY MICK

JIM RULAND

"I never knew an Irish bartender who didn't like a story about an Englishman stricken with a sore head, and this one was no exception."

BARE KNUCKLES

I blew into New York for a reading last winter and wandered into an Irish bar near my hotel on the Lower East Side. The bar, whose name has been deviling me for days, had a two-for-one special on draft beer. Prudent fellow that I am, I took a seat at the bar, made myself comfortable, and had a look at the local lagers and ales on offer. A product called Bare Knuckle Stout immediately jumped out at me. The tap handle featured a bare-chested man striking a pugilistic pose. It reminded me, of course, of John L. Sullivan, and I asked the bartender if it was his likeness on the tap handle.

"John L. who?" he asked.

"The Boston Strong Boy? The last of the great heavyweight bare-knuckle boxers?"

"Never heard of him."

"My good man, in his day, which was the 1880s and '90s, John L. was so famous he didn't need a surname, didn't need a nickname either, but a boxer without a handle is like a knife without a fork. Every sporting fellow in the country followed John L.'s exploits in the *National Police Gazette*, and sang his praises in barrooms and barber-shops across America. After a prizefight, the masses flocked at the train stations and wouldn't leave until their champion gave them a wave. John L. was such a good sport, he'd often let himself be carried away from the platform to the closest hotel or saloon and celebrate with the sports, be he the mayor or a poor hodcarrier, like his father. John L. was that rare class of athlete who captures the public's attention and keeps it. Indeed, he was the first bona fide American sports celebrity."

"Are you going to have a pint or aren't ye?"

I asked the barman, a thick-necked hurler from Derry, to pull me one. As the stout settled in the glass, I told the bartender that John L. was born on October 15, 1858, in Boston, Massachusetts, not far from Boston College. He inherited his temper from his father, a workingman who stood five foot two and weighed one hundred and thirty pounds; but John L. got his extraordinary physical gifts from his mother, who was half a foot taller than her husband and fifty pounds heavier. John L. was born with unusually large hands and before he reached the age of one he delivered his aunt a fierce wallop that blackened the poor woman's eye. When a horse cart jumped its track in

Washington Street, wasn't it John L. who set it right with nothing but his own two hands?

"Don't you be talking!" said the barman.

"John L. was a plumber and a tinsmith and was even offered a contract to play baseball for a club in Cincinnati, but his destiny lay elsewhere. He broke onto the fistic scene with a boxing exhibition when he was still a teenager. It seems his challenger, a cowardly tough by the name of Scannell, lit out as soon as John L. peeled off his shirt. The Boston youth turned to the audience and issued his famous challenge: 'I can lick any sonofabitch in the house!' Someone was foolhardy enough to take him up on it and was promptly sent ass over teakettle into the footlights."

"In 1888 he signed on with William Muldoon's Variety Show, a famous wrestler of his day, and fought Joe Goss, the great English fighter, now well past his prime. Though long in the tooth, he 'had science' as they said in the day, but John L. dispatched him easily. When Goss was sufficiently recovered, he couldn't remember the fight, and was under the impression that he'd been kicked by a mule."

The barman chuckled. I never knew an Irish bartender who didn't like a story about an Englishman stricken with a sore head, and this one was no exception.

"Later that year," I continued, "John L. traveled to Harry Hill's, a notorious drinking establishment and dance hall on Houston Street—not far from where I'm sitting now—and the preeminent place to place a bet or watch a fight. John McMahan, who boxed under the name Steve Taylor, accepted John L.'s offer to pay fifty dollars to any man who could go four rounds with him. The challenger was no ordinary thug: McMahan/Taylor had sparred with the best fighters of his day and had helped train the current champion, the great Paddy Ryan, the Trojan Terror. The two men climbed into the ring and John L. made him quit before the second round was over. In a gesture of goodwill John L. was to repeat all his life, he paid the man twenty five dollars for his troubles."

"Good man he was," the bartender grunted.

"So they say. The following year, he fought Cockey Woods, sparred with Dan Dwyer, the so-called 'Champ of Massachusetts' and appeared in a benefit with Professor Mike Donovan, the boxing

instructor at the New York Athletic Club and Teddy Roosevelt's sparring partner. Even though it was only an exhibition, the professional pugilist limped home with a broken wrist, a dislocated thumb, and a sore head. Despite John L.'s natural prowess, fights were hard to come by. Then, as now, there weren't a multitude of great heavyweight fighters. So he issued a challenge to the reigning heavyweight, Paddy Ryan, but Paddy wasn't having any of it. 'Go get yourself a reputation,' he is said to have snarled, and that's exactly what our hero did."

"You don't say?" the barman asked.

"Indeed, I do. In the last days of 1880, John L. went to Cincinnati and fought John Donaldson in an honest-to-God prizefight for the first time in his career. John L. mopped the floor with him. Afterwards, both men were arrested."

"Why was that?"

"Because boxing was illegal. It was looked upon as a species of vice, practiced by thugs and cheered on by every low class of scoundrel in the country."

"That's America for ye."

"Boxing was a different sport then," I argued. "All manner of things we associate with dirty fighting today were legal back then: eye gouging, leg kicks, and wrestling maneuvers were permitted under the London Prize Rules. There was no limit on rounds and they lasted until someone went down. The rules were simple. At the beginning of the match, a scratch line was drawn in the turf. At the beginning of each round, the fight could not commence until each man came up to scratch. This is where we get the expressions 'not up to scratch' and 'toe the line.' If a fighter was unable to make it to the line in the allotted time he was declared 'knocked out of time' and this is where the term 'knock-out' comes from, not from being knocked unconscious."

"That is quite remarkable," the barman said, and went back to picking his teeth.

"In May of 1881, John L. went back to Harry Hill's to arrange another fight, this time with John Flood, the 'Bull's Head Terror.' Flood was as untested as John L., but he had a fearsome reputation as a mauler in one of the Five Points gangs so colorfully featured in the film *Gangs of New York*. Because the police had learned of the impending fight, the bout took place on a

barge. The fighters and sporting crowd boarded the barge at West 43rd, went up the Hudson River, and moored somewhere off Yonkers. Flood spent most of the match on his back and was knocked senseless in the eighth round. Among those in attendance was Paddy Ryan, who declared that John L. was 'a clever young fellow.'

"Clever as an ox."

"And as strong as one, but he would need more than cleverness against his next opponent: a three hundred pound blacksmith who stood seven feet tall. John L. delivered him to the land o' dreams in no time at all. John L. traveled around the country, taking all comers. He destroyed a tugman in Chicago and in Michigan he drubbed the Michigan Giant in a benefit. Finally, February 7, 1882, John L. got his wish: a tilt with Paddy Ryan with a \$5,000 purse. This was the chance he'd been waiting for and our man was so determined that nothing would come between him and his destiny that he cooked his own food to avoid the possibility of contamination by one of his opponent's disreputable associates. The bout was supposed to be held in New Orleans but was moved to Mississippi City the morning of the prizefight when the governor got wind of the affair. Twelve coaches conveyed 1,000 men to the match. John L. climbed into the ring with the Giant of Troy and more than held his own. He took Paddy's punches well and he gave as good as he good. In the ninth round, he delivered a wisty brain-stunner right below Ryan's ear that put the champion to sleep. When he was revived, he complained that his head felt like it had been hit by a telegraph pole."

"Felt the same meself this morning," the barman winked.

"And not for the last time, I'd wager."

"The country was in an uproar. It took John L. a month to get home. Every city that he passed through demanded that the new champion de-train, give them an exhibition, and enjoy the hospitality of the town."

John L. had the title, I continued, but now he had enemies as well. During his visit to Harry Hill's in 1881, John L. had a run-in with Richard Kyle Fox, the editor, publisher and proprietor of the *National Police Gazette*, the most widely circulated weekly newspaper in the country. Fox shrewdly noted the increase in the paper's sales after a big fight and was determined to make the *National Police Gazette* 'the leading prize ring authority in America.' The story of the meeting between John L. and Richard Fox, which may or may not be true, goes like this: The two men were in the drinking establishment at the same time. John L., a coarse Catholic workingman, is said to have had no use for Fox, the son of a Protestant clergyman from Belfast. Legend has it that Fox invited John L. to his table for a drink. John L.'s reply was, 'If he wants to shake my hand, his feet can do the walking,' or something to that effect. Fox was furious and from that moment forward, he was determined to find a champion who could topple the arrogant son of a bogtrotter, but the task proved easier in the telling than the doing."

"Isn't it always the way?"

"It is, but here's the rub: Fox was so anxious to see John L. defeated he relentlessly promoted the contests in his newspaper; but as John L. felled the contenders like a lumberjack clearing a forest, his fame and popularity soared to incredible heights. Ironically, without Fox, the Boston Strong Boy never would have become John L. The more famous he became, the more newspapers Fox sold. In his ardor to humiliate the man, Fox made John L. a legend. To put it another way, the feud between John L. Sullivan and Richard Kyle Fox is the story of the first American sports celebrity and the invention of the modern day sports page."

"How's yer stout?"

I sampled the beverage. It was thick without being sludgy, creamy without being sweet, and smooth as custard. It did not invite comparisons to the effervescence out of St. James Gate, which is good, because those that do tend to have the consistency of porridge and leave one as bloated as a sack of oats. In short, I found Bare Knuckle Stout to be very drinkable stout, sweet to me is that. "Is it a local product?" I asked.

"No, Anheiser Fuck-all Busch."

"I'll have another."

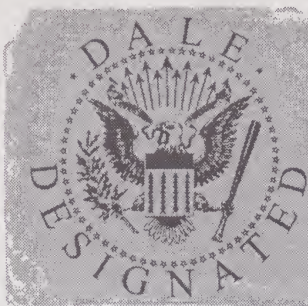
Next month: The story of Richard Kyle Fox and the *National Police Gazette*.

—Jim Ruland



Illustration by Jim Ruland

Boxing was looked upon as a species of vice, practiced by thugs and cheered on by every low class of scoundrel in the country.



I'M

AGAINST IT

DESIGNATED DALE

"Remember those macramé hats made out of beer cans? That shit was tight."

COME ON NOW

While mulling over a few health-related news sites recently, I looked across a sub-headline that made me cringe: "Kids Who Wear Alcohol Logos Start Drinking Sooner." I could already smell what was going on with this news item before I even clicked the link to read the actual story. What did I smell, you ask? A familiar horse-shit scent, reminiscent to that of Tipper Gore and her do-right PMRC crusade that were trying to spearhead an attack on the music artists and industry for "indecent" material back in the '80s.

A handful of our readers might be a tad young to remember Ms. Gore: she co-founded the Parents Music Resource Center after hearing her twelve-year-old daughter playing "Darling Nikki" by Prince. Yes, go ahead and track down the lyrics. I'll wait. Ready for this? Following the next few years, artists like Frank Zappa and Ozzy Osbourne were under heavy scrutiny by the PMRC and "warning labels" were affixed to releases with "inappropriate" or "mature" content, which more times than none lead to greater record sales due to that warning. Here's a good analogy: tell a toddler *not* to touch the television. What's the first thing they try and touch? The stickers were and *still are* a fucking joke. This led artists to include songs of protest in their recordings against Tipper and her band of religious right gypsies. One such song was a doozy, and it put things in perspective about the whole over-reactive mess: a song called "Censorshit" from the Ramones' 1992 *Mondo Bizarro* LP. Some excerpts include:

*Tipper, what's that sticker sticking on my CD?
Is that some kind of warning to protect me?*

*Freedom of choice needs a stronger,
stronger voice.*

*You can stamp out the source, but you can't
stop creative thoughts.*

*Ah, Tipper come on,
ain't you been getting it on?
Ask Ozzy, Zappa, or me.*

We'll show you what it's like to be free.

*Ah, Tipper come on, it's just a smokescreen
for the real problems.*

S&L deficit, the homeless, the environment.

*Hey, hey all you senator's wives better take
a good look at your own lives.
Before you go preaching to me your
definitions of obscenity.*

*The irony it seems it seems to me it's
un-American policy.*

*Yeah, we've come so far but still only to find
are people like you with ignorant minds.*

Here, here, Joey. And long story short about ol' Tipper—count your lucky stars that her husband, Al Gore, only succeeded in being a vice president. Who knows how far her ridiculousness could've stretched had she a husband sitting front and center in the White House? But rest assured that Tipper never even *thought* of spinning anything off-beat or colorful on a turntable back in 1968 when she was but a twenty-year-old hot-shot...give me a *fucking* break.

Getting back to my online news find, once reading it over, I soon saw the familiarities with it and Tipper's past motives. What I read was research that found middle school kids drinking sooner than their peers were. The reason? These "earlier than most" drinkers were discovered to have worn alcohol-branded T-shirts and hats, or owned some other kind of booze-emblazoned swag. The study followed 2,400 middle school students, ages ten to fourteen, who said during an initial survey that they had never used alcohol. The same students were surveyed again one to two years later, at which time they were asked if they owned any alcohol-branded merchandise and if they had ever tried drinking. Overall, 14% said they had some alcohol-related item, usually T-shirts, caps, or jackets. These children were 50% more likely than their peers to have started drinking, even with factors such as school performance and friends' drinking habits taken into account. Researchers pointed out that these findings are similar to those of studies from the '90s that linked cigarette-branded merchandise to a greater risk of adolescent smoking.

"It's uncertain whether clothes or bags with beer logos encourage some kids to start drinking. But the study results are concerning enough that parents and schools should consider keeping the merchandise out of kids' hands," said Dr. Auden McClure of

Dartmouth Medical School in Lebanon, New Hampshire. "Besides possibly swaying a child's own attitude toward drinking, alcohol-branded gear turns kids into 'walking advertisements' aimed at their peers," McClure noted in an interview. "The study has its limits, and it cannot establish beer-bearing T-shirts as the cause of some kids' drinking, but the findings are strong enough that we're saying let's be cautious." McClure and her colleagues add, "For parents, that means keeping alcohol-branded gear out of the home, while schools can do their part by restricting students from wearing or carrying such items." Adding to these findings is Dr. James Sargent, professor of pediatrics at Dartmouth: "We worry about early onset drinking because these kids are more likely to go on to misuse alcohol when they reach high school."

Okay, let's back it up a bit, there, McClure and Sargent. For starters, I'd need a calculator to add up how many kids I grew up with who experimented with booze (not to mention other extracurricular chemical activities) during our junior high years. I remember a lot of kids my age growing up in the late '70s/early '80s that sported the atypical Budweiser, Miller, or Heineken shirt and/or baseball cap. (Remember those macramé hats made out of beer cans? That shit was tight.) For most of my friends (note, I use the word *most*) I remember wearing any of these things, I can personally vouch that they didn't become a raging band of Topsy McStaggers by the time they got handed their high school diploma. Sure, there were a few who boozed it harder than others, from junior high all the way through high school *cough*(I'm looking in your direction, Cota)*cough, but that's just the point—those who decided to did it themselves.

It wasn't because of some Captain Morgan's duffel bag that a kid used in phys. ed. class that turned them into Surly Duff. It wasn't the kid who had the all-over Bud® print button-up shirt that turned into a pilferer of their parent's liquor cabinet. It was simply because he or she decided to get their sip on, to one degree or another. And guess what? Those who *didn't* wear or own any booze-embroidered swag, beer bonged or slugged it just as much as the next sloth at any given parents-are-gone-it's-fucking-



Illustration by Rafael Avila • www.graythumbstudios.com

party-time-this-weekend gatherings, as well. Anyone that was sober enough to pay attention to these times during his or her younger years knows I'm right when I say this.

Do the clothes or other paraphernalia with alcohol logos slapped on 'em really influence young'uns that much to get a head start on their pals when it comes to pipping beer in front of liquor stores? I honestly doubt it, and I can safely guess that more than 50% of kids in this age group (across the board, not just the 14% of the surveyed kids) have dabbled with ye ole booze, if they were *really* telling the truth, anyway. Some high school kids are gonna experiment with drinking, no matter if you dress them up in Schlitz Malt Liquor Bull pajamas with feet 'n assflaps, or Captain America Underoos

(No, Nørb, I don't have any for you). As far as McClure's recommendation for keeping these alcohol-related items out of the home, that needs to be left up to the parents or whoever's raising these kids, period. She comes off with the "Let's be cautious" attitude because of the case study results, yet emphasizes that none of the booze merch should be allowed in homes or at school. Well, where should it be allowed? Nowhere, obviously. That same concern of "exercising caution" is what Tipper tried forcing upon the music industry, and man o' Manischewitz, look what that did—not a damn thing.

You want to throw a ban on influential apparel and/or accessories that would make a *real* difference, McClure? Something that can be buried under the living room carpet

like an unwanted, dried-up stick of cat shit? How's about shirts or numbered jerseys that depict celebrity sport figures that have received nothing more than a slap on the wrist for repeated drug offenses or even rape? Oh, right, these individuals are heroes to many people (including children) in our country. Nothing to raise an eyebrow over, huh? How about shirts that depict douchebags like R. Kelly? I mean, all he *really* did was use an underage girl as a human drip tray to catch his bodily excretions, right? Seems he made a teeny, tiny mistake with that chapter of his life, so we should just let that slide, too. And don't even get me started with shirts bearing images of the Pope on 'em. Two words: altar boys.

I'm gonna take a wild guess and say that these above examples will never be taken into serious consideration with the research committee that did the alcohol survey. They're way too fucking easy to realize, right? Too easy too make sense of. But if McClure ever possibly sees things her way, silk-screened shirts with band names like The Riverboat Gamblers on the front of 'em will be finding their way to the incinerator for instigating dice games in junior high schools. Yeah, that'd make a whole lot more sense. Go figure. Yes, I feel strongly opposed to a group of people trying to draw a line of morality for others to live by, especially when it's a conclusion they've come to by simply examining a case study, or even more scarier, what they feel "is best." Police your own lives and children, people. Keep your "best interests" and "cautious" attitudes within the confines of your own home.

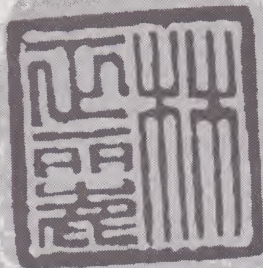
Some people may even wonder why I raised any attention to this, due to the fact that I don't even drink. You're right, I may not drink, but I sure as hell

respect the rights of others to do so, *especially* the right of some kid wanting to wear his old man's stretched-out Pabst Blue Ribbon shirt. I'd rather see that kid sporting a raggedy PBR tee than some lame, overpriced Good Charlotte concert shirt. Think about *that*, McClure. If he chooses to wear that god awful concert tee, it means that in one to two years later you're going to find that he's been influenced to completely foul up good music wherever he goes. Like Good Charlotte, he'll be the uninvited turd in the musical punchbowl, if you will.

—I'm Against It,
Designated Dale

designateddale@yahoo.com





MONSTER OF FUN

AMY ADOYZIE

“Who needs to believe in a fat man in a red suit when I already believed so much in my folks?”

My Double Happiness

I never believed in Santa Claus and I'm a better person for it.

Our family didn't start celebrating Christmas until I was about twelve-years-old. A year before we began *doing* X-mas, we broke the hearts of our sweet white neighbors.

It was Christmas morning. I imagined that all across the country little storybook children with curly blonde hair and bright blue eyes were manically tearing off wrapping paper and getting totally cracked-out on all the new toys that Santa had snuck into their homes. Meanwhile, my parents were still asleep and my younger brothers and I lounged around our living room with our slanted eyes glued to the television set per usual. We watched *The Christmas Story* play back-to-back during a marathon showing, waiting for the scene where Ralphie and his folks are forced to eat Peking roasted duck instead of turkey at the Chinese restaurant. We always got giddy when the wait staff sings “Fah-rah-rah-rah Rah-rah-rah” a la “Deck the Halls.”

The only holiday décor in our house was the plastic foot-tall Christmas tree in the corner of our living room. We bought the “tree” from the only other Asian family in our neighborhood. They owned a swap meet stall and were selling them for fifteen dollars each. But in non-white-Christian solidarity, they gave us a discount and we got it for ten bucks. The miniature replica came fully stocked with a set of a dozen hot-glue-gunned wooden ornaments, complimenting the cheap Made-in-China holiday aesthetics. Since we didn't have seasonal wrapping paper, I tore glossy pages from a Target catalogue and sloppily taped them over toy blocks. I placed the faux presents beneath the green plastic needles, completing a scene that resembled a diorama of what happens to your Christmas when you're on Santa's naughty list.

I realize what a terribly sad and pathetic scene that was, but at the time it felt more like I was *playing* Christmas. It was just pretend. Pretend like I believe in Santa, another white dude with infinite power. Pretend like I'm a regular American kid, like the ones I saw on TV. But our neighbors didn't know that. The old Gramma-Grampa couple who lived next door visited us that morning with a special guest—Fake Santa. Imagine their surprise when they stepped into our home with nary a gift in sight and a poor excuse for a fake

Douglas fir tucked into the corner. I don't remember exactly how they reacted but I do recall being stoked that our neighbors thought enough of us to include us in their honky celebration. The day after, we went to K-Mart's post-X-mas sale and bought a life-sized metal and plastic version of our midget tree.

Thus began our gradual assimilation into American culture, one calendar holiday at a time. Mom cooked turkey for Thanksgiving and basted the bird in soy sauce. Dad helped us light fireworks on July Fourth and invented a contraption to launch firecrackers, which were illegally purchased in Chinatown. My parents didn't know the history behind those specific dates and their importance, but they tried because they understood that it was a big deal to us.

Who needs to believe in a fat man in a red suit when I already believed so much in my folks?

The Chinese Lunar calendar rang in the New Year on January 29th, kicking off 2006 as the year of the dog. I boarded the bus-dog, the Greyhound, and headed to southern California to visit family and friends for this occasion. During my stay, I inhaled glasses of San Pedro iced tea as I thrashed around and watched *Thee Makeout Party* play a bar, I stole hummus and avocados from a cheesy Hollywood loft party, and we threw Pop-Pops at each other's asses staggering around Chinatown. But all the drunkenness and debauchery was second to seeing my mom. Mom in *her* new restaurant.

More than a decade ago Mom began work as a Chinese fast food server. She earned minimum wage shoveling fried rice and sesame chicken into styrofoam combo boxes at Happy Wok. She worked hard, constantly wiping down counters and tables, making sure everything was stocked, and putting up with rude customers. Then she would come home after a ten-hour day for her second shift as our mom, constantly cleaning up after us, making sure we were fed and putting up with our ungrateful yellow asses.

Dad still gets up before dawn for his forty-plus hours a week. He's been a machine operator at the same box factory for more than twenty years. Dad is a brilliant man, but with just an eighth-grade education—from Vietnam

no less—a job at a factory with benefits and security was all he felt he could aspire to.

While dad was there for us during our childhood, he had a short fuse and a volatile temper. He has since mellowed out with age, but there were times where mom sacrificed so much to keep our family together. Mom lives for us.

My folks borrowed against their home with a loan to become 10% owners of a sparkly new Chinese take-out place, Zen Chinese Kitchen. Mom is more than a part-owner, she also works twelve-hour days as the general manager. When I saw her standing amongst the gleaming freshness of a newly constructed business, I was overwhelmed with pride. Everything shone and I was never more enthused about being in a Chinese fast food joint. The sneeze-guard was spotless, there wasn't a layer of grease on the counter top, and the heater lamps actually made the food look savory and delicious in their metal trays.

She's still scooping heaping piles of chow mein into to-go boxes, clearing off tables, and serving others as she has been her entire life. But now it's different, because as she is approaching fifty years of age, she just started her career as a business owner. In addition to her regular pay, every dime from a dollar profit is going to her. It doesn't seem like much, but that's plenty for a woman who has no real education and can't read or comprehend English well enough to even understand the silly stories that I write.

As a kid, I wanted so badly to have a family like those who flashed across our television in half-hour intervals. Those parents spoke perfect English, had white collar jobs, and seemed so Americanly normal. Our family, and community of immigrants just like us, felt like such an anomaly. We weren't the right color, didn't speak the correct language, and we shopped at a different grocery store.

My parents worked tirelessly to ensure that we got everything we needed and more. For a couple of refugee immigrants and their first-generation kids, some of the most mundane outings meant so much to us. Since mom only cooked Chinese, it was an event every Saturday when we made our weekly trip to McDonald's for dinner, where my brothers and

I would get the Happy Meal boxes and cherish the cheap toy that was thrown in. I was eleven-years-old when we made our first trip to a movie theatre, to watch Robin Williams frolic as the grown-up Peter Pan in Steven Spielberg's *Hook*. People shot dirty looks at mom and dad as they talked through the entire film trying to figure out the storyline amongst a man-child and pirates.

I will never know the full extent to which my parents struggled, from something as trivial as watching an American film to trying to understand the baffling legalese of important documents. They struggled with raising obedient Chinese children in a strange culture with foreign beliefs. We clashed over their traditional values, because while my folks wanted me to have an education and I was being told at school that little girls can grow up to be anything their little pink hearts desired, mom and dad still expected me to be a good homemaker and someone's future doting wife.

My childhood was typical of those who are first-generation kids. I had to feign ignorance when people made racist remarks at our family, because how does a kid translate a slur to her folks? I'm still heartbroken over the fact that we can't clearly communicate because I can't adequately explain myself in Cantonese and they can't understand my English. My folks fought me when I began to grow into my own skin as a loud, independent, monster of fun because I was everything they didn't want in an ideal Chinese daughter. But so much of who I am, in my strength and character, comes from mom and dad. They have given up on trying to change me because they are slowly relenting to the fact that they created this monster.

A lot of kids hurl "I wish I'd never been born" at their folks like it's a magical remedy to their problems. I've only ever had the balls to say it once, and I meant it. I was an angry teenager and couldn't imagine how hurt my parents would be at such a remark. They were upset that one of their children, for whom they have sacrificed so much, would even think of uttering such disrespectful bullshit. I meant it, but regretted it the second the words escaped my mouth. In spite of how frustrating and lonesome it felt at times, I wouldn't trade those years for all the Christmas gifts in the world.

Proud is an understatement. I am more than proud to have come from them. I am honored.

—Amy Adoyzie
amyadoyzie@gmail.com



Proud is an understatement. I am more than proud to have come from them.

I am honored.

SWAMI

"it's a real business"

Demolition Doll Rods

There is a Difference
LP/CD

Fourth album from these premier pioneers of perverted pounding. Slave ship blues and mind control fuzz. Recorded by Gar Wood (Hot Snakes, Beehive & the Barracudas)



MARKED MEN

Fix My Brain LP/CD



Third album and first on Swami. Crystalline shredding forged in Ernie Ball steel and sub-naval humidity. Turbulent and exploding pop with a caffeinated heartbeat and electrified sweet breads. Almost 50 MySpace hits!

THE HUSBANDS

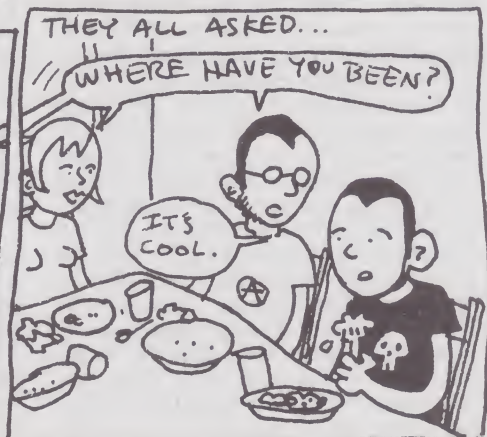
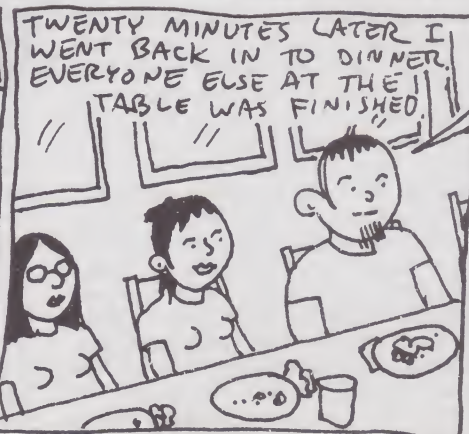
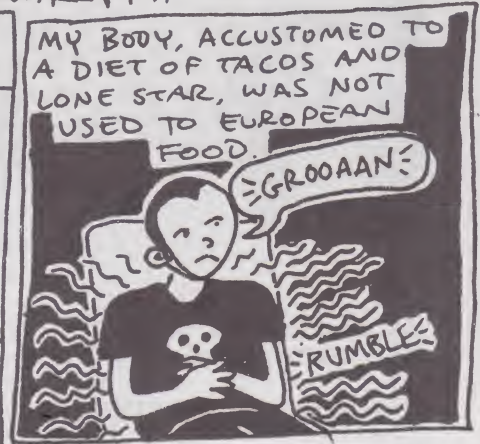
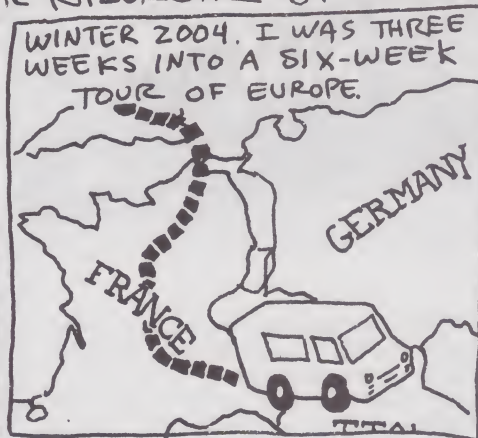
There's Nothing I'd Like More LP/CD

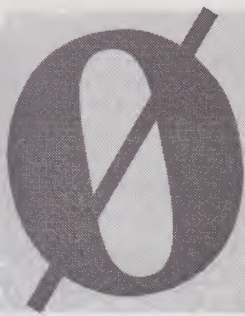


Sequin shaking, sophomore offering from Fog City's finest zombie bitten Girl Group. They are so mean and bad ass that I never return their calls. A tumbling rhythm anchors a rock n roll, soul, and punk wailing. Instant house thrashing party: just add Husbands.



swamirecords.com





LOVE, NØRB

REV. NØRB

“Don’t even get me started on the testicle bear traps or the dangling scrotum meathooks”

**THE MYTH OF THE VIDEOGAME-INSTIGATED FEMALE ORGASM
or**

**IF I EVER LOSE MY MIND AND
START BABBLING ABOUT PANSY
DIVISION’S OVERLOOKED WORTH
AGAIN, FUCKING SHOOT ME**

As of 4:03 PM CDT 04.08.06, i, Rev. Nørb, have reached a new low, newer than even the last new low i claim to have reached. The newest of new lows! *I got a new lows, i got it good! Yes i knew that i always would!* Or new high, i suppose, depending on whether or not you view my writing as primarily buffoon value in the first place: I got so wrapped up babbling about the Crusher and Pansy Division’s innovative use of stuffed animals (hey, as long as the animals aren’t duct taped first, it’s innovation) last issue that, by the time i had finished the column, i had, no shit, **COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN WHAT I HAD ORIGINALLY INTENDED TO WRITE THE COLUMN ABOUT IN THE FIRST PLACE!** I mean, fuckin-a, sometimes i start babbling and i don’t *get to* what it was i wanted to write about, but this is the first time i flat-out spaced it. I mean, *how in the fucking fuck do you sit down and write a column, finish it, and later realize that, somewhere in mid-stream, you completely forgot what you had intended to write about???* In any event, last issue’s whole bit about jumping the shark was intended to set the table for me writing about *the one true rock’n’roller who never jumped shark*—and i speak, of course, of the one... the only... **GARY GLITTER!!!** I mean, think about it: Here’s some tubby doofus who was the silver latex-clad Limey glam rock equivalent of Chubby Checker. The dude is able to retire on the residuals afforded him by a song whose lyrics consist, in their entirety, of “HEY!”, he gets thrown out of England for being a child pornography enthusiast, so he moves to Cambodia, then Viet Nam, gets busted *again*, and starts lookin’ at the very real (well, reasonably real) possibility of any Gary Glitter 2068 Comeback Special being put to pasture once and for all via *the firing squad*. **THE FUCKING FIRING SQUAD!!!** The Subhumans *sang* about it; Gary Glitter *lived* it! I mean, *think* about it: In 1977, Joe Strummer snottily sang “*when I am fitter/say the bells of Gary Glitter*”—twenty-something years later, Strummer is six feet under via the heart attack route, and Gary Glitter’s still out molestin’ children and flirting with firing squads (or was he

flirting with children and molestin’ firing squads? Well, i guess as long as there’s *some* kinda molestin’ goin’ on, my thesis is supported). I mean, i realize that child molestation is an inarguably heinous offense, one that no one, in good conscience, should be making light of—yet, somehow, once pudgy-ass Gary Glitter is involved, it introduces an undeniably comic element to the proceedings that i can’t help but make darkly merry with. Y’know, can’t you see this old perv, seducing Vietnamese children with Opal Fruits and Jelly Dudes (even i won’t go the “stick of rock” route here!) and *singing his own frickin’ songs* while doing it? I mean, i realize it’s still Lent and all, but i can’t stop envisioning Gary Glitter, in some sort of silver lamé Hawaiian shirt, sitting with his pants around his ankles as he swills beer with his next victim on some bamboo couch in a Gilligan’s Island style hut, merrily croaking “*Do you wanna touch (UH!), do you wanna touch (UH!), do you wanna touch me THERE? YEAH?*”, can you? Or is this just me? And, if so, do i need to see someone about this? Anyway, okay, i’m not here to talk about Gary Glitter, although i guess i just did. I’m here to talk about something serious—something sensible. I’m here to talk about masturbation with video game controllers. **NOW, WAIT! HEAR ME OUT! I KNOW WHAT YOU’RE THINKING!** You’re thinking “*hmmm, damn, Rev. Nørb, that seems like kind of a dry, academic subject—how the hell are you gonna wring enough yuks from a musty ol’ topic like that to avenge the inarguably shit columns you’ve been subjecting us to recently?*” And indeed, citizen, your concern is warranted! But fear not! I’m going somewhere with this! (actually, i have no idea where i’m going with this. It just sorta seemed like a good idea at the time, because i looked at all the other Gary Glitter song titles on the back of the CD and i couldn’t think of any more jokes) Allow me to elucidate: As you may neither know nor care, i had a midlife crisis a few years ago, and decided to go back to school. Most underachieving college educated jerk-holes like myself who go back to school tend to go for their master’s degree; i could never muster up any real enthusiasm in that regard (possibly because my Mom’s got a master’s degree. She used it to become a children’s librarian. That’s right. You need a master’s degree to read books to children. OOOOoooo-kay, sure. Sign me right the fuck on up) (actually, i have this friend, Mr. Glitter, who *just might* be interested in

going the children’s librarian route—perhaps i’ll hip him to a course catalog if he’s not busy being executed by firing squad today), but i always thought it would be a lot cooler to have a B.S. than the B.A. i already have, so i am currently in the thick of pursuing a Bachelor of Science degree in the newly minted field of Digital Entertainment and Game Design. In short, i am going to, as my friends and family say, “video game college.” This is an excellent field of study for me in many regards: The creative and art-based parts of the curriculum are right up my alley, and keep my ever-throbbing right hemisphere placated. The logical and code-based parts of the equation stimulate my long-dormant left hemisphere. Together, the coursework provides me with ample stimulation of both hemispheres of my brain, and allows me to harness my own natural wackiness in a forum other than writing columns about platform-boot-wearing child molesters (note to self: Go back into column and add silver platform boots to G. Glitter in Gilligan’s Island hut scenario) or jumping around stage in antlers and a tutu or whatever. In point of fact, game design would almost be the *perfect* school/career choice for me, except for one salient detail: I don’t play video games. I don’t even *like* video games. I think they’re fucking stupid (notable exceptions being *Psychonauts*, *Katamari Damacy*, and probably everything Tim Schafer has done, although you can never find a copy of *Grim Fandango* around anywhere so who’s to say?). I’m also incredibly bad at them. Take *Half-Life*, for instance. You play this dude named Gordon Freeman, who sort of looks like a bad-ass Elvis Costello. There’s a dimensional flipout at the research facility in which he works, causing the area to become infested with vile extradimensional creatures. I own the game. I’ve played it on multiple occasions. I have **NO FUCKING IDEA** what to do after i get the crowbar in the first level. First, i break all the glass in the door. Next, i go back and bash the fuck out of the extradimensional frog-creature, because i know from experience that he will come get me if i don’t go back and beat his brains in with the crowbar. Then i go back to the door, and push every button on the controller a hundred million times, in every possible combination, in the hopes that, one day, i will blunder across the combination of keypresses that will cause the door to open. I basically sit there for a few minutes, trying this and that and the other thing, then i wail



Basically, i
would be
inventing a
whole new
genre of game-
X-rated games
that aren't
traditionally
sexual in
nature

photo by Megan Pants

fruitlessly on the door with the crowbar for a few more minutes. Then i give up and go listen to records or something. I go online and find cheat/walkthrough guides for games when i get stuck, and they almost invariably will say something like "Pick up crowbar and break glass in door. Go back and bash frog-creature's brains in. Return to door and open it." Yeah, i **KNOW** "OPEN IT!" **OPEN IT HOW??? OPEN IT HOW???** I can and have literally sat up 'til 5 AM some nights, trying to do things like opening doors, or floating to towers—actions so apparently mundane that walkthrough guides don't even bother to describe them in any greater detail than "open door" or "float to tower." I **FREELY ADMIT I SUCK AT VIDEO GAMES**—and this, of course, is an offshoot of the fact that i have little interest in opening doors and bashing frog-creatures' brains in to begin with. As

such, this forces me to think, as the kids say, "outside the box"—merely as a matter of enlightened self-interest. I *have* to think of new and innovative forms of gameplay, because, let's face it—i'm never gonna invent the next great door opening and/or frog-creature-brain-bashing-in game. For example, the project my class is going to be spending our final six quarters at ITT-Green Bay working on is a little ditty i whipped up called "The Highly Unlikely Adventures of a Common Swiss Army Olive vs. The Rogues of Turpentine Street," about an olive that comes to life just in time to avoid being speared for a martini, and spends the rest of the game running around a crazy bachelor pad (the olive also picks up attachments like knives, corkscrews, etc.—hence the Swiss Army aspect of things). Anyway, i pretty much spend morning, noon, and night working on crap for this goofy game, which real-

ly curtails my ability to wallow neck-deep in punkness as i, lo these many years, have been accustomed to (WHEN WILL THIS MARVELOUS MARRIAGE OF PROGRAMMING, ART, AND GAME DESIGN BE DONE, you ask? Current estimate: Never), therefore, sad to say, unless there is a quick and decisive influx of further glam-rock child molestations in the next few minutes, i'm going to be reduced to writing columns about video game design for the foreseeable future (which, as far as my cynical and buggy eyes can see, has about as much to do with punk rock these days as punk'rock has to do with punk rock these days) (case in point: By kind permission of Goner Records and one Rich Crook, esq., i was able to secure permission to use the Naughty Knights "The Wenches of Turpentine Street" as a theme song for our game. I told them i would try to flash the 45

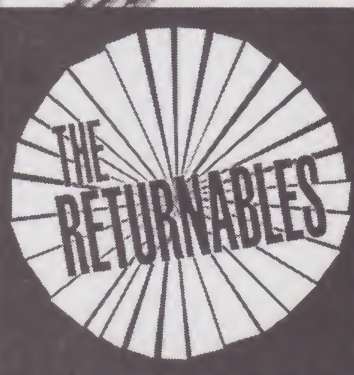
DIRT NAP RECORDS

2615 SE CLINTON
PORTLAND, OR 97202

WWW.DIRTNAPRECS.COM



DISTRIBUTED BY REDEYE



THE RETURNABLES - S/T CDEP

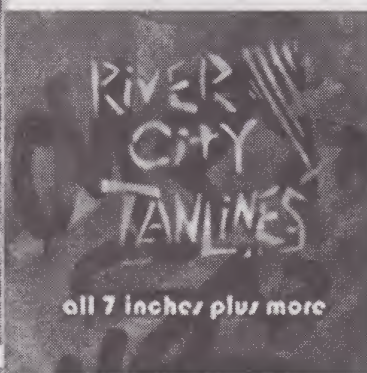
last ever recordings from under-rated Chicago skinny tie punk/pop band. 4 studio and 3 live tracks.

benefit for the John Glick Memorial Fund.

THE MIND CONTROLS - S/T LP/CD

Mark Sultan of BBQ, Spaceshits, Les Sexareenos fame returns with straightforward 70's punk for fans of The Spits, Pack, Lurkers etc.....

first 150 LP's on gold vinyl, mailorder-only!



RIVER CITY TANLINES - ALL 7 INCHES PLUS 2 MORE CD

just like it sounds. Alicja Trout's hook filled, sexy, stripped down punk rock band.

COMING SOON:

BEAT BEAT BEAT CD, MODERN MACHINES CD, FLIP TOPS LP/CD

STILL AVAILABLE: CRIPPLES CD, PULSES CD, TOYS THAT KILL 7"

WHEN IN PORTLAND, VISIT OUR RECORD STORE!

GREEN NOISE RECORDS • 2615 SE CLINTON • PORTLAND, OR 97202

1000'S OF NEW AND USED PUNK, INDIE, HC RECORDS AND CD'S...

ENTIRE CATALOG AVAILABLE ONLINE: WWW.GREENNOISERECORDS.COM

cover on the screen before the game, just as various software companies/design studios get their logos flashed on the screen prior to the start of the game. I mean, that's kinda punk. Sorta. But, I mean, putting a Knaughty Knights song in your video game is CERTAINLY at least maybe as punk as going to the sold-out Chicago Blackout or Whiteout or Brownout or whatever the heck they're calling it this year and seeing the Oblivians—not that i have anything against the Black or White or Brownout nor the Oblivians—when you take into account that my friend Time Bomb Tom booked the Oblivians at the legendary Concert Café back when they were a REAL band and there were exactly TWENTY paid admissions. TWENTY. TWO-OH. Furthermore, a significant component of the people who, today, would crawl thru ten kilometers [hectares?] of broken glass and thumbtacks just to eat the semen-infused corn out of the turd of the Wench of Turpentine Street any random Oblivian last sodomized were indeed “on the scene,” so to speak, back then, and, when they had the chance to see the band FOR REAL, they blew it off. *Go see the Oblivians? Five bucks? Can't be*

i would be inventing a whole new genre of game—X-rated games that *aren't* traditionally sexual in nature (i.e. strip poker games or any other lame crap like that). Guys would play it in order to fuck stuff. Girls would play it in order to see the look on guys' faces when they rolled their penisphere into a scrotumhook. No one would want to put it on the rental shelves with the other games, so people would hafta buy it if they wanted to play it (designers don't get residuals on rentals, we found out). Next thing ya know, i'm penisphering all the way to the bank, and sitting on some bamboo Gilligan's Island couch somewhere, singing “I Wanna Get to Third Base with You” to some sloe-eyed vixen in a training bra. Hey, it could happen! Anyway, owing to the fact that i, Rev. Nørb, game designer for the 22nd Century, am plowing such a heretofore unfurrowed trench here, i don't have access to much market research. I mean, were i of a mind to, i'm sure i could find out exactly what percentage of the gamer community enjoys games with crowbars, doors, and frog-like creatures; attempting to pin down the target audience for games involving a penisphere is a little more

at all possible to masturbate to orgasm using the vibrations from a videogame controller? I mean, i don't expect anyone has actually used a controller as a masturbation aid off-hand—like, what, you just spent \$99.99 on an iVibe Rabbit, i can't imagine you're champing at the bit to get off by grinding a frickin' XBox controller into your crotch—but can *someone* out there try it? And see if it works? Because, i mean, i need to know. For science. FOR PROGRESS! *And for the future of the gaming industry!* Because if it works, then every game i ever design, in my life, is gonna have at least one sequence where the haptic feedback can be situated as such that girls can get off on it, were they so inclined. *My pact to you, the new breed of gamer!* And, while, no, i'm not expecting anyone to dash right out there and gunk up their new PlayStation2 controller with lust oil, surely *some* of you out there are still young enough to be living at home. And, again, surely some of you ladies living at home have brothers who own videogame consoles—*brothers that have surely and clearly wronged you in some manner that cries out for VENGEANCE MOST EXQUISITE!!!* Well, dammit, ladies, Science won't

VENGEANCE MOST EXQUISITE!!!

bothered, old bean! Now they sell tickets to see the posthumous Oblivians on eBay. Fuckin' A. Tom's take on the matter: “I wish I could run a venue on bitterness”). So, yes, moving right along—video games and thinking outside the box and all like that. Well, anyway, Turpentine Street (such as it is known in the hallowed halls of ITT Tech-Green Bay) was not my first game idea that i cooked up during the pitching of ideas—that singular honor is reserved for “Welcome to the Penisphere,” a game that i think is such a fuckin' potential SELL-A-MILLION-COPIES-AND-LIVE-OFF-THE-RESIDUALS-IN-A-GILLIGAN'S-ISLAND-HUT-SMASH-HIT that i am loathe to discuss it in a public forum, lest my claim be jumped, and somebody else wind up facing the underage-Asian-girl-instigated-firing squad that i so richly deserve. Basically, *Welcome to the Penisphere* is a rolling game, not unlike *Katamari Damacy*, except instead of being a sticky ball that rolls stuff up, you would be, essentially, a rolling ball of penises (Google “penis bouquet” for an idea of what this might look like—if you've got the, er, balls to do so). You would roll thru a Dali-esque, orifice-infested landscape, achieving various objectives, spreading your seed throughout the land, and, of course, avoiding the various amazingly painful booby traps (some of which, one assumes, would really be boobies). *I can assure you, Sir: “Cocknoose” ain't just a band name any more!* (don't even get me started on the testicle bear traps or the dangling scrotum meathooks) Basically,

tricky. As such, i am depending on the readers of this column, should any remain, to provide me with a *de facto* consumer base sample—assuming, of course, that you are all secretly latent gamers, who merely (and understandably) have lacked exposure to a sufficiently groovy enough stimulus to prompt you to spend your free time sitting on the sofa pushing buttons, in lieu of sitting in the back hall of the local Eagles Club, pushing each other. Cutting to the chase, the topic i crave knowledge of most acutely, at this point in time, is the realm of haptic feedback. “Haptic Feedback,” for the uninitiated, is the physical feedback one might receive from their video game controller as they play—generally a buzz or vibration intended to simulate impact of some sort (there are rumors that some German designers have invented a controller that gives the player an electric shock when they fuck up. You can probably think of your own smart-ass remark to insert here, so i'm not even gonna bother). At one point in the pitching-of-ideas phase, i had this elaborately nuts haptic feedback idea for a game, and my instructor, who worked on a bunch of games, told me that they always had really severe restrictions on what they could do with the haptic feedback, for fear that any overly zany buzzing might send epileptic kids directly into Mr.-Sparkle-Land. I, of course, do not intend to be vend-ing my multiphallic brainchild to epileptic minors; therefore, as far as i'm concerned, i can make the haptic feedback as intense as i durn well please. Which, finally, brings me to the point of today's column: *Ladies, is it*

wait forever!!! Wait 'til they're gone to the monster truck rally, sneak into their room in your PJs, find some appropriately buzzy part of some video game or another, and give it a shot! Report back to me with your findings! *The future of gaming is in your pants!* Er, hands. Actually, maybe both. ANYWAY! Do it tonight! And, if you're a willing test subject, but are at a loss in determining what game might invoke a buzzy enough controller to slake your wild animal thirst, i suggest Majesco's *Psychonauts*. You'll need to play long enough to collect enough Psitanium arrowheads to purchase the dowsing rod, then just run around with the rod until you find a deep vein of Psitanium and the tip starts glowing purple and the controller starts vibrating uncontrollably. That should provide a steady and uninterrupted enough flow of haptic feedback to test my theory fully. Of course, one of the problems inherent in using *Psychonauts* as the test game is that the character who will be on-screen as you dutifully attempt masturbating with the controller is Rasputin, a ten-year-old boy. Then again, just sing him some Gary Glitter songs and you oughtta make out OK.

Løve,
Nørb

P.S. Test subjects and/or anyone who knows 3ds max and would like to contribute some models to our game, get in touch with me at nrevorb@greenbaynet.com. Thanks!



**“The vodka tub
snorkeling kept
me sterile in
numerous ways.”**

LIKE A MONSTROUS KIELBASA STEAMROLLER...

Dinghole Reports
By the Rhythm Chicken
(Commentary by Francis Funyuns)
[Edited by Dr. Sicnarf]

BUCK, BUCK,...BUCKAW! Thou Chicken returneth! I have conquered and I have returned! The battle is over! That which did not kill me has made me stronger! I stood facing my own mortality and scratched my way to survival! I even had to abandon my literary duties in this here punk zine last issue, leaving those 2,000 words to my two stateside comrades. Seeing as how they were responsible for the first ever installment of the Dinghole Reports which contained NO Dinghole Report WHATSOEVER, I'm keeping Funyuns and Sicnarf out of the loop this time around. My recent battle has given me the strength and courage to take on this column single-winged-ly!

All you folks back stateside have an entire planet between you and the next killer disease, bird flu. Scientists have been maintaining how this bird flu is practically harmless to you humans, but to us BIRDS, well, let's just say it's a concern. I've been watching reported cases popping up in Romania, Ukraine, Belarus, Slovakia, Czech Republic, Russia, and even Germany. I found myself on this flu-free island of Poland, surrounded, threatened at every border! It was only a matter of time.

Then a few months back, the headline of Krakow's local gazette made it quite clear. *Ptasia Grypa w Polce!* (Bird Flu in Poland!). They had found some dead swans on the River Vistula up in the northern city of Torun. This is when I went into hiding and took experimental measures to protect myself. The vodka tub snorkeling kept me sterile in numerous ways, but fear finally got the better of me. I fled to Italy in search of their local wine vaccines. Then bird flu hit Italy and I knew it was time to face my fears.

I returned to Krakow and started to draw up my battle plans. First, there was the research stage. I had to learn more about my enemy. Bird flu first hit Eastern Europe in Romania. It was a twenty-hour train ride, but had to be done. While there I learned of their local fluid defense against this evasive flu strain. It's called *palinca*, and resembles a sort of homemade plum moonshine. Then I

found myself in the town of Sighisoara, Romania, where they have the home of Dracula. Seriously, deep in the Transylvania region of north central Romania is where the real Vlad Tepes Dracula lived. I saw his house, and in a pagan ritualistic manner, I kissed his house. I KISSED DRACULA'S HOUSE! I needed all the help I could get in battling this foe to all poultry! I felt that honoring the great impaler couldn't hurt.

After gaining copious amounts of data in the flu's first battle ground, along with an interesting plate of deep-fried calf brains, I felt learned enough to return to my own battlefield. Soon after returning to Krakow, I armed myself with my greatest weapon, RUCKUS! Poland had somehow escaped the wrath of my ruckus for almost two years, but now my superhero services were needed more than ever! Two thirds of the world's stork population lives in rural Poland (as I've read). Imagine the inevitable impact on your mankind were these great baby-deliverers to fall prey to H5N1. There was no time to waste. I had to act.

A short distance up the River Vistula from Torun lies the mild Polish city of Plock (pronounced like "pwoat-sk"). Plock is the home of Wojtek, my fine host and supplier for this great battle. I first spent a few days studying the battlefield and local climate. I fueled up with *flaki* (a Polish soup made with cow's stomach) and a fine selection of local brewskis: Kujawiek, Kasztelan, and Tyskie. This time, Wojtek was able to supply me with a ruckus arsenal of one rather weathered drumset, a Polish-made relic from "former times." In mental preparation, I listened to plenty of old Polish punk rock: Brygada Kryzys, Dezerter, TZN Xenna, and Armia. On the evening of March 31st I had my final preparatory feast: knedle and szarlotka. Feast now, for we battle in the morn.

**Dinghole Report #71:
Ptasia Grypa Tour!**
(Rytm Kurcze sightings #369 to #373)

Was it a comical omen that the great battle should occur on *Prima Aprilis* (April 1st)? I precisely calculated that this would be the least suspected day for such an attack. Strategical ruckus is no accident! After inhaling an extra portion of szarlotka, I met up with my Polish Ruckus Militia:

Wojtek, Agata, Kasia, Agatka, Szkielo, and Bedi all fell into rank as we marched forward to meet the enemy. H5N1 was in the air and only one force could combat its deadly influence... RUCKUS!

The first confrontation took place on Tumaska Street, a busy pedestrian shopping area. I chose a stage between some courtyard entrance and some passed-out drunk on a park bench. The sign on my bass drum read *Rytm Kurcze "Ptasia Grypa" Tour* (Rhythm Chicken Bird Flu Tour). I pulled on my ceremonial headdress and paused to contemplate the importance of this Chicken gig. Not only was it my first ruckus on Polish soil, but the first in a series of audio attacks against a threat to mankind! The opening drum roll rumbled down Tumaska Street. The pigeons scattered in excitement. Poland finally felt the tremors of my American ruckus. In actuality, the first battle was not very spectacular. I was not even able to wake the passed-out drunk on the nearby bench. I deduced that he was Poland's first human victim to *ptasia grypa*! This first Polish ruckus was noteworthy, however, for it let the enemy know of my presence. H5N1 could not ignore me now.

The next battle site was at the base of *Pomnik Broniewskiego* (the Broniewski Monument). A handful of Plock skaters were tearing it up around the tribute to Plock's famous poet. They parted and made way for the forthcoming battle. My ruckus erupted from this small neighborhood square and the neighborhood kids began to gather. Whilst pounding out victorious chicken rhythms, skaters were zoomin' and tricksterin' around me. It looked more like one of those old "skate rock" videos than a fight to save mankind, but the powers of ruckus were gaining ground! While my militia and I were walking off with my weapons, one little awestruck Pole was overheard saying "*Co gosc!*" (What a guy!)

My Polish Ruckus Militia regrouped in the *Stary Rynek* (Old Square), directly in front of the Plock City Hall. What better place to continue the fight, my struggle for existence! After scanning the square for a most advantageous stage to launch my attack from, I decided on the area next to the sundial. Time was on my side, along with the likes of Mikolaj Kopernik (Nicholas Copernicus, Poland's famous mathematician/astrologer,



Photos by Wojtek Stasiak



They doubted my ability to cram a chickenkit into their ill-sized girlie shitroom.

who was actually from Torun, where Poland's bird flu first struck!). My ruckus exploded and echoed all around the square. Saturday afternoon pedestrians gathered around. Soon the balconies around the square filled with confused yet cheering Poles. A large, menacing dog began to snarl and roar at my tactical struggle, surely an agent of the evil H5N1! It was time for the propaganda phase of my campaign. I held up a sign which read *Uwaga! Kurczakowa Grypa!* (Warning! Chicken Flu!) The Poles snickered and I began to dispense my final round of audio blows. Were my attacks having any effect? Would H5N1 be halted, or even slowed down? What was to become of chickenkind and mankind alike?

Wojtek, Agata, and I retreated back to headquarters. We had to refuel with more szarlotka, wine, and beer. We listened to more punk rock and drew up new battle plans. The war room was littered with empty Krolewskie cans when we finally marched back to war. I knew I had to pull the enemy into battle on my own turf. In the far corner of Plock's Old Square is the most Wisconsinized tavern I've ever seen in Poland, Pub Grodzki. I was in a familiar environment and now had the home-field advantage! Numerous cheap Polish beers were dispensed to my militia and we toasted to the imminent victory. The pub continued to fill with an interesting cross-section of Polish society.

The Poles looked on with intrigue while I set up my makeshift chickenkit in front of the foosball table. I pulled on my ever-filthier chicken head to more snickers from those around me. One mantra repeated endlessly in my head. FUCK H5N1! FUCK H5N1! FUCK H5N1! FUCK H5N1! Fuck H5N1, indeed! Fuck H5N1 up the ass with a barbed-wire bat! My opening drum roll was like a cleansing thunder, putting smiles on every face in the pub.

Then my violent battle rhythms roared onward. The chicken ears flew about valiantly. I halted and raised my wings to survey the progress of my campaign. Pub Grodzki erupted in approving applause! I began to stoke the crowd, enticing one side of the crowd into competitive bellying against the other.

H5N1 was on the ropes, but I knew I could not deliver the KO without a proper crippling blow. Just then I called upon my Polish Ruckus Militia to assist in shifting the battleground to a location where victory would surely be mine: the ladies bathroom! The bacterial foe was backed into its own little corner for the decisive battle. Pub Grodzki has a most interesting ladies bathroom. It is behind a door in the pub's narrow entrance. The bathroom itself is shaped like a small triangle. From both sides of the doorway, two walls slant back to a point behind the toilet. My militia was unbelieving and hesitant. They doubted my ability to cram a chickenkit into their ill-sized girlie shitroom. After barely fitting the hi-hat, snare, and kick drum within the limiting confines (and myself on the toilet throne, of course) I called for the floor tom and then wedged it ON TOP OF the kick drum! If the Rhythm Chicken can fit into a phone booth in Gills Rock, Wisconsin, he can surely fit into a ladies privy in Plock, Poland!

The narrow entranceway filled with unbelieving (and mildly drunken) Poles. Once again, my opening drumroll was like a cadence marching forward into battle, only this time towards victory! I lifted my wings to the crowd's crazed battle cry, and the ruckus did follow. Like a monstrous kielbasa steamroller, my international assistance against this world killer turned the tables. The enemy was in retreat, back to Torun, back to Slovakia, back to Romania, back to China, back to some dirty rural farm in God knows where! The joyous thunder spread

throughout the pub and the crowd reached the level I now refer to as MAXIMUM HURRAY! In a storm of airborne beer and riotous applause, H5N1 was defeated, beaten down, hurried into obscurity, gone the way of the swine flu.

One of Poland's proud mottos from World War II is "First to Fight!" since they were the first to offer military resistance against Hitler's aggression. Though that first fight didn't quite end in a victory parade, it showed the Pole's unwillingness to being beaten down. Once again, they were "first to fight" against this bacterial nazi. We did not have a victory parade, however, the victory celebration continued. Numerous polski brews were inhaled and followed by the national victory drink, vodka. I cannot overemphasize how supreme Polish vodka is. I'm not talking about that over-priced Belvedere or Chopin crap you can get in America. The Poles don't export their good stuff; they keep it here for themselves. Let it be known, the H5N1 strain of bird flu was soundly beaten into oblivion on April Fool's Day in Plock, Poland.

After finally delivering my worldly ruckus to the Republic of Poland (and, you know, saving mankind and all that), I feel once again that my work here is done. Three weeks from now I will be back in my true nest, Wisconsin. I will recuperate and recharge my powers in the land of supreme beer and cheese curds. A little R&R (be it rest and relaxation OR rock and roll) is always welcome after a chicken's foreign tour of duty. After that, who knows what strange land will require my liberating chaos?

Do widzenia, Polska. Dziękuję za wszystko piwo i szczęśliwego raz!

—Rytm Kurcze (Rhythm Chicken)

rhythmchicken@hotmail.com



RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS



TO THE CONFUSION OF OUR ENEMIES

IN STORES
NOW

FILE # 0004
RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS



CLASSIFIED
FED. REG. ID
16589581

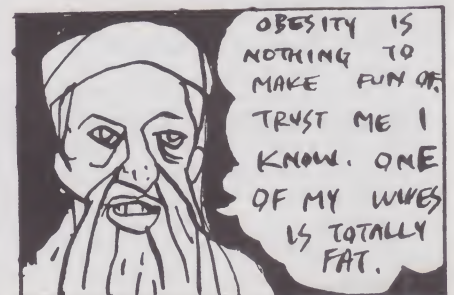
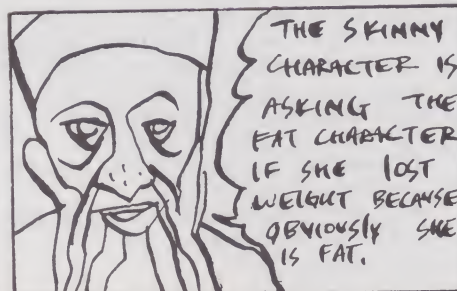
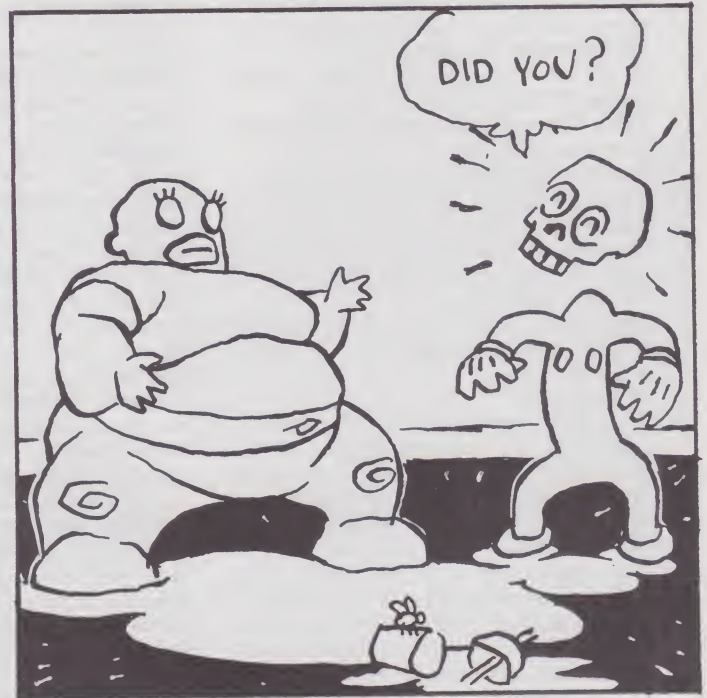
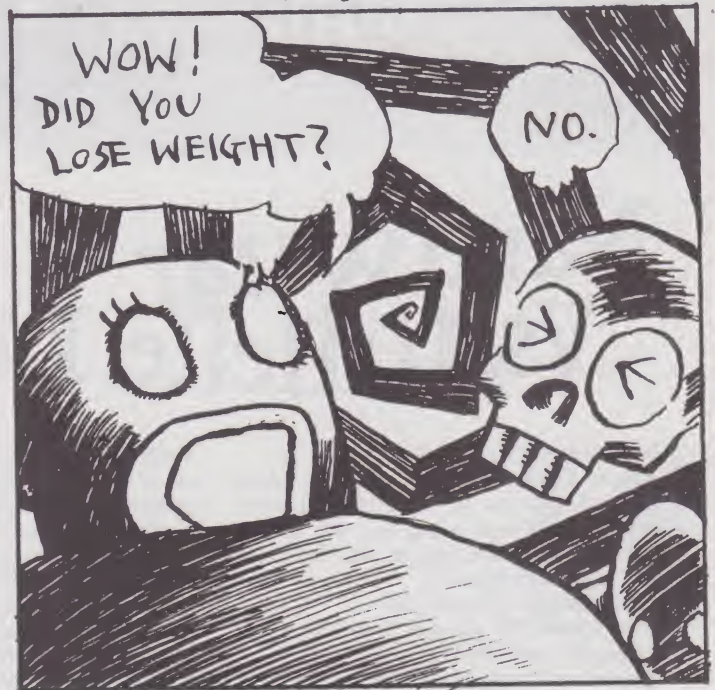
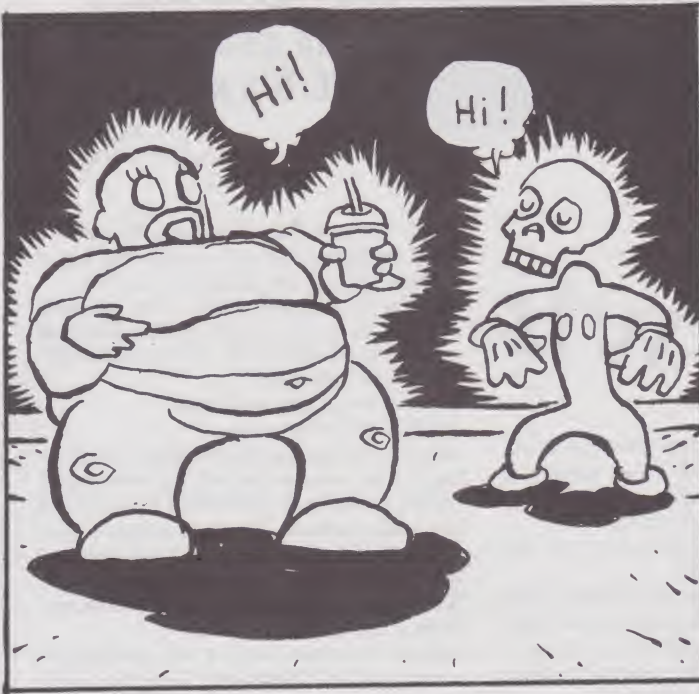
Produced by mudrock

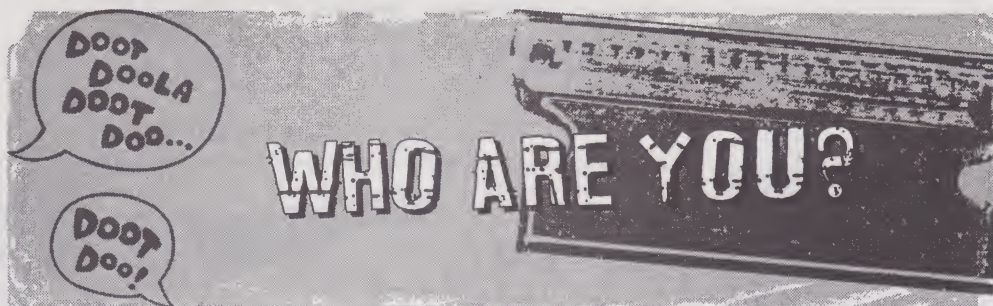
WWW.THERIVERBOATGAMBLERS.COM
VOLCOM ENTERTAINMENT WWW.VOLCOMENT.COM



WON TON NOT NOW

by Kiyoshi Nakazawa





"You have a memory like a hard drive. I don't know where you're getting this stuff. It's amazing."

Todd Morse
(ex-H2O, now a Lick)

Nardwuar Vs. Juliette Lewis

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Juliette Lewis: You know, I've been asking myself that question for a long time. But I think technically my name is Juliette Lewis, and I'm in a band that I titled Juliette And The Licks. And he's one of the Licks.

Nardwuar: And who are you?

Todd Morse: My name is Todd Morse, and technically I'm in the Licks.

Nardwuar: Juliette Lewis, have you been corrupted by rock'n'roll?

Juliette: You know, I don't think so. I may corrupt rock'n'roll, but it does not corrupt me, if you know what I'm saying.

Nardwuar: But years ago, wasn't Juliette singing PJ Harvey covers?

Todd: Ah, I can't vouch for that. I was just born about three years ago.

Nardwuar: You were singing PJ Harvey covers a few years ago.

Juliette: Yes, I did sing in, ah, this movie *Strange Days* which I'm so glad you saw 'cause not many people saw it. And I sang two PJ Harvey covers, yes.

Nardwuar: I think you've been corrupted though, because you've gone from PJ Harvey, to Turbo...

Todd: ...Negro.

Nardwuar: You went from PJ Harvey to Turbonegro. You've been corrupted!

Juliette: Well, okay. Technically, we never had the thrill to open for PJ Harvey but we did get to open for Tur-Turbonegro. We've been corrected. I couldn't—I didn't want to say. They said it's a color of paint, out in, uh, Finland. Where are they from? Norway, we've been corrected off-camera. Anyway, they are a wild bunch. I opened for them. They have a very territorial audience, much like little lions, and I think we slayed them.

Nardwuar: I think it's great though from PJ Harvey to Turbo...

[Both laughing]

Juliette: What is your problem? First of all, I love you and I love your name.

Todd: They're gonna edit it and we're just gonna be saying "Negro" every five seconds.

Juliette: Yeah, yeah exactly. He's just gonna go what's the Licks' problem? They're stuck in the '40s.

Nardwuar: Todd of the Licks though, you haven't always been in the Licks have you?

Todd: Uh, I can't really remember past a couple of years ago. But no, I was actually in another band for a little while.

Nardwuar: You were in the H2O.

Todd: You did your homework, didn't ya? Yes, I was in a band called H2O.

Juliette: Yeah, he was in an awesome punk band called H2O and you gotta do this [does NY "gangsta pose" with hands] when you say it.

Nardwuar: Has Todd told you about the greatest moment ever in H2O's history?

Juliette: [laughs a lot] What's it gonna be Todd? No?

Todd: When I played a show without screwing up?

Nardwuar: No, it was a show you did in Japan, which is amazing. It even tops Turbo...

Juliette: Stop it!

Nardwuar: It even tops Turbonegro. What it was is, H2O, your band, played with MC Hammer and the Bad Brains! Isn't that true? You played with MC Hammer and the Bad Brains?

Juliette: Isn't he genius?

Todd: How do you know all this stuff? [laughs] I actually have a picture on my refrigerator of me and MC Hammer having a beer together. It's pretty weird.

Juliette: That's awesome.

Nardwuar: And the Bad Brains in Japan, I mean, what the hell was going on there? That's amazing!

Todd: I don't know what was going on. I just remember some really weird, uncomfortable moments with HR of the Bad Brains in the hotel lobby where he was really scaring people.

Juliette: Who was? Hammer was?

Todd: No. HR from Bad Brains.

Juliette: Oh, okay.

Nardwuar: How did Hammer and HR get on?

Todd: I never saw them talking actually. I just know that we were all in the lobby after the show and HR turned to his band and said, "That's it, I'm leaving," and just started walking down the street with no idea about where he was going and everyone had to chase after him and let him know that he was in Japan and couldn't just walk back to DC.

Nardwuar: Juliette Lewis from Juliette Lewis And The...

Juliette: Well, it's Juliette And The Licks and I love this... yes, hello.

Nardwuar: Licks, please tell me, did you guys actually play a goth costume ball?

Todd: Oh man, that is not even the weirdest thing we played. But yes, we did play a goth costume ball in Portland, Maine. Yes.

Juliette: Oh my god, that's where this little scuffle fight broke out in the front row and our entire band wanted to beat up these three kids.

Todd: That's not true!

Juliette: We're not a violent act.

Todd: Not like Turbonegro.

Juliette: Yes, but this little scuffling, rambunctious... they were wicked and they were antagonizing the audience. What am I saying? I feel like a school teacher. Anyway, I jumped on one of 'em like a little banshee and it was very fun. I think they liked that.

Nardwuar: What did they look like? What was it like at this goth costume ball?

Juliette: You know what, I was thinking the whole time like, "Goth: what does this mean? Who are we? Why are we here?"

Nardwuar: I think it's cool! I like that.

Juliette: Yeah, it was more like Halloween party costumes. So what did we see?

Todd: They looked a lot like our former bass player.

Nardwuar: Ba-boom!

[everyone laughs]

Nardwuar: Get 'em while he's down!

Juliette: He's so way up, he's awesome.

Nardwuar: Todd of Juliette And The Licks, how hardcore is Juliette?

Todd: Ah man, you know, I thought being in a hardcore band I'd seen all the hardcore, but she's pretty friggin' hardcore.

Nardwuar: Because I think you're pretty hardcore, Juliette. I mean you do the stage diving, the crowd surfing, but a lot of people do that don't they?

Juliette: Sure they do.

Nardwuar: A lot of people do that. However, how many people crowd surf in a [yells] bikini?!

Juliette: Da da da! [laughs] I love it.

Nardwuar: You crowd surf in a bikini!

Juliette: Yes, and you know what's magical about the whole thing? It never came off. No one touched me inappropriately.

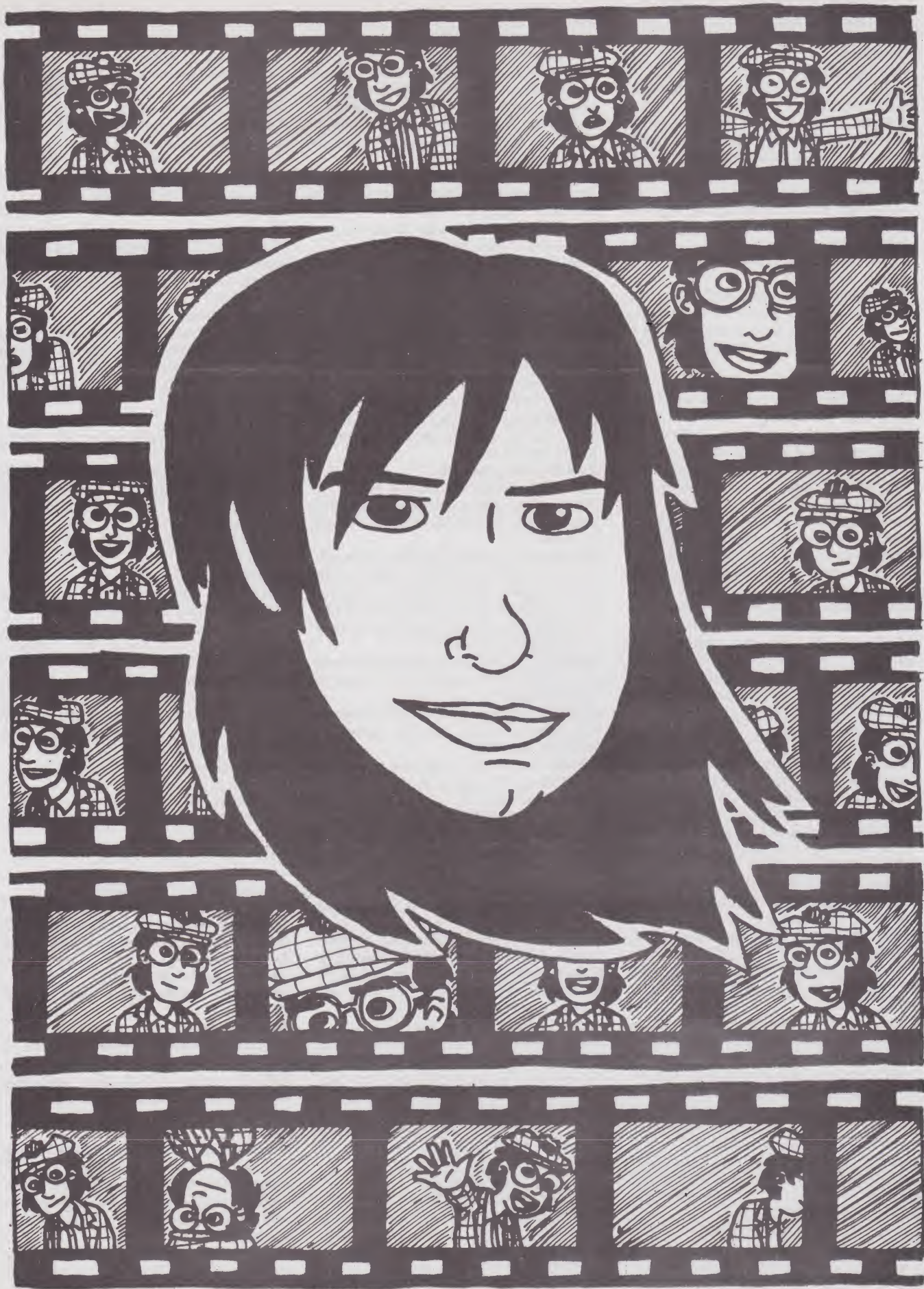
Todd: [coughs] Sorry.

Juliette: There was nothing but love and joy and, you know, my favorite moment was in Budapest. I love this like, "We were in Budapest," playing this festival for 20,000 people. I hurled myself in the audience, while the band was just rockin' out, and there was a lot of love and magic and I like it.

Todd: Yeah, absolutely no one accosted her.

Juliette: I did lose a boot, but I didn't lose anything else. I just lost my shoe.

Nardwuar: But is it selfish to crowd surf when you have no shirt on, just a bikini, 'cause that means you're sweating a lot, right?



Todd: [laughing a lot]

Juliette: Yes.

Nardwuar: So does the audience like Juliette's sweat?

Todd: I don't know. That's pretty hurtful to the people, I think.

Juliette: I hope they do because they get showered up front and, I mean like, pshhhh [makes exploding noise and flails her hair around] slow mo. I wish we could just do that. That would've been funny.

Nardwuar: But how about Juliette, when you jump in the audience and people catch you?

Juliette: Yes.

Nardwuar: You slide off of them?

Juliette: No, I don't.

Nardwuar: Because you're wet? I guess what I was wondering is, wouldn't it be politically correct before you jump in the audience to crowd surf to put on a t-shirt? Do you think about the crowd?

Juliette: Let me tell you, I'm not reptilian. I'm not slithery. I don't slide. I do acrobatics. It's a pure, joyful thing. I don't know what will go on tonight in this room. It all depends on the crowd and how I'm feeling and the magic of the moment and all that stuff.

Nardwuar: I guess I was mentioning it because I play in a rock'n'roll band and when I'm on stage I take my shirt off. But anytime I crowd surf, I always put a shirt on. Because when I jump in the audience people catch me. And at the end of the gig they're just covered in sweat and pubic hair.

Juliette: Well, hold on a second! There's no pubes being revealed here.

Nardwuar: No, from my chest hair, my chest hair.

Juliette: Oh, you're talking about me?

Nardwuar: Yes, I didn't mean yours, but I just meant that maybe, you know, your audience would get angry if you crowd surfed without a shirt.

Juliette: Well, let me explain something to you. Most of the time I'm clothed. The time you're talking about, was 110 degrees on the Warped Tour. That's the bikini incident.

Nardwuar: But there's some other places where you crowd surf as well, where there's still some skin exposed.

Todd: I'm starting to go with you here. That's really selfish how you sweat all over the people.

Nardwuar: Thank you.

Todd: I'm getting a little angry actually.

Juliette: I love it.

Nardwuar: Has Juliette or has the band ever considered doing a nude show?

Todd: [laughs]

Juliette: Um, you know what? I know where you're going with this and I want it stopped right now. [laughs]

Todd: Listen, the nude show is on the bus any given night, let me tell ya.

Nardwuar: Juliette Lewis from the Licks and Todd from the Licks, do you know what your record is doing right now in Finland?

Juliette: What do you mean? What it's doing?

Nardwuar: You are #2 on Amazon.com Finland!

Juliette and Todd: Noooooooo!

Juliette: I love this guy. High five!

Todd: That's amazing!

Nardwuar: How the hell did that happen? How did you get big in Finland?

Juliette: I love that it's Finland because that was our first European show. We were playing Finland and half the audience is singing our songs and that was the first time that happened on our European tour, so there's something brewing over there in Finland with the Licks.

Nardwuar: Number two on Amazon.com!

Todd: We're super, super hot in Finland. It's just off the chain.

Nardwuar: Todd, what sort of gifts get thrown on stage or given to Juliette or given to the band? What sort of gifts have you guys accumulated in your van on this tour, or your bus? Sorry, I mean van...

Todd: I believe Juliette got a bullet once, didn't you?

Juliette: Yeah, that sounds really sinister.

Todd: Not in the skull or the abdomen.

Juliette: Yeah, yeah, yeah. A girl gave me a very pointy bullet [sirens heard outside] and cue the sirens...

Todd: Yeah, perfect.

Juliette: And then I put it in my luggage and got stopped at customs in Switzerland, Korea!

Todd: Korea! Sounds good. Switzerland, Korea, you know.

Juliette: Okay, whatever.

Todd: One of those Scandinavian places.

Juliette: And you're asking yourself, they went to Korea? Yes we did... [laughs] I'm boring myself!

Nardwuar: No, you're not boring me though. I think it's great you keep fans' gifts, because one time again, when I was in a rock'n'roll band, and I still am, we were given a quiche and we kept it and we eventually ate it. Have you been given any food?

Juliette: Oh my god! Sorry, remember that cake we got in the shape of a penis? Can I say penis?

Todd: Or cock?

Juliette: It was amazing and it was a doughnut; cream-filled, naturally. Uh, where was that?

Todd: Uh, that was...

Juliette: That was in our dressing room.

Todd: We got the cake penis, the penis cake, at... at... Portland.

Juliette: Portland, Oregon, everybody! [clapping]

Nardwuar: Did you eat it?

Juliette: You know what? It got stolen and defaced and we all wanted to eat it.

Todd: Don't lie. We found our guitar player with it in his bunk.

Nardwuar: Juliette And The Licks, and Todd of the Licks, tonight you guys have some heavy competition. Do you know who you're up against? Who's playing in Vancouver, British Columbia?

Juliette: We heard.

Todd: Henry Rollins. We heard Henry Rollins, right?

Nardwuar: How are you going to do against Henry Rollins? Is he going to take any of your fans?

Todd: I'll take this one. We have guitars, he doesn't. That's all I got to say.

Nardwuar: Ba-boom!

Todd: And drums! Ba-boom!

Juliette: And you know what? I might have bigger muscles. Not sure, but I would want to do a muscle off. I just invented what that is, with Henry Rollins.

Nardwuar: Have you done any gigs with him or have you done any movies with him or are

you good friends with Hank? Could Hank be dropping by after?

Juliette: Oh my god, is his nickname Hank? I bet he doesn't like that and he might beat you up.

Nardwuar: No, he calls himself Hank.

Juliette: He does? I wanna call him Hank. You know who else is Hank, the singer of Turbo...

Juliette and Todd: Negro!

Nardwuar: A running theme in this interview! Now Juliette Lewis, I interviewed a few years ago a man named Elijah...

Juliette: Wood?

Todd: Woody?

Nardwuar: Elijah Wood. And I asked him about the punks in Hollywood. Who are the punkest people in Hollywood and he said David...

Todd: Lee Roth? [laughs]

Nardwuar: David Cross. David Cross was one of the punkiest in Hollywood. Who are the other punks in Hollywood? I mean, Elijah Wood is a punk. He's going to be playing Iggy Pop, apparently.

Juliette: Right.

Nardwuar: Is David Cross a punk? He's a punk isn't he?

Juliette: I think what we more need to say is "non-conformist." That's the proper term. But do you need to ask who's a punk in Hollywood?

Nardwuar: Uh, ah... Juliette!

Todd: Lewis.

Juliette: [laughs] Yeah.

Nardwuar: Juliette Lewis is a punk in Hollywood. But I mean just to add to my list. Because David Cross said, and I asked him about it. I said, "Hey, David Cross, I talked to Elijah Wood..." David Cross said there's a secret tree house where the punks in Hollywood all meet. David Cross, Elijah Wood, and I was wondering, can we add Juliette Lewis, or is there anybody else we can add to the tree house?

Juliette: Oh yeah, okay.

Todd: Ryan Seacrest.

Nardwuar: Uh...

Juliette: You stumped him. Look, he's hurt. There was a tear.

Nardwuar: I don't know what to do? *American Top 40*?

Juliette: We don't know what to do.

Nardwuar: I was thinking perhaps Justin Timberlake, because it is rumored he's going to be playing Johnny Rotten in the Johnny Rotten story.

Juliette: Shut up! I'm leaving.

Nardwuar: Johnny Rotten wants him to play him!

Juliette: Stop it.

Nardwuar: Johnny Rotten wants him to play him.

Todd: We'll have to have a talk to Steve Jones about this, see what he thinks about it.

Juliette: I know, I'm sure he'll have something to say.

Nardwuar: Are you going to be doing a movie with Dave Cross' good friend Bob Oden...

Juliette: Odenkirk! I so wish this movie would get made. It's called *The Fuck Up*. Can I say *The Fuck Up*?

Todd: Fuck Up.

Juliette: Anyway, it's from a brilliant book and they don't have their financing and this is the frustrating thing about the movie business.

It's a brilliant story, blah, blah, blah. I would be in it. It's not made yet, maybe later.

Nardwuar: Did you follow *Mr. Show* at all?

Juliette: I love *Mr. Show*.

Nardwuar: Did you see the skit that involved you, IDS, Imminent Death Syndrome.

Juliette: No! What does that mean? That sounds awful!

Nardwuar: I'm not exactly sure, but Bob and David came up with that and now you're doing a movie with Bob. That's so great.

Juliette: But why did it involve me?

Nardwuar: I think you were one of the celebrities mentioned in it or something like that.

Juliette: Oh, great.

Nardwuar: You can go check that out if you want.

Juliette: Great.

Todd: You've got a little David Cross thing

Nardwuar: So you've maybe heard something about this? Like, what basically I'm coming to is he was so intent on his work, he would not leave the set. They had to bring a cup to him and he pissed in a cup and then the cup was poured in a toilet. Have you met people like that, that are so intense, aside from yourself?

Juliette: I hate to tell you this, but I've never heard this story and they had porta-potties on the set. [laughs]

Nardwuar: No, this is good.

Juliette: I'm sorry!

Nardwuar: No, it's good because people were angry at me, "You didn't ask him! You didn't ask him about pissing in a cup!"

Todd: He has been known to crap in his director chair, though.

Nardwuar: Todd, what can you tell me

Juliette: Licks come in here! [clapping] We're #2 in Finland on Amazon!

Todd: That means some sucker's #3 in Finland!

Nardwuar: You guys are #2 on Amazon.com. I wish we had a little plaque for you guys or something like that.

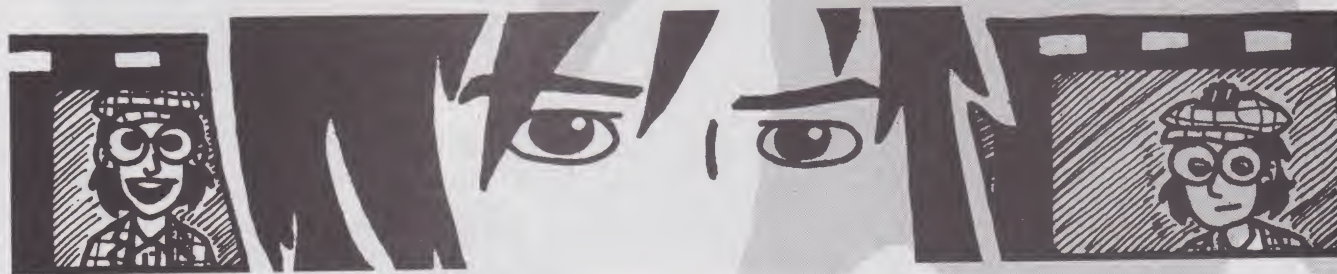
Juliette: A little sign. See, we really deviated with this interview. Maybe people changed the channel and came back, so now we're back.

Nardwuar: Hey, maybe they were never watching! Ba-boom!

Juliette: Oh! Turbonegro.

Nardwuar: I was wondering, Juliette, you did the movie *Hysterical Blindness* and didn't the director make everybody do yoga?

Juliette: Oh my god! Look at that! He's genius! Who would know this? You must have secret spies planted across the nation. Yes she did. People did yoga early



You know what's magical about the whole thing?
No one touched me inappropriately. -Juliette

going on yourself here and you seem a little obsessed as well. Is there something we don't know about?

Nardwuar: Well, David Cross is a great fan of Vancouver, British Columbia and he recently appeared in a video by a local band called The New Pornographers and everybody loves the Crosser.

Juliette: The New Pornographers, they're a local band? That's so exciting. I want to check them out as well.

Nardwuar: Juliette Lewis and Todd from the Licks, you guys have a song called American... Todd: Boy!

Nardwuar: "American Boy." Now speaking of all-American boys. Oliver Stone. A few years ago, I did an interview with him, and afterwards my friends got mad at me because I didn't ask him about pissing in a cup.

Juliette: He pissed in a cup?

Nardwuar: What do you know about Oliver Stone pissing in a cup, Juliette Lewis? You worked with him. I heard he's so intense he won't leave the set and he will only piss in a cup.

Juliette: Oh no, that sounds like a great little story, but I believe he just uses a bathroom like everyone else.

Todd: I do that!

Juliette: Todd, however...

Todd: I do that.

Juliette: Not to mention some other things.

Todd: My biggest pet peeve is when there isn't a bathroom in the dressing room, so I've been known to pee in a bottle or two. Yeah, me and Ollie.

about Juliette Lewis' family, namely father and brother?

Todd: [laughs] Well, they accepted me as one of their own and I've been sworn to secrecy.

Nardwuar: Because your dad [directed to Juliette] was in one of my favorite movies of all time!

Juliette: What was it?

Nardwuar: Guess.

Juliette: *Bronco Billy*?

Nardwuar: No, *Tango & Cash*.

Juliette: Was he in that?

Todd: [laughs]

Nardwuar: He was in that.

Juliette: I didn't even know that.

Nardwuar: Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

Juliette: Yes, I know this.

Nardwuar: And your brother is going to be in a movie with, believe it or not, Kato Kaelin and Seymour Butts!

Juliette: No, no. His friend does this weird comedy cable access show. They've know each other since he was thirteen.

Nardwuar: But I think that's great. Like, I mean, those are just amazing things—Kato Kaelin, Sylvester Stallone. I just love it, the things involved with the Lewis family.

Juliette: Oh, please.

Todd: You have a memory like a hard drive. I don't know where you're getting this stuff. It's amazing.

Juliette: Can I celebrate our Amazon #2 victory in Finland?

Nardwuar: Sure, why don't you welcome them over?

in the morning. Isn't that great?

Nardwuar: So is there a bit of *Hysterical*-isms on stage every night? A bit of movie influence in the Licks?

Juliette: I don't know. For us, it's about the rock band, the guitar riff, the rhythm and just cuttin' loose, cutting loose. Why do I turn into the '50s?

Nardwuar: I like the word "cuttin' loose."

Todd: Isn't that a wine cooler?

Nardwuar: Cuttin' loose reminds me of that tune "Bustin' Loose." Do you guys remember that?

Juliette: Hey, c'mon down, we're cuttin' loose here with the Licks!

Nardwuar: Well, thank you very much Juliette And The Licks. Anything else you wanna say to the people out there?

Juliette: I do. [sings] You know the Licks are alive. They'll come to rule your heart so open up your damn mind! [Juliette walks away]

Todd: Yeah, you heard her!

Nardwuar: All right, well thanks very much Juliette Lewis from Juliette Lewis and the...

Juliette: Oh my god, you stole my exit! It was supposed to be so theatrical.

Nardwuar: We just have to finish off. And thank you Juliette Lewis from Juliette Lewis And The Licks and doot doola doot doo...

Juliette: Doo doot.

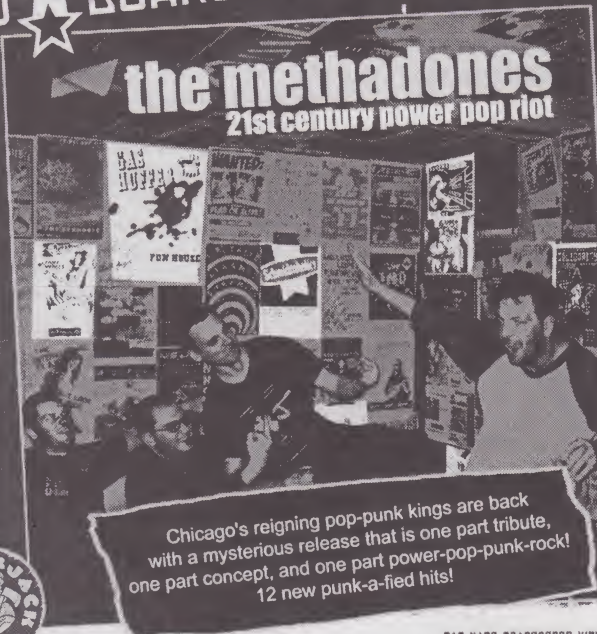
To hear this interview log onto www.nardwuar.com



RED  SCARE

the methadones

21st century power pop riot

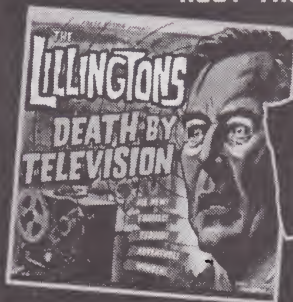


Chicago's reigning pop-punk kings are back with a mysterious release that is one part tribute, one part concept, and one part power-pop-punk-rock! 12 new punk-a-fied hits!

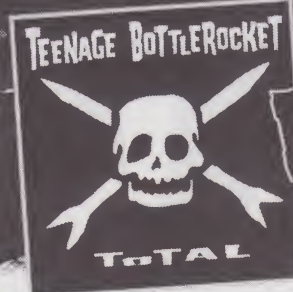


FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT:
WWW.REDESCARE.NET

GLASGOW, MY ASS.
MEET THE RED ARMY:



Their classic record back in print and remastered. New Lillingtons full length, "The Too Late Show", out 10/06!



See Teenage Bottlerocket on tour this Summer with The Epoxies!

Blocked Up?

Try... Kill The Hippies®



Produces a natural laxative effect that clears the colon by removing unwanted sonic build-up.

Leaves you feeling

LIGHTER

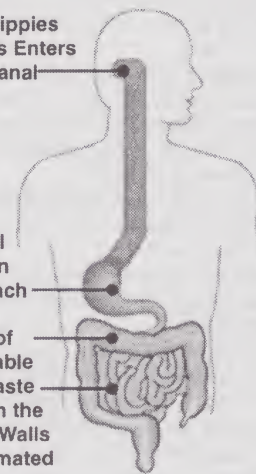
and looking

THINNER*

Kill The Hippies
Goodness Enters
the Ear Canal

Songs Kill
Bacteria in
the Stomach

Decades of
Questionable
Musical Taste
Melts from the
Intestinal Walls
and is Eliminated



* These claims have not yet been evaluated by The Food and Drug Administration

The Kill The Hippies' '77-song, double-disc "Erectospective" is available for the LOW, LOW price of only \$14.99 (plus 1¢ Shipping & Handling) from www.rocknrollpurgatory.com www.killthehippies.org



Chrystaei Branchaw's Photo Page

the Evaporators





A MONKEY TO RIDE THE DOG
SEAN CARSWELL

"I guarantee her self-esteem's too low to say no to a guy like you."

SCHWELLER AND THE DIPSHIT BROTHERS

Boon has me framing interior walls, which, as far as duties on the carpentry crew go, is fucking awesome. My feet are on the ground. The roof is already built and I'm under it. There's no heavy lifting. The dipshit brothers—Dale and Dave—are on the other side of the house, so I don't even have to deal with them. It's just me and my hammer and two-by-fours. I'm feeling lucky.

Boon calls out to me, "Hey, Chris."

"Yeah?" I call back.

"Get out here," Boon says. This surprises me. Usually, he just calls out my name and, when I answer, he says, "Just checking assholes." Which shouldn't be funny to me but since he says it five or ten times a day, it is. I'm actually a little disappointed that he's calling my name because he actually wants something. I slide my hammer into my tool belt and walk out front.

Boon's standing there with Mr. Schweller. Mr. Schweller is the shop teacher at my high school. I'm not sure what he's doing on the job site. I walk over to those guys.

Boon says to me, "You know this guy?"

"Yeah," I say.

"Was he your teacher?" Boon asks.

"Kinda," I say. Because I never took a shop class with Mr. Schweller, but he was in charge of the study hall I took last year. He was great. On most days, he'd let some of the guys in the class gather around his desk and he'd tell us drinking stories. He was a hero to us all. But I don't know if that counts as being a teacher. Still, I say, "Yeah, I guess."

"Good guy?" Boon asks.

Mr. Schweller looks at me. I gather that he's here about the job. Boon's hiring a new carpenter, and I guess Mr. Schweller's looking for summer work. I look back at Mr. Schweller. "He's probably too good for this crew," I tell Boon. "He can build furniture and shit. He should be working trim."

"That true?" Boon asks.

"I like framing," Mr. Schweller says. "The sun. The fresh air."

Boon nods his head. He says, "Well, we need a good carpenter or we're all gonna get fired. We've been on this little house three weeks already. We need to bang it out in a couple of days or the bossman's gonna give the next house to someone else. And all I got working with me right now is the kid..." Boon points at me. "...and my two sons. And those two guys, they're about as worthless as tits on a bull."

I'm a little surprised at what Boon's saying. I never really thought about the boss getting fired, but I guess everyone works for someone. Also, I heard the last thing he said wrong and so I say, "Worthless as tits on a whore?"

"Tits on a bull," Mr. Schweller says, ever the teacher. "Tits on a bull are worthless. Tits on a whore are a good thing."

Boon hires him on the spot. They're two peas in a fucking pod.

At first, it's a little weird working with my teacher. I'm half expecting him to give me a detention when I cuss. Plus, he's cutting in on my sweet job. He makes it easy for me, though. First, he tells me to call him by his first name, Dave, which I can't do because 1.) he was my study hall teacher and 2.) there's already a Dave on the crew. So he says, "Schweller, then. No Mr." I agree.

Schweller also shows me a quicker way to go about framing these walls. He shows me how much more efficient it all is if you just think a little before getting started. His system works well. We get right to it, and by lunchtime, the interior walls are banged out, standing, level, secure. I'm impressed, and I was there doing it.

We take a lunch break. It's immediately clear that the dipshit brothers aren't exactly happy about the new hire. Dave says to Schweller, "Be careful. You let the boss know how fast you can work and you'll have to work that fast every day."

Schweller nods. "That's why I took my time with those walls," he says.

Boon laughs at this. "Everyone ain't like you," Boon says. "We can't all work like we got a piano on our back."

Dave shuts up.

I know these guys, though. If they can't rag on Schweller, they'll just turn to me. And, sure enough, Dale steps up to the plate. "Hey, Chris," he says, "I hear you don't like tits on your whores."

"Fuck you, Dale," I say.

Dale smiles. "So it's true, then. You don't like tits on your whores. Is it all part of your sick transvestite thing?" Dale turns to Schweller and says, "Chris has a thing for transvestites."

"I don't have a thing for transvestites," I say, even though I know it's the worst thing for me to say because once you deny something to the dipshit brothers, you're convicted. They're

gonna rag on me for the rest of the summer over this transvestite thing, which is so stupid that I don't even want to go into it. I say to Schweller, "Dale has a thing for crack whores." Which is true. And I add to Dale, "And maybe we all don't have to chase down whores. Maybe some of us can date regular girls."

"They're all whores," Dale says. And then he's off again, giving me instructions on the right way to pick up a whore, the best places to go to find them, the best places to take them once you've found them, all that shit. Dale loves hookers. He loves to spread his hooker wisdom. I just eat my sandwich and try to tune him out. Lunchtime is back to normal, with or without the new guy.

After lunch, Schweller and I get to work building pony walls. Pony walls are the little walls that connect the regular eight foot walls to the vaulted ceilings. Usually, Dale and Dave do this, but they're busy taking their post-lunch nap and Boon wants to see how well Schweller can work, anyway.

Schweller's a good worker. His first thing is safety. We build a scaffold. We set up sawhorses and get lumber. Schweller shows me how to make angled cuts with my skill saw, and I do the cutting. He stands on the scaffold, takes the measurements and builds the actual walls. It's the most intricate work I've ever done on a construction site. I know this makes me sound like a dork, but I'm stoked about this job. I get to use my brain a little bit. I get to work a little harder, and time starts to fly by.

Schweller wants to chat in between the buzz of the saw and the shouting of measurements. He says, "I don't think Dale and Dave like me."

"Fuck 'em," I say.

"Come on, Dunbar," he says to me. "Are you supposed to talk like that around your teacher?"

I get bold. "Fuck you, Schweller," I say.

Schweller smiles. "So it's like that, huh?"

"Don't worry about the dipshit brothers," I say. "They know their dad ain't gonna fire them. They'll just be happy that you're working hard so they don't have to."

"You're probably right," Schweller lines his level up for the next stud, makes a mark in the top plate, takes a measurement, and calls it down to me. I cut the stud and hand it to him. He says, "Thanks." With four shots of the nail gun, the



Illustration by Brad Besahw

stud is in. Schweller sets the nail gun down on the scaffold and says, "And, fuck you, Dunbar."

Boon walks by right at that time. "That's what I like to hear," he says. He lingers for a minute and checks our work. He watches me make the next cut. After I hand the stud to Schweller, Boon says, "Let me show you something."

He has me stand over at my saw station and take a measurement. "Now when you lean over to make your cut... Here, I'll just show you. Lean over to make your cut." I do what he says. He licks his finger and sticks it in my ear.

"Goddamn it," I say, trying to wipe away the wet willie.

Boon laughs and walks away.

Schweller's laughing, too. It's easy for him. He's up on a scaffold. You'd have to climb a ladder to give him a wet willie. He says, "It's non-stop with these guys."

Twenty minutes before quitting time, all but one of the pony walls are built. We have the scaffold built for that last one and we'll have it done by the end of the day. Boon is happy. Happy as a tick on a hound's ear, as he'd say. Now that Schweller's here, none of us are gonna get fired. Dave and Dale could give a shit. They're slugging along like normal. Schweller's feeling good. He's talking about

girls. He's been talking about his girlfriend for an hour now, telling me things that I probably shouldn't know. Some of it goes over my head, too, because I'm just not that experienced. Anyway, after an hour of this, Schweller decides to ask me about my love life, which isn't really happening right now. He says, "Are you still dating that Bracco chick?"

"No," I say.

"She dump you?" he asks.

I don't want to say what really happened, so I just say, "Yeah."

"Too bad," he says. He takes another measurement and calls it down to me. I make the cut and hand it to him. He nails it and says, "What about Heather DeKalb?"

"What about her?" I say.

"You should ask her out," he says. "Twenty-three and five-eighths."

I grab a two-by-four and lay it out on the saw horses. "How do you figure?" I ask. I take my tape measure out of my tool belt and make a mark twenty-three and five-eighths inches down the two-by-four.

"She was waiting for you to ask her out all last semester," he says.

I hold off making the cut. "How do you figure?"

"Every day she asked you to help her with her math homework. She's not that bad in math."

"Really?" I say.

"Cut," Schweller says.

I make the cut and hand it to him. I say, "I don't think so. That chick is way out of my league."

Schweller nails the top of the stud in. "Don't sell yourself short," he says. "Her dad's a drunk and she failed typing last year. I guarantee her self-esteem's too low to say no to a guy like you." He shoots the bottom of the stud in, sets down the gun, and picks up his level.

"I don't know, man," I say. "I can't even drive yet. I'd have to ask her out and ask her to pick me up. It's not cool."

"You're not sixteen yet?" Schweller asks.

"Not until next month," I say.

Schweller calls down the measurement and says, "It don't matter. She'll drive. Chicks don't really care that much about the car you drive and that stuff. It's all a myth."

I kinda think that Schweller's lying to me and I kinda want to believe him regardless. Heather DeKalb is a good looking girl. I had the worst crush on her the whole time I was tutoring her in math. And now that Schweller brings it up, I realize that he's right. She's not that bad at math. I'm not that good at it. There was even one time when I was trying to walk Heather through the quadratic equation and I fucked it up and she corrected me. Maybe Schweller is right about that girl. I cut the stud and hand it to him.

He looks at me and says, "You're thinking about it, now, aren't you?"

"Nah," I say. "I can't ask her out. A chick like that. She'd eat me alive."

"Hell, that's what you want."

I'm starting to be convinced, but still I shake my head.

Schweller nails in the stud and says, "Look, Dunbar, I'm gonna tell you something that I wish someone told me when I was fifteen. Are you listening?"

I nod. I'm all ears.

"Women aren't a mystery. I'm gonna tell you everything you need to know about women." He points down to a scrap two-by-four on the slab. "Pick that up," he says, "and write this down."

I pick up the scrap and take my pencil out of my tool belt.

"Here's everything you need to know about women: compliment their shoes and act like you're too good for them."

I jot down "nice shoes" and "act too good for them." I look up to Schweller, but apparently, he's done. I say, "Is that it?"

"Well, that and do the opposite of everything the dipshit brothers tell you to do."

I don't need to write that down. I've figured that part out on my own. I just take the next measurement and start cutting. Schweller keeps an eye on me. Ever the teacher, that guy. I'm still not sure what to make of his advice, but it'll be easy enough to test when I get home. All I have to do is call Heather and see what happens.

-Sean Carswell



HAVOC

P.O. Box 8585 Minneapolis, MN 55408 | WWW.HAVOCREX.COM

7" RECORDS:

THE STATE No Illusions
FUCKED UP Litany
VITAMIN X Rip It Out
RIISTETYT Tuomiopaiva
RIISTETYT Kahleet
CAUSTIC CHRIST Government Job
DESTROY Burn This Racist System Down
CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE In a Few Hours...
DAMAGE DEPOSIT Do Damage
DAMAGE DEPOSIT Straight to the Bottom
AUS ROTTEN Fuck Nazi Sympathy
ANY LAST WORDS S/T ep
AMD I PETERSSENS ARME Blod Ser-Mere...
BRISTLE System
CODE 13 Doomed Society
CODE 13 A Part of America Died Today
CODE 13 They Made a Wasteland...
MASSKONTROLL Warpath
H 100s Texas Death Match
MURDERERS S/T
NOTA/BROTHER INFERIOR Split
KAAOS Nukke
CLUSTER BOMB UNIT Dirty...Weapons

NINE SHOCKS TERROR Mobile Terror
DS 13/CODE 13 13 Song Split
DS 13 Aborted Teen Generation
TEAR IT UP S/T
CAUSTIC CHRIST S/T
TAMPERE SS Kuolutt & Kuopattu
TAMPERE SS SS Sotaa
PROTESTI S/T
RIISTETYT Tervetuola Kuolema
VITAMIN X People That Bleed
ASSEMBLY OF GOD Submission
SPITTING TEETH Don't Believe the Hype
PATH OF DESTRUCTION 1 AM
UNITED SUPER VILLAINS Escapist

To read complete descriptions, listen to mp3s, view our t-shirt selections, or to order online, visit www.havocrex.com.

TO ORDER: send cash or money orders payable to Havoc Records (no checks!)

Orders are sent via media mail in the US. Expect 2-3 weeks for delivery. Overseas will take longer (especially surface.)

POSTPAID PRICES:

7"records: \$4 USA, \$5 air Can/Mex, \$6 air world. LPs: \$9 USA, \$13 air Can/Mex, \$13 surface world, \$17 air world. CDs: \$9 USA, \$12 air world.



SKITSYSTEM
Stigmata LP/CD



VICTIMS
Divide and Conquer LP/CD

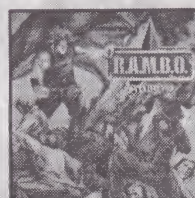


REGULATIONS
Electric Guitar LP/CD

LPS, 12"S, CDS:

VICTIMS Divide and Conquer LP/CD
SKITSYSTEM Stigmata LP/CD
REGULATIONS Electric Guitar LP/CD
DEAD STOP Live for Nothing LP
SKITSYSTEM Grå Värld Svarta... LP/CD
SKITSYSTEM Enkel Resa Till... LP/CD
VICTIMS In Blood LP/CD
REGULATIONS S/T LP/CD
MARTYRÖD In Extremis LP/CD
RAMBO Bring It! LP/CD w/bonus DVD
\$11 ppd LP/CD in the US and
\$15 Can/Mex by air, and \$20 air world.
RIISTETYT 2000-2005 CD
KYLESA To Walk a Middle Course LP
SKITSYSTEM Ait E Skit LP

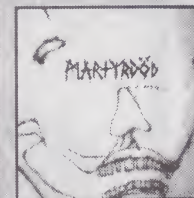
CAUSTIC CHRIST Can't Relate LP/CD
CODE 13 Discography CD
DS 13 Killed by the Kids LP/CD
HOLDING ON Just Another Day LP/CD
KAAOS RIISTINAULITTU Kaaos LP
MISERY The Early Years CD
NINE SHOCKS TERROR Zen... LP/CD
RESTARTS System Error LP/CD
TEAR IT UP Taking you Down... 12"/CD
WOLFBRIGADE Progression... LP/CD
VITAMIN X Bad Trip LP/CD
VITAMIN X Down the Drain LP/CD
DESTROY Discography CD
FROM ASHES RISE Nightmares LP
FROM ASHES RISE/VICTIMS LP/CD
WOLFBRIGADE D-Beat Odyssey 12"EP



RAMBO
Bring It! LP/CD w/bonus DVD



VITAMIN X
Rip It Out 7"



MARTYRÖD
In Extremis LP/CD

LIMITED EDITION VINYL

Double LP, 100% recycled gatefold packaging.
Available April 25th, 2006.

PROPAGANDA

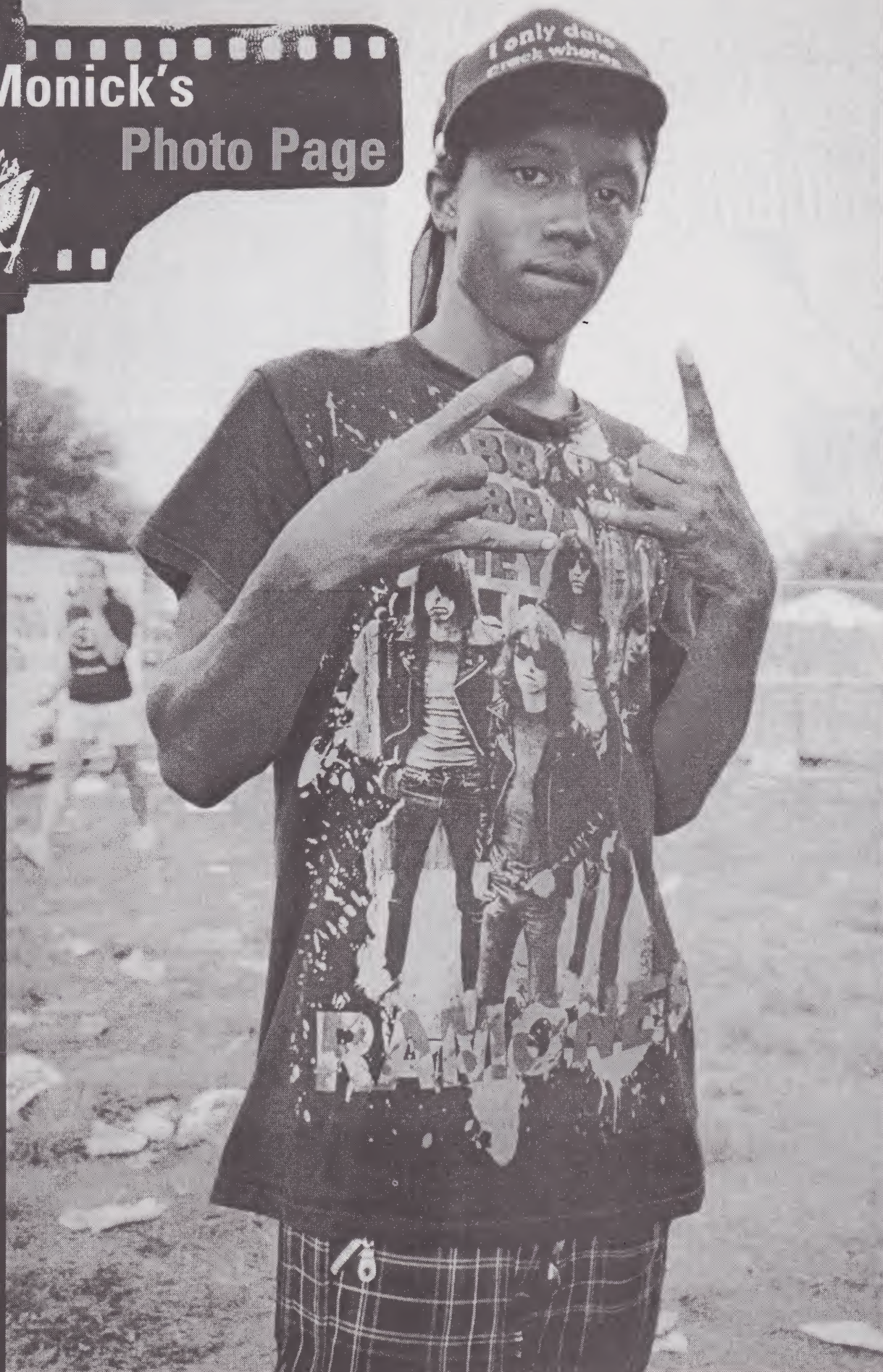
POTEMKIN CITY LIMITS



Order direct and get coloured vinyl.
www.thewelcomingcommittee.com

Dan Monick's

Photo Page



BENT OUTTA SHAPE
SNUGGLE SPLIT 7"
 100 ON CLEAR FOR MAIL ORDER ONLY

\$4 IN N. AMERICA
\$6 TO THE WORLD
POST PAID

1-2-3-4 GO!
 RECORDS

HICKEY S/T CD REISSUE
OUT IN APRIL!

WWW.1234GORECORDS.COM
732-56TH STREET, OAKLAND, CA 94609 - USA
 CASH, MONEY ORDER AND PAYPAL ACCEPTED - MAKE MONEY ORDERS OUT TO S. STEVENSON

Still Newish:
 DC Snipers LP/CD, LiveFastDie LP/CD,
 Radio Reelers LP/CD, Sons Of Cyrus CD,
 Dean Dirg CD.

THROBBIN URGES
'S/T' LP/CD

The Throbbin Urges from Midland Michigan, check in with their debut full length. Completely blown-fi rock n roll from a band that has some pretty insane tunes. Gits, drums, bass...fuck these guys are playin their asses off. Throw the Pagans, Zero Boys and Cosmic Psychos in a blender and hit PUREE!!!! An absolute home recording masterpiece! CD has 12 blasters, LP gets ya an added exclusive bonus track!!

LP: \$8.50 US, \$15.50 World, CD: \$11.50 US, \$14.50 World

DEAD BEAT RECORDS
PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078

www.dead-beat-records.com

COLD WAR

★ SKATEBOARDS ★ SKATEBOARDS ★

BUH
GEORGE W

High Class Skateboards for Working Class Jerks.

Made in Portland Oregon Where our skateparks are mostly better than yours. This is procrastinated Razorcake ad #4 that was originally going to run in MRR, you know, for the kids...

www.ColdWarSkateboards.com

ALIEN SNATCH!

BBQ
CD - BARBIEE E E - QUEEEWW! Montreal one-man-band sensation is Mark Sultan on vocals. Creepy on guitar and Bridge Mixture on Drums, all members of the infamous SPACESHITS & LES SEXARENOS!! BBQ is a man who lives by his own rules: no home, no job, no cares - just a heat-up guitar, his wits and a need to drink...Dope as fuck! Rock and reverb-bur-rol!! Pure panty moistification by a true master moistificator! complete recordings w/ bonus shit

CD/LP second punch by the dirty boys in the parking lot! **SOLID BROWN** is a soul trash rock n roll deathbeam album full of nitty-gritty, dirty soul and and proto-punk rawk titles by our favourite Brooklyn, NYC crime family, es. **THIS** is a blackly, yet brown garage rock record in its primal sense! The gospel-fervour, the roaring guitars, the stunning lead vocals and heartfelt screams is Jenna Young! Those who've shared time with slick soul men and women with polished shoes and Austin Powers behavior might check their friends and rather bang on the trash cans with the wild ones! It's naked and real!

GHETTO WAYS

BASEBALL FURIES

7" LOST ONES EP three new & exclusive by out favourite warriors! Both LPs are punk classics and these are out of the "Let it be" recording session. Angry driven, violent and intense smashers in their unique manner! 7" comes in a disco sleeve. First 100 copies in colored vinyl!

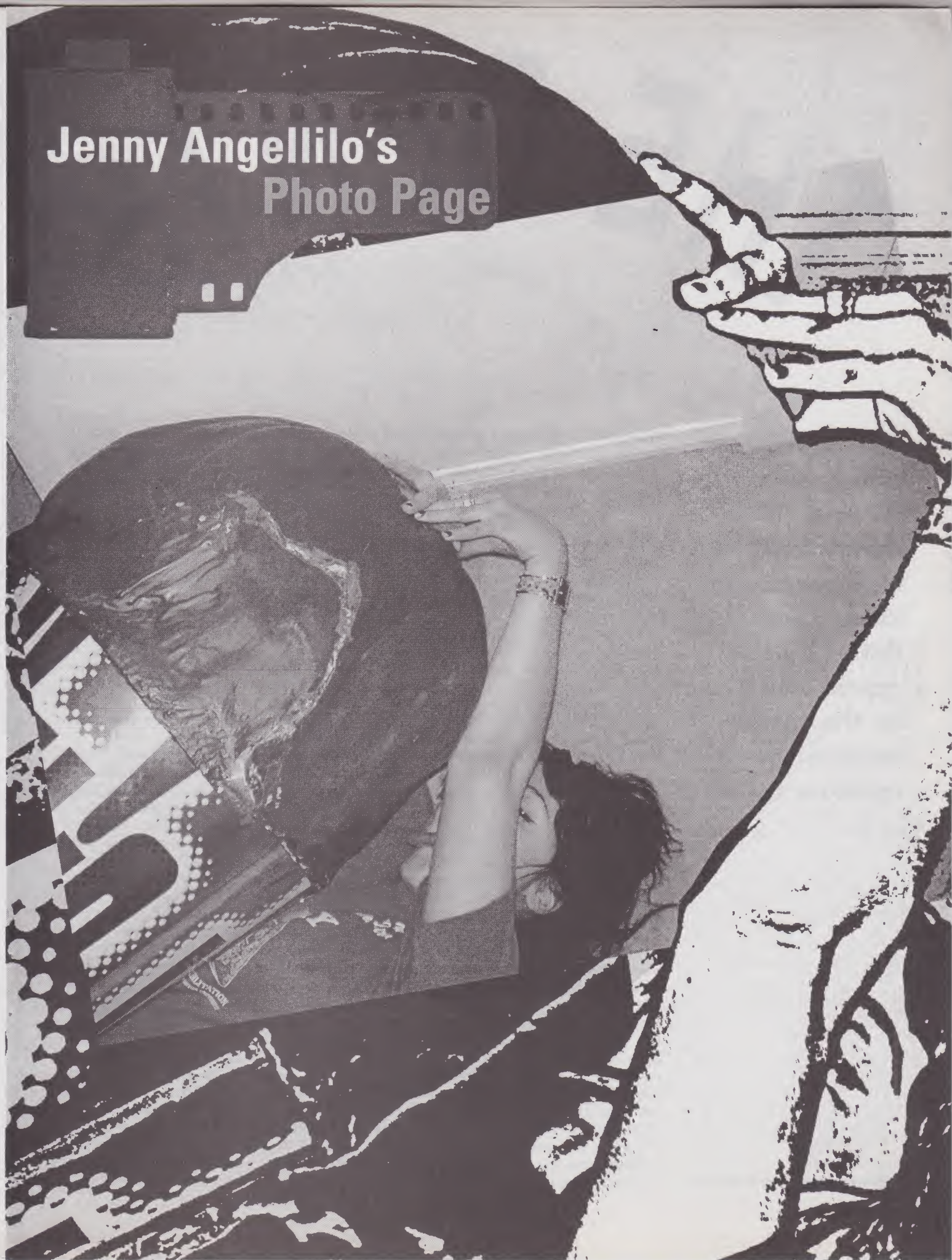
MIGHTY GOGO-PLAYERS - Play, Lose & Die 10" **REAL LOSERS - Music for Funsters LP.** we got it!

mörkeweg 1

www.aliensnatch.de

74199 Ubach Germanium

Jenny Angellilo's Photo Page



THE DENTS

One of the first reviews for the CD said something about the reviewer being kind of intimidated by the "homo cobra" on the cover 'cause of the rainbow colors in it.

Fresh off a mini-tour of the west coast, including a stop in Las Vegas for the annual BYO Punk Rock Bowling Tournament, The Dents found time to sit down with me for a cup of liquid refreshment before they played a typically tight and energetic set at The Middle East club in The People's Republic of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Sitting around a table in the Middle East restaurant, the members of The Dents don't look like your typical punk rockers. They look like regular people with jobs, bills, and responsibilities. No glitz or glamour, no mohawks or leather jackets with hand-painted portraits of Sid Vicious on the back—just jeans, T-shirts and down jackets (hey, it's cold in Boston in February). And on stage it's not a lot different. Sure, Jen D'Angora and Michelle Paulhus—the co-front-women—add a bit of makeup and hairspray, and they might find a short dress or a studded belt, but when you're the best live band in Boston you don't need all the gimmicks and flash. What is it about The Dents that makes them so great? First of all, the songs. That's where it always begins, no matter what type of music you're talking about. Next, you've got two dynamic vocalists, who not only look spectacular, they are both strong enough singers to carry a band on their own, but neither have such a big ego they can't make room for the other. In fact, it's exactly the give and take and the sharing of the spotlight between these two that lifts The Dents above the rest of the crowd. Of course, it doesn't hurt to have a guitarist the caliber of Craig Adams, who can play anything from Angus Young to Johnny Thunders and

from Billy Zoom to Steve Jones. Round it all out with the rock solid drumming of Kevin Pickering and the result is a band that plays punk rock with pop melodies, but is much more than a pop punk band.

Brian: You guys are just back from the west coast. What was the highlight of that?

Michelle: The bowling tournament in Vegas was great. There are all these punk rock kids from all over the country drinking and bowling and hearing live music. And then, all of a sudden, they all rush out to the lobby and start chanting, "Lasers, water." It was really weird. Then the laser and water show starts, and it's amazing.

Craig: There are these life-sized animatronic animals, and lasers, and water.

Michelle: And then they play this song, "Proud to Be an American," and all the punk rock kids know all the words and they're all singing along. Crazy. Craig, do you have any pictures of that?

Craig: [reaching into his coat pocket to retrieve his digital camera] Funny you should ask. I just happen to have some here. [He passes the camera to me and I check out the surreal scene, complete with a giant bald eagle and grizzly bears. And, of course, lasers and water.]

Brian: That looks wild. They were all singing that terrible Lee Greenwood song, though?

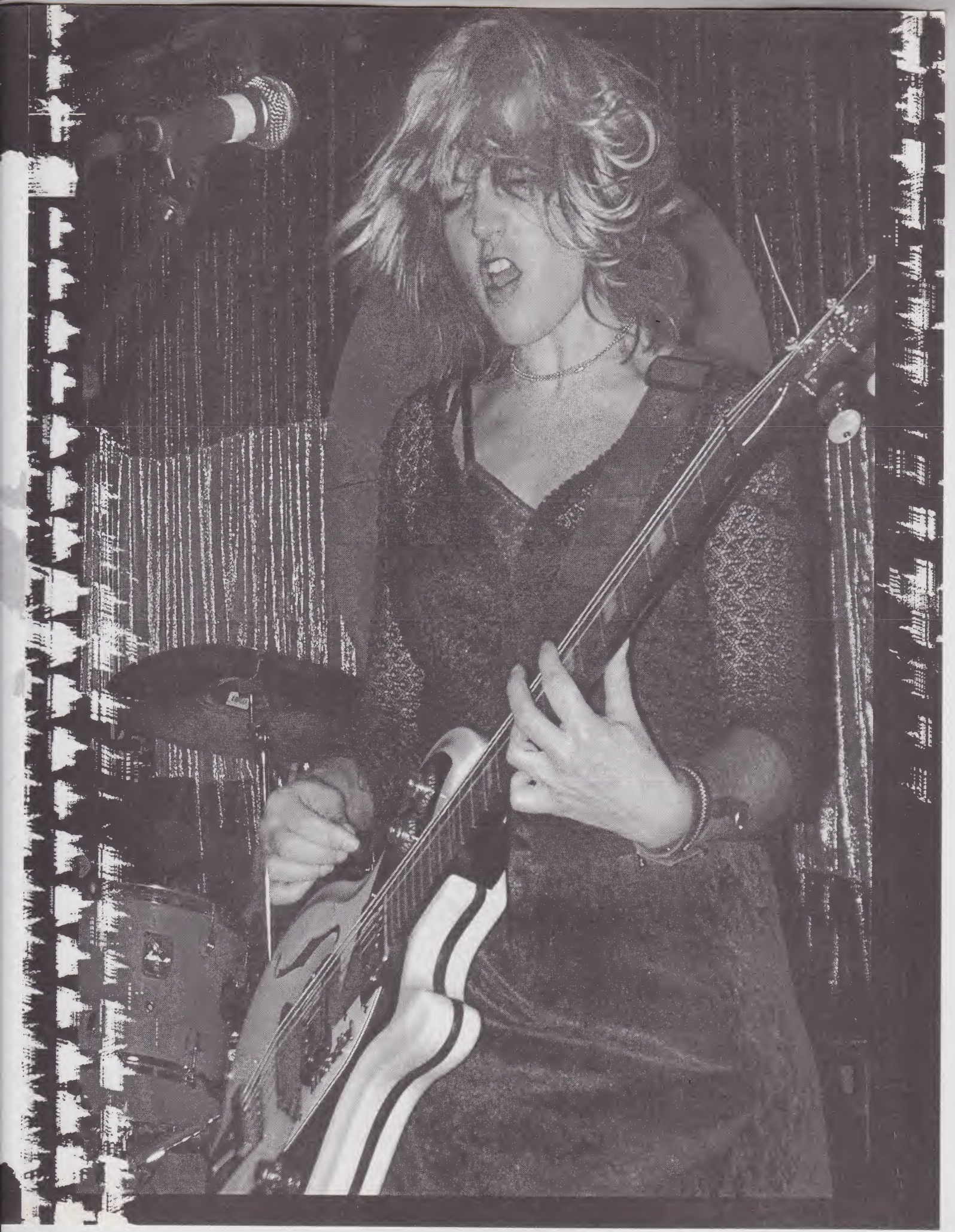
Craig: It was pretty surreal.

Jen: I'd say the other highlight of the tour was playing the Anarchy Library. Johnny Angel, who's been a huge help to us, hooked us up with that show.

Brian: I read that article he wrote about you in the *L.A. Alternative*. He said, "The Dents fix punk." That's gotta be nice to hear that from someone like him, who's been around. Back to the bowling thing for a minute though: did you guys bowl?

Michelle: No, we performed that weekend at The Double Down, but we didn't bowl.

By Brian Mosher
Photos by Miss Jenny Angelillo



Brian: And I heard you tried the bacon martini at The Double Down?

Michelle: No way. Some things should not go together. I mean bacon and gin...it's not exactly chocolate and peanut butter.

Craig: Hey, you got bacon in my gin! You got gin in my bacon!

Brian: Did you hear any bands while you were out west that impressed you?

Craig: The Briefs were really impressive. They play Boston quite often.

Michelle: The best was Dynamite 8. They played that weekend. Their singer is this mid-forties housewife, just as nice and sweet as you can imagine, and then she gets on stage and she's dynamite. Plus, after her own set, she sat in on drums for Kitty And The Kowalskis. She calls herself Rawk Mom, that's R-A-W-K.

Brian: That is the best way to spell it.

Craig: We were sitting at a table with her, just talking, and I thought she was just this

Some things should not go together. I mean bacon and gin... it's not exactly chocolate and peanut butter.

nice lady. When she left they told me she was the singer for Dynamite 8 and I thought, "Hmm, that's interesting." Then I saw her on stage and it was amazing.

Brian: Tell me about recording the CD, *Time for Biting*, with Dave Minehan (of The Neighborhoods).

Michelle: He is so patient and so knowledgeable. He knows how to get the best out of you.

Brian: The guitarist for The Country Doctors told me that he learned more about playing guitar in a few hours with Minehan than he had in twenty years of taking lessons and practicing.

Jen: I'd agree with that. He helped me a lot, just with things like what strings to use and amplifier settings and things like that.

Brian: I keep seeing all these jokes about The Homo Cobra, in reference to the cover of the CD. What's that about?

Michelle: [looking at Craig] You want to tell that one?

Craig: Well, when we were thinking about the cover art and the title of the CD, I said something about how when you're backed into a corner, it's time for biting, like a cobra. We all kind of liked the idea and we were really happy with the artwork that Ian came up with for us. Then, one of the first reviews for the CD said something about the reviewer being kind of intimidated by the "homo cobra" on the cover.

Michelle: 'Cause of the rainbow colors in it.

Craig: Right. Since then it's just become sort of an inside joke.

Brian: Got it. Tell me about the writing process. Do you two—Jen and Michelle—write together, or do you each write separately?

Jen: Michelle and I each bring songs in to the band, so, for the most part, we write separately. We wrote "Here He Comes" together, and I wrote parts of a new song of Michelle's called "Crawling." So we're open to each other's ideas. She's an awesome person to toss ideas around with.

Michelle: Right. For the most part, Jen and I write stuff on our own but always work particular song stuff out together before bringing it to the whole band. Stuff like harmonies and some song arranging. I love working with Jen and I think our songwriting styles really work well together.

Brian: When you were putting The Dents together, did you say, "Let's make a band that sounds like this," and then look for other musicians to fit that or did you say, "Here are some people I want to play with," and then let the sound come organically from that?

Michelle: Definitely the latter. I had played with both Gino and Craig in The Decals and I knew Jen from The Other Girls, this cover band we played in together. I love Craig's playing and I really wanted to get another band together with him, and Jen and I really wanted to work together, so it just came together.

Brian: I know Jen is also in The Downbeat 5. Do the rest of you have any other bands going on currently?

Kevin: I'm currently in Golden West Motor Lodge. I've been playing with them for about three years.

Craig: Bipolarcoaster is an ongoing music project that I do with some of my closest friends just for the hell of it. It's more influenced by hardcore and underground metal. It is hard to focus on Bipolarcoaster for me. I'm not the promotional machine that Jen and Michelle are.

Michelle: The Dents are my main, full time band. I also still play in The Other Girls.

Brian: Is that where you and Jen met, in The Other Girls?

Michelle: We met originally when The Decals and Downbeat 5 played a few shows together. But we really connected musically

when we started playing in the Other Girls. At least that's what I remember. Jen might remember it differently.

Brian: Tell me about The Decals.

Michelle: The Decals were my first serious band. It was me and Nicole Johnson (now Nicole Anguish). We started around 1999 or so. Like The Dents, the band was fronted by two females, although I don't think our sound was exactly the same. Eventually, Craig (Adams) and Gino Zanetti (original Dents drummer) joined the band.

Brian: And Gino was still drumming for The Dents when you recorded the CD?

Michelle: Right....

Kevin: Yeah. I have a habit of joining bands right after they record. I joined The Coffin Lids right after they got out of the studio for their *Rock and Roll* CD that Bomp put out.

Brian: You're always just a bit late, huh? You've been in The Dents for quite a while now, though?

Kevin: I joined The Dents in October of 2004. I knew Michelle from working at the Abbey Lounge (in Somerville, MA).

Brian: You do sound there? Did you go to school for that?

Kevin: I did go to school for audio. At the time it was called Massachusetts Communications College, or Mass Comm. It's now called Art Institute of New England, or AI. I did an internship at Q Division studio, then worked there as an assistant for a couple of years before I started at the Abbey. I've been working at the Abbey for seven years now.

Brian: You mentioned Johnny Angel before as someone who's helped you out. The first time I saw The Dents was the night of The Blackjacks reunion at The Abbey Lounge.

Jen: Right, and he has been on a completely selfless mission of trying to help get The Dents "noticed" ever since. He really is an angel.

Brian: In one of the articles he wrote recently about you he said, "Droning and located somewhere between Arabic wail and Appalachian twang, this is a duo that is unmatched anywhere at the front of a modern band." That's big stuff from a guy who's been in some pretty significant bands of his own (besides The Blackjacks, Johnny was also in The Thrills and The Swinging Erudites). How do you guys describe The Dents to people who haven't heard you?

Jen: Well, we are quite obviously pop punk, but not in the crappy emo or Avril Lavigne sense. We've got the pop melodies and harmonies heard in girl groups, but we've also got a punk, rock'n'roll sound influenced by Boston punk rock bands before us. We've been compared to other bands, but I don't think anyone can say we sound like one band in particular.



Michelle: Yeah, I'd say, "Fast paced and aggressive rock'n'roll, wailing guitar solos and driving drumbeats." We're not afraid to have big, hooky choruses and lots of harmonies.

Craig: The Dents music is influenced by very obvious influences that we all share. In terms of me personally, I try to graft East Bay Ray, Billy Zoom, Ross the Boss, Steve Jones, and Captain Sensible all into The Dents sound.

Brian: Okay, so what's upcoming for The Dents?

Michelle: Well, we're heading out west again soon to play in the Stockage festival that the Descendents put together. We got hooked up with that through our friends Drag The River. One of them is in the band All with one of the Descendents.

Jen: And we just finished recording some songs for a split single with Drag The River.

Michelle: It's got two new songs from each band, plus we each cover two songs by the other band.

Craig: So Drag The River did a couple of Dents songs in their country-ish style, and vice versa.

Brian: That's a great idea. I can't wait to hear that. Before I let you go do your sound check, I heard Craig do a spot-on Christopher Walken imitation, talking about cow bells...

Michelle: Craig is a very talented mimic. I've been told that he does a good imitation of me also, but I haven't heard it.

Craig: No, that's not true. [Winks and whispers that he'll do it for me later.] But Michelle has that double jointed elbow thing.

Michelle: Oh yeah, I can do this. [She proceeds to do something indescribable with her elbow, basically turning it inside out, with her arm extended over her head and slightly behind.] And I can

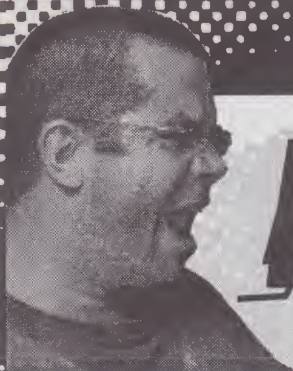
do this. [She stands up, places her hand flat on the seat of the chair, and rotates it 360 degrees.]

Brian: That is weird. Are any of your other joints double jointed?

Michelle: The other elbow, but not as much. Nothing else, though.

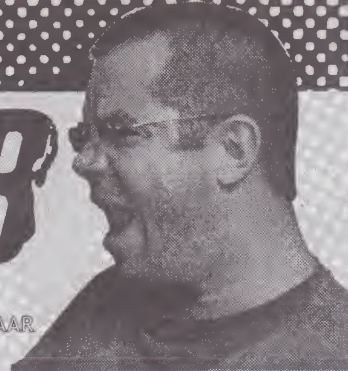
Personally, I can't wait to find out what The Dents are going to achieve in 2006 and beyond. This is a band that is already among the elite groups in the world, and filled with the potential to actually get better. To quote the great Johnny Angel again: "Enter The Dents, a four-piece group from New England that are not unlike a cryogenically frozen artifact from 1978. Not because they're deliberately playing the retro card, but because they're guileless lovers of the form, and masters themselves. They got it deep in their souls, as Mingus might have said." There's no way I could say it better than that.





PORCH MOB

INTERVIEW BY SEAN KOEPENICK
PHOTOS BY KRIS TRIPPLAAR



RIISING FROM THE SEEDY UNDERBELLY OF DC UNDERGROUND MUSIC, HERE IS A TRIO THAT MAKES ONE PROMISE. Live, they always deliver a COD package of fierce, ear-bleeding, so-loud-it-hurts punk music: tough music that takes no prisoners. Porch Mob has been tearing up the local scene for a few years now. After rising to headliner status at some local venues, they have now also begun to play out of town shows. With song titles like "Nothin' to Prove" and "Square Peg," you know you'll get a greasy portion of good old hardcore with a fresh side of melody. Bad Brains and RKL may be at the starting line, but at the finish it's Porch Mob who snags the beer-soaked crown for originality and sheer determination. The current line-up has solidified into a jackhammer precision unit with Dave Stone on guitar and vocals, Jon Shaffer on bass and backing vocals, and Dan Tate on drums and backing vocals. Each member brings chops supreme to their sound which should throw Porch Mob to the top of the punk world. Their debut CD, *Can of Worms*, is out now and available off their site right this very moment. Steal money from mom's purse and get it today.

Sean: Tell me how each of you got involved in music.

Dave: I was always a big fan of the more intense rock when I was a little kid. My idea of that was like The Knack and AC/DC. Then I got introduced to some underground music—The Clash and the Sex Pistols. This was when I was in intermediate school. Then I moved on to hardcore and deeper underground music. That was pretty much it. Then I got grounded. My brother had a bass lying around. I was not going to be doing my homework. I used to get grounded all the time so I ended up learning a few things on the bass.

Dan: I grew up listening to rock'n'roll and stuff like Led Zeppelin through my parents. My father played the drums too, so I was banging on shit with drum sticks when I was a kid. From skateboarding and playing music, I got into punk rock, like The Misfits and Bad

Issue, Scream, and Marginal Man. A lot of old DC stuff. Some New York shit like Agnostic Front. The Cro-Mags and Dead Kennedys. Suicidal Tendencies. The usual suspects for punk rockers our age. Except I don't like The Misfits! I actually don't hate them, but back in the day I only wanted fast stuff.

Jon: I think Dave named most of them. Bad Brains. He and I are also huge RKL fans.

Sean: How did Porch Mob come together?

Dave: I was in and out of music for a few years. I got this cubicle job and I was finished with school. I said, "Hey I'm gonna try this normal professional thing." There was no creative outlet for me. I figured I would buy a guitar and start playing but that wasn't

"FOR YEARS MY ROOMMATES AND I JOKED THAT PORCH MOB WAS OUR HOUSE BAND BECAUSE THAT WAS THE ONLY PLACE THEY PLAYED."

Brains. I've been playing punk rock ever since.

Jon: I grew up playing drums. I played drums when I was real little. When I was around eleven or twelve we moved into a townhouse, and I couldn't really play the drums anymore. So I went out and bought a bass; started fucking around with that. I was playing around to old school Black Market Baby and other DC stuff. I went back and forth but ended up sticking with bass.

Sean: What music did you listen to growing up?

Dave: Minor Threat, a lot of Bad Brains, Rich Kids on LSD, Government





enough. I asked a friend of mine, Matt Glick, if he wanted to play bass along to some riffs. He said yeah. Then we found Mike Palmredo from The Goons to play drums for us. We were called Damage Done for awhile, and did a track on the RKL tribute album that Malt Soda Records released. We found out there was a straight edge band from the West Coast called Damage Done, and emailed back and forth a little bit. We were both cool with bands sharing the same names, but we're about completely different things. It's not like we were about shooting up or anything, but we're kind of anti-straight edge. We're not avidly anti-straight edge, but more against the macho, meathead attitude that sometimes goes along with it. We're almost straight edge in our own personal habits. We're pretty close these days, but definitely not straight edge. We changed our name to Porch Mob; a friend of mine came up with that name. We've had a few line-up changes and then Jon came into the band and then Dan came into the band. The current line-up is the best line-up so far!

Sean: Hey Ryan, tell us a bit about Porch Mob. (Ryan's a close friend of the group. He writes at www.deep fry bonanza.com/squirrelheart)

Ryan: I used to sit on my couch and try to drown out this band blaring hyper, guitar-driven punk mixed with jammed-out reggae tunes coming outta my basement. They alternated practice days with my roommate's band the Goons, so chill time was hard to come by, to say the least. I'm convinced anyone else would have moved out. I enjoyed hearing them put the songs together, though, and listening to the development and direction of where they were headed. Their catchy brand of hardcore-inspired rock became imbedded in my brain to the point that I probably knew their songs as well as they did. It didn't hurt that Dave Stone had as much love for the Bad Brains and RKL as I did. For years my roommates and I joked that Porch Mob was our house band because that was the only place they played. Those house parties weren't too shabby though, considering they got to open up for bands like Municipal Waste, Two Man Advantage, Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission, and the Goons, amongst many others.

Battling the challenges that life brings, Stone rolled with the punches and managed to keep the band going, even though, at times, it looked pretty bleak. One of the more humorous blows being when he left his freshly bought Gibson Les Paul on the side of the curb while loading equipment into his car, then drove off! Some neighborhood girls found it, saw the Goons sticker on it, and brought it over to the Goon house. Luckily, Dave got it back! Porch Mob has always been Stone's brainchild and has survived as many bumps in the road as a motocross track.

Being the only member that's been there from day one, he eventually took over vocal duties after a search for a frontman that was unsuccessful. The worst was when a dude from Green Jello (yes *that* Green Jello) tried out and was pulling some kind of rap rock shit. I was even asked to join during a drunken binge in Philly one weekend. Stone's been working full time, going to school full-time with as many different majors as I can remember, and has changed residences more than anyone I've known. He's a professional student of biochemistry and waits tables at a DC restaurant at the moment.

Current bassist Jon Shaffer was picked up after Mike Goon (original drummer) and Stone went knocking on doors to get him to try out for The Goons on drums. When they finally found him, he was too drunk to walk, let alone pound on the skins. Needless to say, it wasn't a very good audition, even though he's a great drummer when sober. Meanwhile, Porch Mob members came and went and eventually Jon fit in playing bass. You can find him serving coffee or riding bikes in downtown Arlington, VA, rocking out with his '70s style rock/punk side project, The Electricutions, or even eating at the MacKaye house for Thanksgiving dinner.

After going through a few drummers, Porch Mob picked up the powerhouse Dan Tate, who used to be in "DC's now-defunct" Affront. He's obsessed with left wing politics, and working-class consciousness and issues. He's also been known to sport a cashmere

scarf to punk shows so he's not too hard to pick out of the crowd. As with all of the P Mob members, Dan has broad taste in music and it shows with the end result. Playing music and having fun is their goal and it's pretty obvious that they don't care about trends. They're a great band, and will continue to be because—one great thing about Porch Mob is that you never know what the next song is gonna sound like. I'm sure they'll never do the same thing twice.

Sean: Dave, can you describe some of the best gigs and some of the first gigs you've had in this present incarnation?

Dave: I think we had a gig at The Goons' house where Dan quit. It was not a very good show. That was the only show where we had a video camera trained on us, too.

Jon: FDR Skatepark in Philly was a good time, under 1-95 on 4th of July.

Dave: We played one gig at the U-Turn in DC where everything just kind of came together. Every note was perfect and it was awesome. I think that was our best gig. We had a pretty good one last week too. We were at some arcade in Cumberland, MD. Next to Hancock, MD.

Sean: How did Porch Mob's inclusion on the RKL compilation come about?

Dave: We didn't have a singer. We knew that the band was going to die soon if we didn't do something quick. Mikey was about to rejoin The Goons. We auditioned a bunch of singers and we just decided, "Let's just get our asses in gear here." It was posted on the Malt Soda website that they were looking for bands for the RKL tribute album. Matt (Glick, old bassist) and I were big RKL fans. So we were like, "Hey, let's do that." We tried ourselves out on vocals. All of us gave it a shot. Everyone thought that we had a singer at that point. They decided it was me. We recorded it at NCR studios in Baltimore and there you go.

Sean: What current active bands or artists would you like to share a double bill with?

Dave: We keep trying to get Supreme Commander to play a show with us but they're never available. They're a new DC band that is pretty bad ass. Former members of Latchkey, Wake Up Cold, and Daycare Swindlers.

Dan: Boston!

Dave: Aerosmith. I also sent an email to Bad Brains to get on their shit with Joe from The Cro-Mags on vocals.

Jon: That would be a dream for all of us.

Dave: I don't think it's gonna happen but it doesn't hurt to send an email.

Sean: Who would you like to write a song with?

Dave: I would like to try and work something out with East Bay Ray of The Dead Kennedys. That motherfucker's super talented: a very interesting form of surfy, punk-core mixture. He has a really interesting style that I've never really dabbled in. Also Ian MacKaye would be cool. He's a little bit more local so it might be more probable.

Jon: A lot of our stuff is kind of different. I think writing something with RKL would be cool. Bommer, who died recently—I guess he wrote a lot of the songs. Interesting dude. Very talented. I'd like to take old RKL and maybe make it a little more brutal. They weren't a very brutal band. They weren't all that heavy. They write really riffy songs with cool arrangements. But he is no longer with us.

Dave: Aston Barrett from The Wailers.

Jon: Why Aston Barrett from The Wailers?

Dave: Because he is a kickass bass player.

Sean: What part of your recent studio sessions has been the most rewarding for you?

Dave: Finishing it, finally! Mastering it. That basically closed it up.

Jon: Dan and I are only on the live tracks. The studio tracks are from a previous version of the band. I did a little bit of back-up vocals shortly after I joined.

Dave: Mike from The Goons played on the studio tracks and these guys played on the live tracks. It's 50% studio, 50% live.

Jon: We had John Stabb from Government Issue in to do a voiceover. I love Government Issue. Hanging out with him was fun. He's a pretty interesting dude. He did some pretty wacky stuff on his little voice over track. That was cool.

Sean: For the uninitiated, how would you describe the sound of Porch Mob?

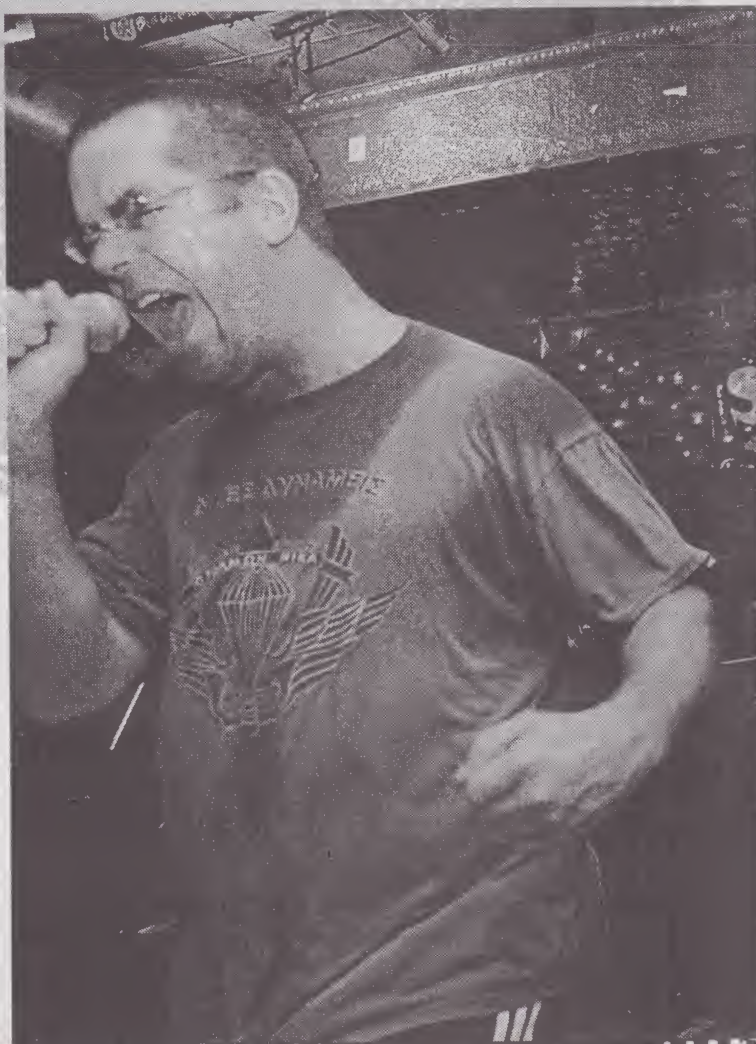
Dan: Brutal, intricate punk hardcore. These guys really like RKL but I'm not too crazy about them.

Jon: We're all guys in our early thirties who never got sick of hardcore. We still dig the speed but want to do something different with it. That's the biggest compliment we get after shows: "You guys sound different—it's cool." It's not the same chord progressions; there are slow songs and fast songs. You can see we all like to put our own thing in to it.

Dan: We're all unique musicians. We all do our own thing our own way. When we collaborate to write songs it really shows. I mean, Jon writes all the bass lines, and Dave rips on the guitar. We all come together and we have our own style. Everyone's really doing something really cool in a short period of time since the songs aren't that long.

Jon: You are a monster on drums as well, Dan.

Dave: Definitely—without a doubt Dan kills it. As a group we try to make it as immediate as possible. We're trying to take away the ability for people to ignore our music. That's what punk's all about—just getting really in your face. If you keep doing the same old thing, no matter how brutal it is—everyone will eventually get numb to it.



Jon: We don't write catchy songs with "whoa, whoa, whoa" choruses. We always talk about that at shows. That's so done. There are hundreds of bands like that.

Dave: We keep trying to have every new song be different than the previous one—not completely different because that would take up too much time. We can't spend all our time in the band. We're all students and work, too. We've got other lives.

Sean: Do you have plans to do long term touring?

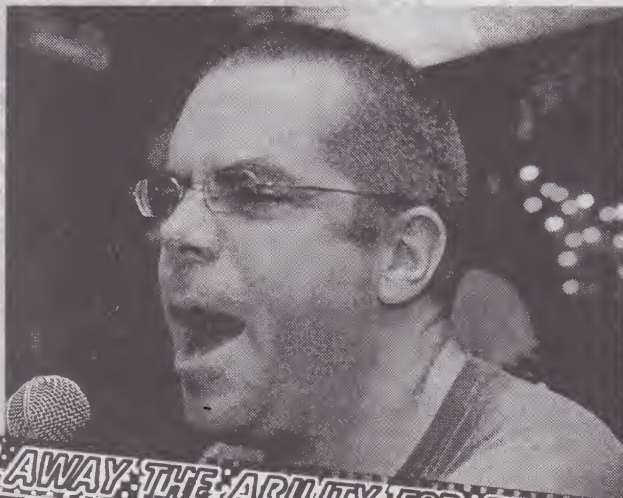
Dave: We're supposed to go out for five days with McRad. Richmond through Atlanta, I think, in under six days. That's not a huge tour but if you combine that with a day we're doing at CBGB's. We hit western Maryland yesterday. We've been down to Richmond already. We're just trying to keep a local radius and get out every once and awhile without failing out of school. Or not being able to pay the rent. Because, once again, we're in our thirties, not in our twenties.

Dan: Speak for yourself!

Sean: What do the members of Porch Mob do for kicks outside of music?

Dave: I don't know what fun is anymore. I'm impossibly fucking busy.

Jon: Too old to have fun anymore. I like bicycles. I like to read a lot.



WE'RE TRYING TO TAKE AWAY THE ABILITY FOR PEOPLE TO IGNORE OUR MUSIC. THAT'S WHAT PUNKS ALL ABOUT. JUST GETTING REALLY IN YOUR FACE.

Dave: I like to go to movies. I'd like to do more leisurely activities but I pretty much have to bury myself in textbooks all the time. If I jumped on a skateboard I'd kill myself. What's fun? Board games? I don't think we have fun.

Jon: I have fun.

Dan: It shows Jon, it shows.

Sean: What's next for Porch Mob?

Dave: I think we've got nine songs written. We write pretty quickly. We're thinking about getting back into the studio and dropping a new record. We've also talked to some bands about doing splits. We don't really know what is going to happen with any of that stuff. But something is going to happen. We got a lot of songs so we're going to get them down on tape. We'll be out there.

Dan: That's what I was going to say: a new record. The new stuff we're writing sounds pretty good. It will be great when we record it.

Dave: We've got a brand new one that we're playing tonight.

Jon: You can tell the difference with this line-up. They're not all super fast. They're just different than before.

Sean: Final thoughts, gentlemen?

Dave: We'd like to give props to the DC music scene: the Goons for being around for more than ten years and the Screws for keeping it real.

Dan: And wearing no shirts!

Dave: And Jon's other band, The Electricutions. Old school '70s punk vibe. Good stuff, check it out. And V.P.R. Bleeder Resistor!

www.porchmob.com

www.myspace.com/porchmob



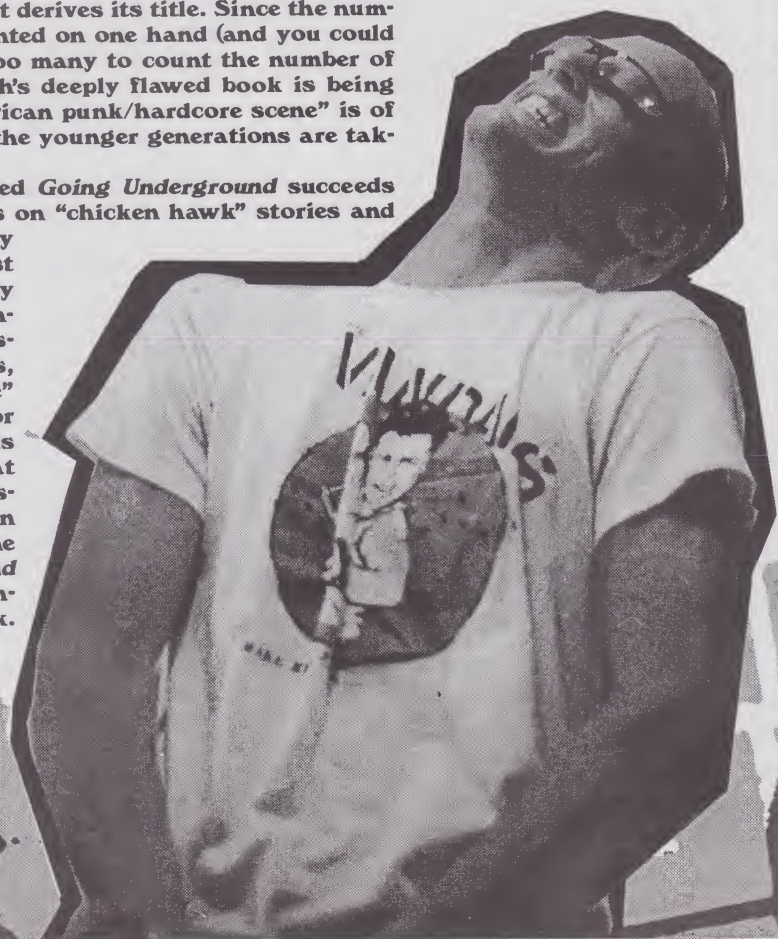
GEORGE HURCHALLA is fucking PUNK

An Interview with the author of
Going Underground by Jimmy Alvarado

First things first, lemme say that I think Steven Blush's *American Hardcore* is an affront to the history of the scene it purports to recount—a sloppy mess of slanted perspectives, embarrassing inaccuracies, character assassination, pointless sexism, misattributions, mean-spirited gossip, suspect quotes, and wholly made-up lyrics wrapped up in writing that succeeds only in being a piss-poor, pathetic attempt at being controversial. Worst of all, precious little of it has anything to do with the music from which it derives its title. Since the number of books written on the subject can be counted on one hand (and you could probably lop off a few fingers and still have too many to count the number of good books on the subject), the fact that Blush's deeply flawed book is being touted as “the definitive statement on the American punk/hardcore scene” is of considerable concern, especially since some of the younger generations are taking it as gospel fact.

Enter George Hurchalla, whose self-published *Going Underground* succeeds where Blush fails so miserably: he focuses less on “chicken hawk” stories and settling old scores and more on telling a history of a much-maligned, often ignored scene. Most importantly, he writes about the music, easily one of rock’n’roll’s most important and influential progeny. Although it doesn’t shy from discussing many of the scene’s more sordid aspects, *Going Underground* opts for a more “big picture” approach and offers a clearer explanation for why so many of us vehemently embraced this punk rock thing back then (sometimes at great physical risk) and why, contrary to Blush’s postulation that it “died” in 1985, American punk/hardcore remains very much alive some two decades later. Best of all, *Going Underground* is simply a good read, and everyone knows nothing is more punk rock than reading a good book.

Layout by Keith Rosson
and Todd Taylor



Jimmy: Where were you born/raised? Family background?

George: I was born in West Palm Beach, Florida and raised in Stuart, a small town about forty miles north. My maternal grandmother moved to Miami from Georgia as a child in 1925, and married a Danish immigrant, Henry Reno, who worked for forty years as the crime reporter at the *Miami Herald* and was a Pulitzer Prize winner. My grandmother, Jane Wood Reno, was a hell-raising adventurer and journalist who was one of the pioneers of women doing serious journalism in Florida, and she won two major national awards for her journalism. My grandmother was always a champion of the underdog, and an outrageous and colorful character, so she had the most profound influence on the person I became. My paternal grandparents were immigrants from Slovakia and English/Scottish/Irish.

Jimmy: What was the social/ political climate in which you were raised?

Jimmy: What was it about punk that you found so attractive?

George: I think on a primal level, I found the attitude and aggression of the music exciting. It had an aggression and attitude that was completely different to the dinosaur rock and classic rock I had been listening to. I found it one of the first outlets to express my individualism, because up to that point I just tried to coast through high school as an invisible person. I had reacted against fashion by being the drabest individual you could imagine, dressing in dull, solid browns and greens and being totally anti-fashion. Punk gave me a chance to rebel in a more colorful way—causing commotion by wearing Sex Pistols shirts to school and wearing bright orange Chuck Taylors. I admired my parents so much I couldn't rebel against them, but there was a lot about mainstream society I hated. To this day, I still have the exact same feeling going out in public and seeing the same sort of people embodying mainstream America. I keep wondering, "Who

that was about it. There were no all-age shows in south Florida back then, so I had to use a fake ID to get in anywhere. I was young, too. I graduated high school when I was sixteen.

Jimmy: Did you get involved gradually, or kind of jump in with both feet?

George: It was real gradual until I went to college, at which point I pretty much jumped in with both feet, anxious to make up for lost time.

Jimmy: Was it the isolation, distance, and maybe an accompanying level of detachment of where you lived that kept you from making a full commitment, or more a sense of wanting to make sure punk was where you truly fit in?

George: It was partly isolation, partly that I could fit into a normal world. I was pretty much a model student in high school who had figured out the system—how to get good grades while doing minimum work. I was a surfer and skater. I had great parents and a perfectly happy life in the immediate world around me. So punk didn't grab me because of

**Punk gave me a chance to rebel
in a more colorful way—
causing commotion by
wearing Sex Pistols shirts to school
and wearing bright orange Chuck Taylors.**

George: I was raised in an extremely liberal household and encouraged to think for myself. My mother was an ardent environmentalist and spent years as a county commissioner on the wrong end of 4-1 votes about county development, but eventually won people over to her way of thinking and had the most profound effect on the development of our hometown. Again, it was reinforcement that it was okay to go against the grain and commit to your beliefs. I didn't give national politics a whole lot of thought until I was fourteen and Reagan came into power, at which point I certainly knew what I hated.

Jimmy: Do you think these factors predisposed you towards punk or was it something more intrinsic in your makeup that resulted in your involvement?

George: I'd say these factors had a huge amount to do with my gravitation to punk. Individualism, outrageous behavior, and fighting for the underdog were characteristics of generations of my family, so punk fit perfectly with that.

are these people, and how is it I live in the same country as them?" Seeing an exciting movement that was scaring those sorts of people and pissing them off, I was all for that.

Jimmy: What band made you say, "That's it. This is where I belong. I wanna be a part of this"?

George: The Sex Pistols. I don't even recall how it was my older brother and I heard about them. He may have been in college already and gotten exposed to them there. It still took awhile in a small town to track down their album, even though it was a major label release. But it was like discovering a new life form. It was unbelievable. We just loved their snottiness.

Jimmy: Was there a "scene" where you lived that you could gravitate towards?

George: I was sort of a punk in isolation until I went to college. There was no scene in my hometown, no fellow punks at school, aside from one fashionista punk who tried way too hard, and thus I steered clear of her. I got to see the Gun Club while I was in high school, but

alienation or anger or anything like that. I had beliefs that happened to mesh with punk rock, a lot of disgust building over Reagan World, but I just didn't see any reason to call myself a punk at that time. I've always believed in what Kezdy of the Effigies said about inadvertently belonging to a group through being an individual. I didn't care at all about whether I could fit in to punk. There was nothing to jump into when I was in high school, nothing to commit to. All I could do was buy records and listen to them. A lot of people in my situation did the pen pal thing, but at that time I was content enough with my immediate life. I didn't have the urge to do that. When I got to Philly, there was a world I could jump into.

Jimmy: When you moved to Philadelphia, did you experience any sort of cultural shock going from one scene to the other?

George: I moved to Philadelphia to go to college where there was a thriving scene, so it was a little bit of a culture shock just to go somewhere that there were real, live punks and

punk bands. Miami already had a scene, but as I said, I'd been too young and it was too far away for me to have discovered it yet. As soon as I went back to Florida for Christmas break after my first semester at college, I started going to see shows in Miami and going to record stores down there more.

Jimmy: Were there any significant differences between the two?

George: They were very different scenes. Philadelphia felt integrated into the punk world, with other cities close by and a constant flux of people and bands coming and going, whereas Miami was a distant, isolated outpost at the bottom of the U.S. As soon as I became a DJ at my college station in the fall of '83, bang, I was having dinner with and interviewing Sonic Youth and Alien Sex Fiend and other indie bands. But there were cool aspects to the distant outpost kind of scene, a greater appreciation for the bands that did come down there, and a little more intimacy to it.

Jimmy: How'd you end up playing in a band?

George: It just seemed a given to me that if you were a punk you started a punk band. At that point, I'd never even heard of the Big Boys and their legendary refrain to "go start your own band." It just seemed that part of being a punk was you had something to express, at the very least some rage to vent, and I wanted to get it out. Plus my exhibitionism had bloomed full force after repressing it largely in high school, so I wanted to perform and shock people. I advertised for a band and a motley group responded. I sang. I'd already decided on the name the Gutless Meanies. I'm still not even sure who our theme song, "Political Song," was directed at. "We're a bunch of gutless meanies, there's no escaping it/We're a bunch of gutless meanies, we don't want your politics." I guess even already with our name I was trying to make fun of overly serious and stereotypical punk band names, maybe follow in the Minor Threat sort of vein.

Jimmy: It's interesting that your natural inclination as a punk was to start a band rather than, say, start a fanzine or promote or do something less directly related to the creation of music. Do you think of punk essentially as a music form, or is it something more?

George: Like I say in the new edition, a thought borrowed from Geoff Corder, I think punk is an ethos and attitude that forms an aesthetic. It's about having total control of your life and giving societal expectations the middle finger and that leads to various forms of expression like fucked-up clothing and making yourself ugly and making ugly music. Punk rock is only an expression of being a punk. Because punks come from so many different backgrounds that expression should be wildly diverse. There should be no defined punk look or punk sound like there came to be with hardcore. I was real cynical about gutter punks most of my life. I thought that since a lot of them didn't care about the music that

**PUNK is about having TOTAL CONTROL of your life
and giving societal expectations the middle finger,
and that leads to various forms of expression
like fucked-up clothing
AND MAKING YOURSELF UGLY
and making ugly music.**



much or see shows, they weren't really punks. Corder, who documents them and has lived the life himself, opened my eyes about that. You can be a punk and never go see a punk rock show. They're abused and rejected kids who found a supportive community to help them get by while living on the street, and that's as great a purpose to punk as the music. It really changed my view because I had been from a relatively privileged background in comparison and had been in it largely for the music and I'd never seen it that way. For me, starting a band was a natural because I loved the music and I had the newfound desire to be an exhibitionist.

Jimmy: How would you define "punk" to someone with only a rudimentary grasp of the concept? What does the term mean to you?

George: It took me six years and a three hundred page book to wrap my head around that question. There's a pretty big overlap between basic anarchist theory and what punk means to me. It means thinking for yourself, questioning authority relentlessly, questioning non-authority as well, being an individual and being passionate about your beliefs, committing random small acts of sabotage against the machinery of everyday life, and, above all, being honest with people you respect. So much of what I like about the punk world is the honesty of interaction with each other, intimate, one-to-one, no layers of bullshit separating you, the audience and the band on the same level, being able to talk to the people who run record labels, etcetera. In the rest of society you're confronted with such monumental layers of deceit, it's nice to have a place to get away from that. As I talk about in the new edition, these days you often have to separate "punk"—the lifestyle—from "punk rock"—the musical form—because there are hordes of people playing a form that is called punk rock that are not punks. In the underground though, there are still tons of bands who actually are punks playing punk rock.

Jimmy: One of the arguments I hear batted around in punk circles is that politics should be kept out of punk. Do you think it's possible to extricate politics from punk and maintain its core identity?

George: As much as I mock the line "the personal is the political," the idea you can separate them is kind of ridiculous. Politics are all around you, every day, and politics operate on so many levels: national politics, local politics,

office politics, scene politics. You can't get away from politics. Ian MacKaye and the DC scene tried to avoid it but then Ian wrote "Guilty of Being White," which he acknowledged was a political song, even though it was just another song from his immediate personal experience. Problem was he stepped right into the contentious world of race politics by taking an incredibly narrow view based solely on the personal. You can't separate politics out. You can agree to disagree over things that seem distant to your immediate life, but you can't make politics go away. This whole conservative punk thing is inane. It's an oxymoron, same as Green Day acknowledges that they can't possibly be called punk because hockey arenas and punk are an oxymoron. You can be a conservative and love punk rock. That's fine, I've known

Jimmy: Given the current President, in many ways, surpasses Reagan's level of power mongering and corruption, why hasn't he engendered a much greater backlash?

George: Dubya is maybe seen as too much of a buffoon for people to hate him that passionately, though I don't get that because I despise him with every ounce of the passion I hated Reagan with. I saw Reagan as a buffoon too, and that didn't stop me from hating him. Reagan was so good at hoodwinking the country with all his noble talk of rugged individualism that I think he was hated for how successful he was at it. Dubya has been so blatantly crude and obvious about his intent, and he's such a moron that maybe he's not as hated because of it. Or it might be because he's so obviously a puppet, whereas Reagan was a

Punk is not conservative.

lots of them, but you can't really be a conservative punk. Punk is not conservative.

Jimmy: You mentioned earlier a disdain for Reagan, and it touches upon something that's always kinda puzzled me. This country has seen some Presidents that were equally, if not more, despicable, including Nixon, the first Bush—whose past affiliations alone made him downright scary—and even Clinton, yet none of them enjoyed nearly the same number of songs calling for their heads on sticks as Reagan. What do you think it was about Reagan that made him a lightning rod for such hatred?

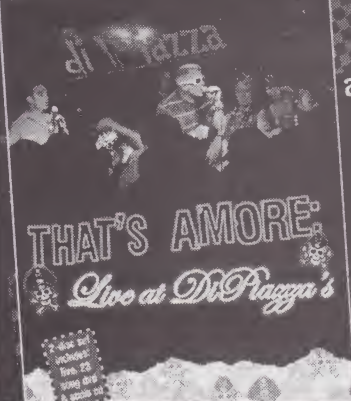
George: I think it had a lot to do with Reagan being an actor. People hated him for being so good at selling an agenda that he didn't necessarily have deep convictions about. All he really cared about was anti-communism. When Nixon bombed Hanoi, we were so far into Vietnam that any way of getting North Vietnam to back down seemed acceptable. And when he got into Watergate, he scarcely had time to be hated before he was gone. A lot of people had no idea how privately odious Nixon was until years later. Bush Sr. was seen as ineffectual, though it worked to his advantage, because he was so evil behind the scenes. Clinton came after such a far right swing that he was enough of a relief that he was only hated by the right and the most vigilant of the left.

much more charismatic leader that sold the nation on the idea that all these visions were his, so it was easier to focus hate on him.

Jimmy: What led to your initial disillusionment and disassociation with punk, or have you remained involved on some level?

George: I remained a fan of it musically after the book ends in 1992, but I became geographically isolated, living up in the mountains of Tahoe, and I wasn't as passionate about keeping up with new bands. I think regardless of what I did from then on out, punk would inform it in a large way and I would always consider myself a punk, but I didn't have the freshness of youth anymore to keep me involved on as intense a level as I'd been involved before. I've kept going to see shows here and there throughout the whole time, but I often wanted an increased sophistication of lyrics to match my growing up. Bands I did become a passionate fan of in the past decade, like Leatherface, had everything I loved about punk—thunderous music, seething passion to the vocal delivery, and really thoughtful lyrics. Sometimes, though, it came down to a simple gut passion that I related to—when Frankie roars, "I have many things, I have dreams" in "Scheme of Things," it's delivered with that kind of absolute passion that Bob Mould once had in Hüsker Dü and many other hardcore singers had, and many still have, so that even

SMUT PEDDLERS



2 disc set containing
a 65 minute dvd and also
a 23 song audio cd
of the show!

SMUT PEDDLERS

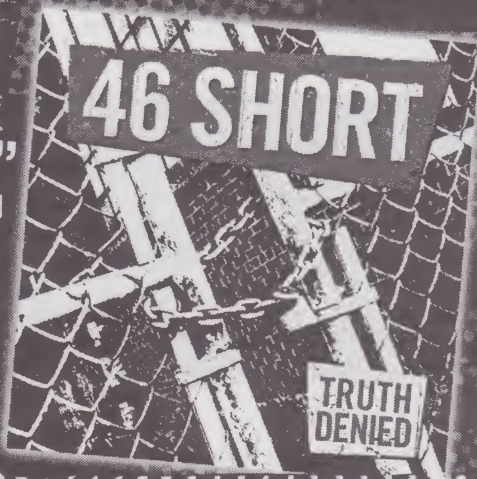
"That's Amore:
Live At DiPiazza's" dvd

Witness the live SMUT PEDDLERS experience
in the safety of your living room on April 18th!

46 SHORT

"Truth Denied" cd

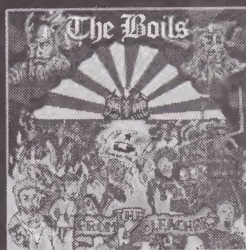
NEW album from
Long Beach
hardcore punk maniacs!!
out April 4th!



the Nazi dogs

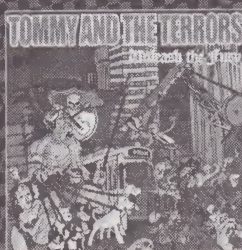
"Chase The Man"

Shocking debut CD
in stores April 4th!!!



The Boils
"From The Bleachers"

New 25 track CD
OUT NOW!!



Tommy and the Terrors
"Unleash The Fury"

New CD produced
by MATT KELLY
of the
DROPKICK MURPHYS!



COCK SPARRER
"What You See,
Is What You Get"
2 dvd set

Over 8 hours
of footage!!

TKO RECORDS

8941 Atlanta Ave. #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646 - visit our ONLINE STORE at: www.tkorecords.com

with a relatively simple thought it connects so strongly inside just because the person sounds so much like they mean it. Too much of the punk I was hearing, overground or underground, didn't sound like they really meant it, so I didn't scratch deeper to find that there were still a lot of bands who did mean it and were great.

Jimmy: What inspired you to write *Going Underground*?

George: The underdog factor was a large part. Here was an era of music that played a huge part in my life and many others, got all kinds of people through abuse, rejection, and alienation in their youth, and in the end proved to be the music that changed the face of commercial rock'n'roll despite the best efforts of the corporate powers-that-be to not let it happen. Yet when those powers co-opted part of it for their own ends, they rigorously ignored where this whole new edge to commercial music came from. They acted like it came out of thin air, or attributed it all inane to bands like Jane's Addiction. They were caught with their pants down, yet they could never admit it.

Jimmy: How do you think *Going Underground* differs from the handful of other books covering the same time period and subject matter? Where do you think you may have succeeded and they didn't?

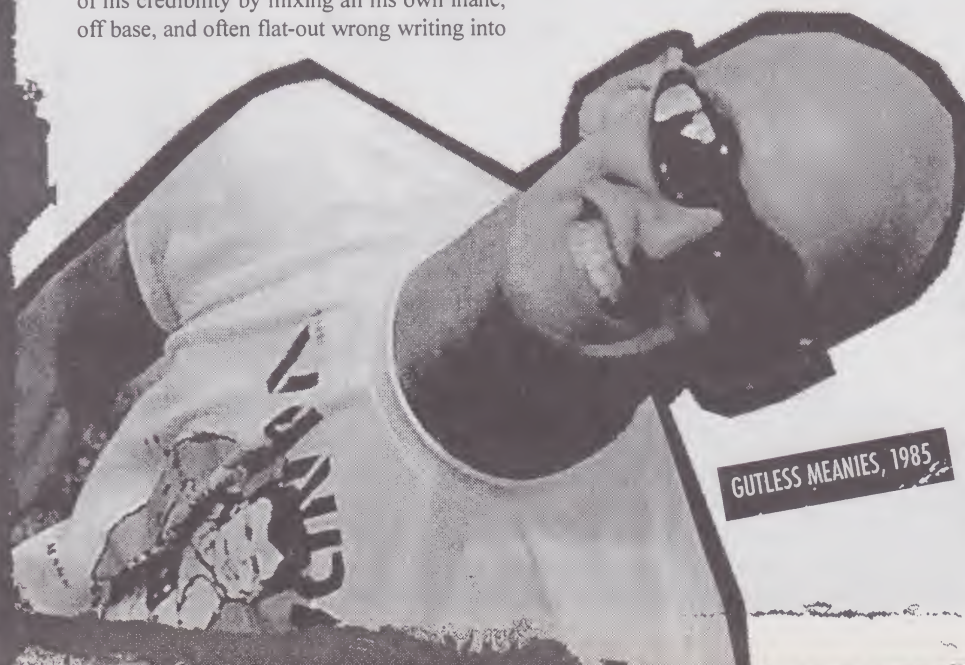
George: You want me to talk about *American Hardcore*, don't you? Train my howitzers on that offense to punk sensibilities and rain shells down on it! I'm stuck with endless comparisons to that book—since it was the first underground book to cover the period nationally like mine—and that's fine, because every review to date has lauded my book in comparison. I thank Steve Blush from the bottom of my heart for setting the bar so low. The tragedy is that the bulk of his book was fine, and a solid oral history that could have been like *Please Kill Me*, but he destroyed so much of his credibility by mixing all his own inane, off base, and often flat-out wrong writing into

the book. It should have been just interviews. Even then, Tim Kerr has some doubts about what's attributed to him in the book, so I don't know how accurate they are. Blush didn't want me to put out my book as competition to his and he challenged me years ago on how many interviews I'd done compared to him, suggesting that because he had done more interviews I had nothing to add to what he'd done. That just goes to show that you can do all the oral history in the world and it doesn't make for a good book. I ended up doing a lot of interviews myself but I thought it was far more important to capture the spirit and thoughts of it as it happened, which is why I so exhaustively researched zines from the era and used material from them. People forget too much over time, change their views, and don't want to own up to their old views. There's so much you miss out on just doing oral histories. You've got to go back to the source. Would Ian MacKaye ever admit to his views on violence and race he had in 1983? Forget it! You've got to capture what people thought at the time, for better or worse. Then you have guys who won't talk about their past, like Bob Mould, who had a lot of incredibly insightful things to say about punk rock at the time and whose thoughts were widely recorded in zines. Plus it's another acknowledgement of the importance of DIY efforts. We wouldn't have this true, accurate history if people hadn't bothered to do zines and record it as it was happening. *Our Band Could Be Your Life* was a reasonably good bit of journalism and it was able to focus on a lot of detail since it was only about twelve bands, but was a disservice to the underground in that it was so much of an overground viewpoint—a *Spin* writer's perspective. It yanked the most famous bands out of the context of their scenes and peers, which by

doing so made it impossible to even present an accurate picture of the history of those bands. You simply can't claim the Butthole Surfers were this revolutionary bit of freakishness out of Texas out of nowhere when you had the Dicks and the Big Boys and Stickmen With Rayguns playing a huge role in influencing their development. I hear *Fucked Up and Photocopied* is a great book but I haven't had a chance to check it out yet, and it's something different than what I was doing. My one major failure in the first edition of my book, since corrected, was a somewhat ignorant overground view I had on the future of punk after 1992 that I never edited out once I learned better. But even that paled compared to Blush's assertion that hardcore ended in 1985. I think what people welcomed the most was that I actually told an entertaining story, put together a comprehensive look at the era in a storytelling form, rather than just another oral history. We each play to our strengths, and I'm a better writer than I am an interviewer. Oral histories can be great but don't destroy a good one by injecting it with something you suck at, which, in Blush's case, is writing.

Jimmy: It seems that many older punks consider 1985 a turning point in the scene. Seeing as many of the external factors that initially fueled American punk/hardcore scene, specifically Reagan and his policies, were very much still in evidence, what was it about that year that you think caused a marked shift in what was going on in the underground? Why did so many once-great bands suddenly strive to suck so badly?

George: I think the average optimum life span of a band was three to five years. Those from 1980 and 1981, when most of hardcore started that were still around in 1985, felt the inevitable desire to progress in some way. Like Rob Lucjak of Toxic Reasons said, he didn't want to go on playing "Riot Squad" forever. You have to evolve and let new hardcore bands take your place. Or evolve laterally like Government Issue did. A lot of the bands who could play punk rock great just didn't have any idea how to evolve. It's an incredible challenge. Too many thought they could have some kind of commercial success if they emu-



GUTLESS MEANIES, 1985

The power of **DIY** and fighting

complete corporate control

will **ALWAYS** be valid.

New Releases available on
MORTVILLE RECORDS

BAD RACKETS



"Full On Blown Apart"
 Garage/Pop - Punk Rock
 from Austin!

Disto by Road to Ruin

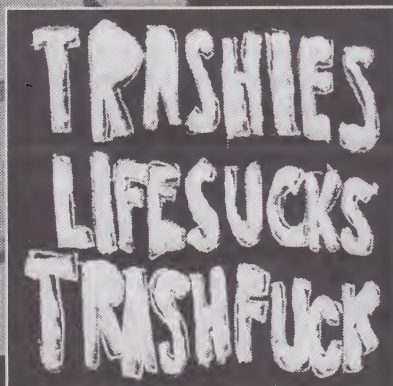
2 New full length CD's



Each CD \$10.00 PPD USA

www.MortvilleRecords.com

TRASHIES



"Life Sucks Trash Fuck"
 North West Trash Core
 from Seattle!

PO BOX 4263 Austin, Texas 78765 USA

SALINAS RECORDS
 Summer 2006



Lemuria / Frame 7"

Drunken Boat "Turn It" 7"

One Reason "Mountains" 7"

North Lincoln / The Gibbons 7"

Drunken Boat / Bent Outta Shape 7"

The Measure {SA} "Historical Fiction" LP

Hot New Mexicans "It's Called Leaning Back" CD

LP - \$9 | CD - \$6 | 7" - \$4 | All prices are post paid

Payments to Marc Reosti | P.O. Box 20996 Ferndale, MI 48220

www.unshadowed.com/salinas

lated U2 or fell back on rock clichés. Others thought they had to have the post-punk indie sound. Basically, a lot of bands stopped doing what they did best. Musicians never want to quit, so way more bands fell apart through sucking than just admitting they had no future and quit. The cool thing was a lot of bands were just in their first or second year then and coming on strong.

Jimmy: Did you find most people you contacted for interviews receptive to talking with you?

George: Dischord wasn't real helpful when I tried to get ahold of Jeff Nelson through them. That was kinda comical because I was staying with my aunt at the time in DC and they were being elusive about him not working out of their office anymore and saying "leave a num-

were usually real enthusiastic about participating. I rarely sought out people I thought might be a pain in the ass.

Jimmy: Why did you decide to publish it yourself?

George: I wanted initially to write a book that gave the punk underground its rightful place in musical history, and I was approaching it from an overground perspective. As time went on, I reconnected to the underground and realized it was much more important to put my money where my mouth was and prove what the underground always held dear, that the power of DIY was still as valid as ever. Validation by the overground was irrelevant; they had always been clueless and would always remain clueless. In dealing with major publishers before I went the DIY route, I had Viking Penguin sold on the book, though they

Cordner, but I realized he was coming at punk from such a different perspective. His experiences and reasons for being a part of it were so different that only so much of it related to the story I was trying to tell. But by and large, it doesn't matter how much opinions differ on bands, viewpoints, what have you, the corrections I'm looking for are on things that are relatively concrete facts that I might have gotten wrong—such as Ed Pittman of Toxic Reasons never played high school football in Texas, counter to what Joey Keithley wrote in *I, Shithead* and I parroted. And new material is always welcome from other perspectives. I figure anyone that likes my book and takes the time to get in touch with me will quite likely have some material that embellishes what I already

**And it's even more rewarding
when I touch people's lives
with the book by reassuring them that
there were and still are a
bunch of other MISFIT FREAKS like them out there
and that there is a different way
of living and doing things.**

ber and he'll call you." And so I'm leaving them the private number of one of the most powerful people in the U.S. government without them knowing it, but they're keeping Jeff's whereabouts secret. Falling James from the Leaving Trains said he'd rather not be in it if I didn't tell the whole story as he saw fit, which he never allotted the time for, so I just used the little I had. Keith Morris was very suspicious at first, but that was because I cold called him while he was giving himself his insulin shots, and he warmed up once I passed the street cred test. The older well-known guys, who had this "icon" status bestowed on them over the years, were always the most wary about trusting me since I wasn't part of their crowd. Most major guys, like Henry Rollins, Ian MacKaye, and Steve Albini I didn't even bother with because almost every thought they'd ever uttered had already been recorded somewhere else. Almost everyone else though was tremendously cool, especially folks from post-'85 who no one had ever paid attention to. Because I was seeking out voices who hadn't been heard too much before, they

didn't understand or didn't care about the content. I realized you could feed these people anything, marketed correctly. The marketing department vetoed the project because they didn't know how to market a nobody who didn't write for *Spin* or whoever. In the underground, that's actually a great thing and what punk is all about; that it doesn't matter who you are. Quality matters.

Jimmy: I find it interesting that you encourage people to drop you a line and offer their input with regards to stories, corrections, and the like. Given the plethora of divergent opinions available, why willingly subject yourself to that?

George: Because either a) I'm a glutton for punishment, b) I'll meet the punk gal of my dreams that way, or c) I really care about getting the book as diverse and as accurate as possible. Take your pick, I'm not really sure myself. I ran up against the diversity of opinions problem in trying to get the second edition as close to perfect as I could. I got some great input from an old Austin photographer and "street punk" documentarian Geoff

wrote and do the book good. I'm getting a stream of unbelievably cool material from Bill Cuevas, who played in the Arizona band Conflict: great stories I never heard about Arizona that totally play into my theme of punk often being at its best in smaller cities and out of the way places.

Jimmy: What was the most difficult thing about writing the book?

George: The most difficult thing about the book was deciding when it was done. I was always able to find more material I wanted to put in it. I could have kept writing it for another ten years. In a sense, I'm still doing that by reworking each edition and adding more material, but I had to find a point for the first edition where I could say, "Okay, put a fork in it."

Jimmy: What was most rewarding?

George: The most rewarding thing was reconnecting to punk rock in a deep and satisfying way, making all kinds of fantastic new friendships with people from the era who I had never known back then, and being turned on to all the great bands happening in punk rock in more recent years.

NEW MEXICAN DISASTER SQUAD

DON'T BELIEVE



OUT 5/9/06

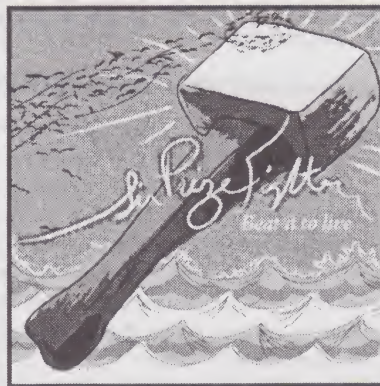
NEWMEXICANDISASTERSQUAD.COM
ORDER ONLINE AT JADETREE.COM

DISTRIBUTED BY TOUCH AND GO | SALES@TGREC.COM

NEW RELEASES!



GRABASS CHARLESTONS 7'
"WHEN THE FUNK HITS THE FAN"



SIR PRIZE FIGHTER CD
"BEAT IT TO LIVE"



PAST RELEASES



TOWERS OF HANOI EP
"SELF TITLED"



NINJA GUN CD
"SMOOTH TRANSITIONS"




TOWERS OF HANOI CD
"BLACK FEATHERS"

DISTRIBUTED BY NO IDEA RECORDS
WWW.NOIDEARECORDS.COM

PO BOX 11994 GAINESVILLE FL 32604 WWW.BARRACUDASOUND.COM



BARRACUDA SOUND



Jimmy: In hindsight, are there any aspects of the punk/hardcore scene you wished you'd addressed more in-depth, or you wished you'd devoted less time to?

George: I made most of the changes I wanted in the new edition, so there aren't too many regrets at the moment. I still feel the book is too heavily weighted to '79 to '85, but that's a little inevitable because there were such an incredible number of great bands then and everything was so new and exciting. The vast majority of bands from that era went to hell after 1985, and while '85 to '88 were the glory years for me—as far as the number of great shows I saw in that time—I feel like I don't do a good enough job with the '87 to '92 era. I wasn't into the second wave of straight edge, I wasn't much into the young Revolution Summer bands of Dischord, so the more obvious bands to write about I couldn't really sink my teeth into. I didn't know where to start or write about that with the same passion I brought to the rest of the book. What I tried to focus on when I wasn't a great fan of the bands was the DIY efforts still going on as far as all-ages venues and cool scenes that those bands played in, that were still really reflecting the spirit of punk rock. But I really want to write more about the bands that developed '87 to '92, and focus even less on the overground effect on the underground that corrupted and destroyed a certain old-guard segment of the underground.

Jimmy: What are the similarities and differences between writing and being in a band?

George: Writing is a world apart. It's so much more sedate. I loved the feel of music, putting on a show, disturbing people, and dressing up as oddly as possible. There was always a lot of satisfaction in that—a lot of catharsis. Completing a book on my own press has a huge amount of satisfaction. Just to be able to stare at the finished product and say, "Wow, I did all that." And it's even more rewarding when I touch people's lives with the book by reassuring them that there were and still are a bunch of other misfit freaks like them out there and that there is a different way of living and doing things. It's such a different feeling from being in a band, though. I don't know how to compare the two. Being in a band was so much more emotional, with human relationships involved. I put so much more of my emotions into being in a band than I usually do with anything else.

Jimmy: That said, are there any plans for a Gutless Meanies reunion? Are you planning to unleash another band on the underground?

George: No, the GMs had too many different incarnations and we've all gone our separate ways for that to happen. The Stomping Yobbos were never coherent enough for there to be a reason to reunite, though we had one of the

most amazing drummers I could ever want. He was a high school kid who ended up studying tablas at Cal Arts, but could play full tilt thrash to jazz, reggae, or anything. I'd like to record with some folks one of these days, maybe even by 4-track long distance collaboration. And I'd like to have a band in Wilmington that had utterly no ambition but to play live locally and put on bizarre shows. I've got at least one album of pretty decent material written from the last fifteen years.

Jimmy: The most recurring criticism of the book, I've seen so far, is that the ending has a sense of finality to it, in that you supposedly imply that punk/hardcore essentially ceased to be circa 1992. Is this an accurate assessment of your position?

George: I never meant to imply that even in the first edition and I think people were a little too quick to see that as my view just because too many people had already promoted that view before me. So when I leaned at all in that direction, people jumped down my throat for it, especially because they thought the rest of the book was so good they saw it as tremendously disappointing that I'd follow that same, old, tired line. When I first started the book, and in my first few years of writing it, I held that belief to some degree, mostly because of out-of-touch ignorance. I make it clear in the new edition that I simply dropped out due to my new mountain life and that punk chugged on without me. Where I still may have failed to make my position clear in the new edition is that what happened was the environment around punk rock changed the mainstream attitude toward it. That's something that can't really be argued. It was no longer a hated and feared underground. Where I previously failed was in suggesting that this meant punk rock had changed. The punk rock underground remained largely the same as ever, and flourished and grew, going through cycles of decay and rebirth. There were still punk rock bands that were passionate, exciting, wildly over-the-top entertaining, and there are more than ever today. Take the Epoxies, Soviettes, and Hollow Points, to name just a few. The main difference is that, by and large, you don't get jumped and beaten for being a punk anymore, which is a good thing. People shouldn't be wistful for an era where that happened on a daily basis.

Jimmy: You raise an interesting point—punks in so many places are about as threatening as the old lady on the corner that feeds her fifty-two cats dressed in a Viking helmet and edible chaps: eccentric, but hardly a threat. This is a significant shift in attitude in a culture that once considered wearing black drainpipes as heinous a crime as nun kicking. Punks are pretty much left alone now in most big places, although one need look no further than the killing of Brian Deneke in Texas to see that in

NEW YORK CITY, 2002

ryan's hope

apocalypse in increments

Chigaco punk rock for fans of
Rise Against, Smoking Popes,
The Living End & Bad Religion



On Sale Now!



ryanshopemusic.com myspace.com/ryanshope

PNR
PUNKNEWS RECORDS

NEW ROCK FROM PNR.

INFO, MUSIC, NEWS AND MORE ONLINE AT
WWW.PUNKNEWSRECORDS.COM - WWW.PUNKNEWS.ORG

SOMERSET

PANDORA



- ALTERNATIVE PRESS

"A UNIQUE TWIST ON POP-PUNK"

- KNIFE PARTY

"TRULY DEFIES MUSICAL COMPARISONS"

- PASTEPUNK



IN STORES NOW!

SOMERSETROCK.COM MYSPACE.COM/SOMERSET

some places having a mohawk is still pretty dangerous. Has mainstream acceptance zapped punk of some of its power? Is it still a viable threat to the status quo?

George: I've discussed this at length with some of my generation. It really has drained its power to make an impact outside of the punk world. Its power before was to scare people. Look what the rock stars were saying about it in the '70s in my first chapter. They were terrified by it. Look at how society reacted to punks. They were terrified, so they attacked them, abused them, what have you. Its power was in confronting people with rad-

PHILADELPHIA, 1994



ical new ideas that scared them. Those ideas aren't new anymore. Society has changed so it's virtually unshockable. When you can watch a guy getting decapitated on the Internet, what's punk going to do to top that? Plus the mainstream has morphed punk into something they feel safe with, a musical form they can label. That doesn't mean punk is dead or not valid, that's just how the greater world sees it. It means that the revolution already happened, so the greatest impact punk can have is as a supportive community for misfits who use it as a way of sustaining and encouraging their artistic visions. Or just surviving. People are still alienated and still need somewhere to go with their alienation. The punk underground is a good place for that. And as long as these people keep thriving, they'll eventually make impacts in different ways. Even if they don't, I think it just makes them better people. The power of DIY and fighting complete corporate control will always be valid.

Jimmy: What is the most significant thing you've learned from writing this book, punk-related or otherwise? At any point did you find yourself thinking, "Huh, never thought of it that way before"?

George: Mmmm, more significant than the Government Issue album *You* being entirely about a twisted relationship with a fifteen-year-old? What I learned writing the book was more of a thorough education in punk rock than I probably ever had living it. Every other day I had some pre-existing notion or bias turned on its head. I was always re-evaluating my perspective. It was a constant evolution in my thinking. The more I researched and learned, the more I was able to build a broader picture of punk rock as a whole and appreciate how valuable aspects were that I'd never really appreciated before. Zines, for example, I never took them that seriously back then, nor did most of the people who made them, but they were so unbelievably important. So much of it for me at the time was the bands and the music, and the book helped me realize how much more it was, how many amazing DIY efforts of all sorts went into creating the national punk underground.

Jimmy: Outside of writing *Going Underground*, what's your "day" job?

George: My day job for now is running Zuo Press, which sells *Going Underground* and a guide book on my Spot X Guides imprint, *Backcountry Snowboarding and Skiing in the Northern Sierra*. I made a lucky investment a couple of years ago and turned a small amount of money into a big amount of money, and that's kind of a safety net I have while I get Zuo Press up and running to full speed. I'm also working on some new books, historical novels, and seeing if I can attract some attention for my alternate life as a downhill skate-

boarding cartoon superhero by entering my film *Grip* in some mountain film festivals this year. If all of my efforts fail financially, I will at least have the satisfaction of knowing I made a difference. It's wonderful to have the two books you've released on your own press being regarded by many as the finest works on their subject. You can't ask for much more than that.

Jimmy: What is "Spot X"?

George: Originally, Spot X was the name of a surf break in Australia I encountered while traveling. I thought it would be a good name for my photography business and guidebook efforts. It represents all the mystery I like about adventure—always some unknown place on the map that you want to travel to or learn more about. It doesn't even have to be a place, it can be figurative, just that unknown quantity that you always have intellectual curiosity to learn about.

Jimmy: What do you think are the most important things you have managed to take from your involvement with punk? How do you think your life would've been different had you not found it?

George: Another insanely difficult question, but I think, most importantly, it kept me away from living a mainstream life and reinforced my values. When I first went to college, I was completely torn between two worlds, of going against the grain or doing what was easy and becoming an engineer, and punk helped reinforce the side that wanted to go against the grain. I've had people who didn't have the opportunities I did be disgusted with me for what they saw as throwing away an opportunity they never had—one for a good career—but they were just as brainwashed as people who had the opportunity and took it. They didn't realize that pursuing your passions is the most important thing about living life. Otherwise you might as well just put a bullet in your head as soon as your parents turn you out of their house, instead of spending the next forty years being degraded into an automaton. My grandmother got a degree in physics, became a journalist, and lived her life by her own rules, so I may have done the same anyway, regardless of punk. The song that has always spoken to me the most about this sort of thing is Stiff Little Fingers' "Safe As Houses," that says "If you feel and have a dream, you must go for it." So there was a punk band saying one of the best pieces of advice I've ever heard. The other important thing was that doing things on a small level was fine. So many people's lives are ruined by the American Dream way of thinking, this win-the-lottery mentality, that unless something is done in a big way, on a major press, on a major record label, whatever, it's not valid. It keeps so many people from pursuing their dreams.



Interview and photos by **Megan Pants**
Art junk by **Amy Adoyzie**

I agree with Steven King and it's all The Bananas' fault. He says that, in all of us, there exists an ugliness that is trying to get out, which is why we watch horror movies. That, by "keeping the alligators fed," we can function somewhat normally and not actually kill anyone.

I suck at love. I either obsess or ignore. I shoot myself in the foot or a potential interest through the heart. Sometimes, like in "Sugar Bear," I want to hug someone so tightly because they can't leave if they can't breathe. But, luckily, I've got The Bananas to cover that for me. Through nasally, screamed vocals and music barely reigned in under control of the spastic force of itself, The Bananas speak to something that subconsciously needs venting, as spiritually craptastic as that makes them sound. They've tapped into my misery and failure and turned it into something I can dance to.

And if misery is something they play sloppily and I can yell at the top of my lungs with drunken arms draped around drunken friends, then so be it. If misery is canceling more shows than they play, and getting caught listening to their own CDs on the way to the show because they weren't sure they remembered them, even better. I don't know about you, but screw the alligators; I'm keeping my banana fed.



The Bananas are:

Mike—guitar and vocals, Scott—drums, Marie—bass

Megan: Scott, how many pairs of shoes did you buy in Portugal?

Scott: Eight. Seven?

Megan: Why did you buy so many shoes?

Scott: They were cheap.

Megan: Why were you in Portugal in the first place?

Scott: Just vacation.

Megan: So to go with the Portuguese thread, you did an issue of *Smashing Times* on the Brazilian band Os Novos Baianos. Where did you find out about them?

Scott: I just love Brazilian music. I just recently got into it, heard them at some point. I just liked them a lot. They sound a little bit different than more traditional Brazilian stuff, so I kind of picked up on them. More songwriting.

Megan: And what is *Smashing Times*?

Scott: It's a magazine that I do. I pick a random band or, not just a band, but a theme. It sort of originated from a dream that I had that I was making a television personality for a show called *The Smashing Times*.

Megan: And Marie did an issue on Paul Simon?

Marie: Yes.

Megan: Why Paul Simon?

Marie: Why not?

Scott: Because she's in love with Paul Simon.

Marie: He has some really good songs. He gets a bad rep and he actually had some really good songs.

Scott: That's sort of the aim of *Smashing Times*: to pull things together that may be underrated or...

Marie: Or underrated by the wrong audience.

Scott: You know how there's bands that are like, "Oh you've gotta hear my record," or "Listen to this song or that song." Sometimes, a comp is better than an album. That's the underlying theme behind it.

Megan: With NRBQ, you guys went all the way to Boston to see them, didn't you?

Scott: I'd go see them anywhere within 5,000 miles of California.

Megan: I hear that on your next 7" there might be a concept, and it might be about Brasilia.

Marie: You might be correct.

Megan: I've heard that Mike might be a little obsessed with the city.

Mike: I wouldn't say I was obsessed. I don't know if we're actually going to do that.

Scott: What are you talking about?

Mike: I like to change my mind about things.

Megan: Well, why are you so interested in Brasilia? Give a little background on the city.

Mike: I don't know that much about it.

Marie: We're about as much about edu-tainment as we are about entertainment.

Mike: Yes, very much in the vein of...

Marie: KRS-One.

Mike: I just like the idea of a struggling third world nation pouring all this money into cutting a big hole out of the jungle and building this ultra-modern city.

Scott: Which was a complete failure.

Megan: Because they did things like not put in traffic lights.

Mike: That's about the extent of what I know about it. Mario (from Plastic Idol Records) said he'd do a 7" for us and...who had the idea that it should be a concept?

Scott: I did.

Mike: Scott did.

Marie: No, it was me.

Mike: Or was it Marie? I don't know. We were sitting around thinking, "Okay, what's the concept?" and I threw out Brasilia.

Marie: And, like all of his ideas, me and Scott were like, "That is such a great idea. Mike, you're brilliant. Mike, you're a genius."

Mike: I think we got lazy and we never debated it any further than that.

Marie: It worked out really well. It's a really good song.

Mike: We only have one song. What if the next song turns out to be about something else, though?

Marie: All the other songs were going to be on our album, so we had to do something different for the 7".

Scott: We don't have extra songs lying around for singles. I think The Bananas sound better on a full-length than a single. If you don't have songs, you can just come up with a concept and you'll start writing shit that you normally wouldn't write.

Megan: And that's how you write your albums: all at once?

Marie: It's all in his (Mike's) brain.

Scott: A brain that he'll deny to the grave. In the autopsy, they'll find it.

Marie: They'll find all the lost Bananas albums.

Megan: Why does it work like that?

Mike: Well... I write a couple of songs and I start getting in mind a kind of flow. Oh god.

Marie: That's like asking Houdini how he does his tricks.

Megan: Do you write them in the order that they appear?

Mike: No, well yeah. Once I'm writing them, I know which one comes after which other one. I don't necessarily write the first one on the album first, and the last one last, but pretty early on in the process, I get an idea of... it's like little groups of songs go together.

Scott: I don't think enough bands write albums that are meant to be listened to as albums.

Megan: I agree.

Scott: I feel like we picked up on a lot of stuff that we listen to that's older. I can't even give a specific example. I just think a lot of things

are reflected in the songs. With CDs, it makes it even worse because there's not even the concept of a side. People just start cramming songs together with all the good ones at the beginning.

Mike: I still think of it in terms of an LP. I still think of it in terms of two sides.

Megan: Well, that works out since they're supposed to be coming out on vinyl. Isn't Todd (Recess Records) going to put them out?

Marie: Yeah, Todd's going to do it, also...

Megan: A girl in Italy?

Marie: Yeah *Nautical (Rock 'n' roll)* is going to come out, but probably not here too much, but in Europe.

Megan: How did she come across it?

Marie: She found out about The Bananas years ago and she ended up getting our friend Alesandro, who lived in San Francisco for about four years but just moved back, into it. She knew about it forever, and when he came out here, he came to a couple of our shows. He's a hilarious person; I don't know how to explain Alesandro.

Mike: I think the word "jerk" works.

Marie: He would like that.

Scott: "Hilarious jerk."

Mike: Do you think kids really want to know how we pick the order of the songs?

Megan: I want to.

Mike: I'm always afraid...

Scott: That's why you don't ever answer your questions.

Mike: I know. I think I'm boring.

Scott: You're never going to read it anyway.

Mike: What? I keep my finger on the pulse of American music.

Marie: He just gets shy.

Megan: Marie, you write your bass parts, but Lisa (original bass player) didn't. How does that change how you write songs now?

Mike: I think Marie writes better bass lines than I do because she is an actual musician.

Scott: When you write a song on guitar, and then on bass, the same person writes it, it'll be good and it'll fit and it'll be interesting, but when someone else writes a bass line, I think that's going to be better unless it's an exceptionally horrible idea, then it's going to just make it sound more like a band.

Marie: I think it helps us figure out songs together. Mike always thinks of these melodies that he doesn't play for the initial songs. So, if I come up with something, it changes the way that he thinks about the other melodies. We're able to work together more as a band.

Scott: I think a quarter or a third of the songs from each album he has a stronger idea of the drums and the bass, and he'll put those out, like, "I think there should be a backbeat here." But then, for the other songs, he was, maybe by habit, coming up with the parts. I think some of the songs, you have a stronger, full idea benefit from that and the rest benefit from you not just coming up with something. It makes sense to me.

Mike: I don't have to write the bass lines in, bottom line.

Scott: The drum ideas that you have, I like.

Marie: I think we share really similar ideas. I think we know when certain parts should sound a certain way. There's not a lot of conflict. There's no clash of ideas. If somebody suggests a better idea, we all recognize it.

Mike: I write pretty generic bass lines. If I end up writing a bass line to my own song, it'll usually end up being pretty generic. Marie actually comes up with good ideas.

Megan: Did you play a show where you played all three albums in the order they appear on the albums?

Mike: Yes.

Megan: How far did you get before they cut you off?

Marie: Halfway through the third album. It was awesome, and then we played "Nautical." Actually, I guess it was just (Chris) Woodhouse (FM Knives) on drums and me on bass, but everybody was singing along.

They were about to kick us out, but we got really far. Scott actually brought the CDs in case there was a song we couldn't play, just to play the song, but we made it.

Mike: That's only interesting to people who see us regularly because...

Megan: Does anybody ever see you regularly?

Mike: No. But, in the last year, we really haven't all been in town at the same time. We haven't practiced much, so we're usually pretty limited to a certain amount of standards.

Scott: Probably about a fifth of the songs we never play.

Mike: So for that one night, we sat down and tried to learn all three albums.

Scott: Relearn. It was more fun after the show when we forgot all of them.

Megan: Was there any song that was the hardest to relearn?

Scott: "Heartbreaker" was really the only one that was hard for me.

Mike: Yeah, that one's hard for me too. "Heart, Liver, Lungs" is hard for me.

Scott: "Forbidden Fruit" I think is hard, but then, when I play it, it's not.

Mike: I like to write songs that I can barely play. Come see us. I can barely play my own songs. The bass playing's superb.

Megan: Is there something in Sacramento that lends to a "wouldn't it be cool..." kind of projects?

Because you were only supposed to play one show originally and the FM Knives formed just for a Halloween show.

Marie: Mike was in that band.

Mike: I was in the Halloween version of that band.

Megan: And that was The Undertones?

Mike: We do a show in Sacramento every year, a Halloween show where we pick a theme and people try to get together bands to fit the theme. One year... what was the theme that year?

Scott: I don't even remember. I'd assume it was no U.S., no U. K.

Mike: So, people did The Undertones and a band sprung out of that as the FM Knives.

Megan: Did they kick you out?

Mike: No, they just got somebody who knew how to play guitar.

Scott: The best thing about the Halloween show, in my opinion, even though people talk endless shit on little Scott Soriano. He's the one who started it. He put, not a lot, but a few specific rules on it. One of the rules was that

"I CAN
BARELY PLAY
MY OWN
SONGS."





“MIKE:
WHAT KINDA
MUSIC ARE WE?

MARIE:
IT DOESN'T MATTER.
WE'RE IN THE TOP
FUCKING FIVE PERCENT.”

more than two people in a Halloween band could be in a pre-existing band. It forced people to play together who hadn't played together because I think you'd just get a lot of bands who just did an alter-ego band of the same members. About every year there's a band that forms out of that.

Megan: Do they still do that?

Scott: Yeah. It's not at The Loft anymore. There's been maybe two years that they haven't done it. They're always really fun. They're always one of the best shows of the year.

Megan: Can anybody do it?

Marie: Yeah. The problem is that most people just don't know about it.

Scott: It kind of got out of hand one year when a lot of bands from Portland came down. There was this northwest Portland/Sacramento connection for a while.

Mike: I thought that was the funnest year though.

Scott: I do agree that there are a lot of people who listen to good music in Sacramento.

Marie: And there's a lot of time in Sacramento, which is good. There's not a whole lot going on, so you have to make your own stuff. The best people in the world are from Sac, and I'm not from Sac, so I'm allowed to say it.

Scott: I think you have to make your own fun there.

Megan: Along the lines of making your own fun, Mike, how did you end up in *Trekkies 2* (a documentary about *Star Trek* fans)?

Marie: Hard Drinkin' Abe Lincoln.

Mike: I was in a band called No Kill I.

Megan: Was? No more?

Marie: You are.

Scott: You're not allowed to break up.

Mike: We haven't played a show in a long time. Then again, we only ever played like once a year.

Marie: That doesn't matter. Bands never break up in Sacramento.

Mike: I don't even know how that band formed.

Megan: You didn't start as the Hard Drinkin' Abe Lincoln; you started as the Red Shirt Guy.

Mike: I was the Red Shirt Guy. I was always the guy without a costume and then someone would loan me a red shirt and I'd stick a *Star Trek* pin on the side and be the Red Shirt Guy. Then I switched my costume to the Abe Lincoln.

Megan: I saw you once and you were... it looked like just White Shirt Guy?

Marie: Was it a hairy white shirt?

Mike: Yeah, it was at The Loft. I just saw a picture of that show the other day.

Megan: You were on the ground a lot.

Mike: Somebody slipped me a mickey that night.

Megan: Me too. I woke up wearing overalls made from Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle sheets.

Mike: But haven't we all sometime?

Marie: Do you still have them?

Megan: No. I also had a black eye.

Mike: How did that band start?

Marie: I don't know—how did it start?

Mike: The origins of No Kill I are lost in the mist of time, but they're glorious, I know that much.

Megan: Are you a big *Star Trek* fan?

Mike: Me? Yeah.

Megan: Mike, you said, "Every kind of music is good, but only like the top five percent of it. Any form of music you can usually find something good in it, but ninety percent of everything is kind of sucky."

Mike: Kind of sucky...

Megan: So where do you see The Bananas in that equation?

Mike: Do you have to ask?

Marie: You go to other shows, right? You see other bands. You must listen to stuff. My goodness.

Mike: What kind of music are we?

Marie: It doesn't matter. We're in the top fucking five percent.

Megan: What is Banana Style?

Mike: You're about to witness it.

Scott: You're lookin' at it.

Mike: Have you ever seen a band that hasn't practiced in five months and is probably too drunk to play even if they had practiced?

Megan: Yeah, I saw you guys like four years ago.

Mike: Oh yeah? Four years? Dedicated fan here.

Scott: Banana Style's kind of a myth.

Mike: Yeah. No. It's real.

Scott: I wrote "Banana Style."

Mike: Oh yeah, that's the song that Scott wrote. We put it on that album to humor him.

Scott: Notice it's last. "I wrote an album in order and tacked your song on."

Marie: He didn't think anyone would get past "Midnight at the Rendering Plant."

Mike: We thought people would turn it off by the second song.

Scott: "What's this slow bullshit?"

Mike: Can we do this over again?

Marie: For the first time.

Mike: "The Bananas: See them again for the first time!"

Megan: How do you play a one-string guitar?

Marie: It's easier than a six-string guitar. It takes about a sixth of the coordination, right?

Scott: Yeah, you don't even need a pick.

Megan: What band was that for?

Scott: That must be RMAB (Rigor Mortis Acid Bath) that that's for. We had a band that was just based on broken instruments that we had lying around. That was before I'd ever even been in a band. There was just a desire to be in a band. We had a one-string guitar, so we played it.

Marie: That's dedication. That's how fucking punk Scott is.

Megan: And you were in a band with three drums and vocals?

Marie: Mhm. Yes. My answer is yes.

Megan: How did that start?

Marie: I had a roommate at the time, who's actually my current roommate again, for the first time. He didn't know how to play guitar. He plays for another band now. He's in Gift Of Goats now.

Scott: Who are rad.

Marie: And that was his first band. He always wrote these... he was really into the Wipers and Sicko.

Mike: That's quite the combination.

Marie: So, we started a band, The Wernicke's. I played three drums and he played a three-string guitar. I'm sure there's something really cosmic about that because of the threes, but I don't want to divulge too much.

Scott: A.k.a. make up.

Megan: Chris Kohler (from Sexy and also Special Ed, with Marie) wanted me to ask when you're going to quit school because it's dragging down the band.

Marie: I have two questions: one, what band and how? Ask him why he plays so many video games.

Megan: What are you going to school for?

Mike: To make the rest of us feel stupid.

Marie: I can take more time off of school than if I was working full-time.

Scott: Marie's a master budgeter-of-time anyway.

Marie: It's easier to balance my time with school than it would be to work because with work, you have to haggle too much.

Scott: She never takes Saturday night classes.

Marie: Or Friday classes. I go to school Monday through Thursday.

Megan: And Scott, you do something with escrow services?

Marie: Off the record, no one cares. He does drum sessions.

Megan: No, I wanted to tie it in: how what you do actually enables or affects your music. You get to take a lot of time off at your job...

Scott: I just stumbled on this fairly random office job years and years ago. The guy that owns it was pretty into music when he was younger.

When I first started there, they were like, "This is our vacation policy. You get two weeks a year." I went into his office and said I can't only take two weeks a year because I'm in this band that wants to tour maybe once a year for a month...well not once a year, but those were the grand schemes of my youth...He thought that since it was for music, that it was cool. That's how it stood, so I just stuck around there because they would've worked it out. They do let me take a lot of time off, but the job itself is of no particular interest to me other than that.

Mike: I work in a warehouse. It's like any other job.

Scott: "I just like to work around punk, but not to actually tour."

Megan: Did you really get married next to a pool of beer?

Mike: Yeah, a kiddie pool full of beer.

Marie: Scott and I both dove in.

Megan: Was it cans or filled with beer?

Mike: It was full of ice and cans.

Marie: C'mon we're not barbarians.

Megan: But diving into cans...

Mike: What is this, Portugal?

Marie: Jesus, we're not in the fucking Azores.

Megan: There's a strong theme of love gone wrong in any number of ways in your songs. Do you think that's going to change now that you're happily married?

Marie: Mike only writes political songs now.

Mike: We actually contracted our lyrics out to a temp agency.

Marie: Full of people who've recently been dumped.

Scott: They're doing pretty good so far.

Marie: It's a really great temp agency. I don't know if you've ever checked it out.

Mike: I don't know where this band's headed with all the angst.

Marie: You're still full of angst, just not about love. You should've seen him on the way here. He thought all these bugs were attacking him.

Mike: There were bugs.

Marie: There were no bugs.

Mike: There were bugs. I smashed them on my forehead. The things going on now... the reason I hate these mother fuckers in the White House now is that I feel compelled to write political songs and I hate writing political songs. I'm really bad at it.

Marie: I was just kidding about your political songs.

Mike: Well, I hate you guys too. Maybe the next album will be about that: all about how much I hate Scott and Marie.

[The tape needs to be flipped over at this point, and when it is turned back on, Marie starts joking that we had talked in-depth while the recorder was off.]

Marie: ...and those are the many reasons why we're a very legitimate, political punk band.

Scott: Tenth, and finally...

Mike: The real reason you should slap eighteen dollars for a CD is...

Scott: The reason why we believe downloading is wrong...

Megan: Piracy...it hurts everyone.

Mike: Is that a fishing term?

Marie: Feed a starving artist, feed a starving record executive.

Megan: Scott, have you ever thought of re-releasing the Secret Center stuff?

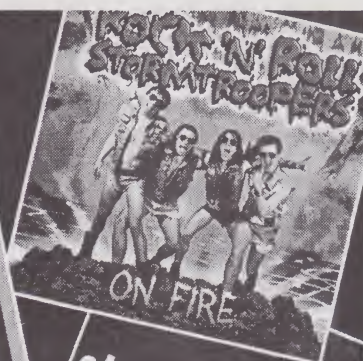
Scott: Yeah, the problem is that all the masters I'd need... a lot of it's on four-tracks. Organizing it is the only thing that stops me. I would actually just like to have it for myself. I'd rather release a best-of Secret Center thing because there was an idea that I had for that label, and I feel that about half of it succeeded and the other half didn't. I think my favorite thing I put out was the *Peel Sessions* by the Bananas. That sounded the most like what I wanted it to sound like, but then there were other bands that weren't on Secret Center, but were just on comps I put out that I felt sounded more like... I wanted it to sound fun and kind of punk. I like when a band gets a perfectly crappy recording where it sounds really clear, but kind of not. I would really like to put



THE JONESES "TITS AND CHAMPAGNE" 12" EP
 Out of all the rock 'n' roll sleaze bands in Hollywood during the 1980s, The Joneses are recognized as coming first and being the toughest and most honest of them all. Too glam to be punk and too punk to be rock.



THE SODA POP KIDS "WRITE HOME" CD/LP
 With an exciting style all their own, these Portland boys unleash their NY Dolls-inspired debut bubblegum garage punk full force upon eager fans like one big temper tantrum.



Full Breach Kicks

Where real punk rock and rock 'n' roll still exists!

www.fullbreach77.com

FULL BREACH KICKS

ALSO:

Distributed by www.roadtoruindistro.com

ORIGINAL PUNK ROCK T-SHIRTS AND LEATHER JACKETS AND MORE!

THE AGGROLITES



19 TRACKS OF DIRTY REGGAE

www.AggroReggae.com

that stuff out again, but I just don't have the energy to figure out... there's people I don't even know where they are who recorded that stuff. It would mean a lot of it would have to get mastered off of 45s and tapes. That label was really fun to do.

Megan: What was Cassingle?

Scott: That was the most quintessentially Sacramento thing I've ever done. That label I actually liked better than Secret Center. I just started thinking about how, when bands start, they don't have a sound yet because they're just writing their first song, and then their second song is already trying to fit into how the first song sounded, and then that's their sound. I thought it would be fun to see, since there were so many people with good ideas in Sac and there was a house that usually had musical equipment set up and four-tracks, that it would be fun to make a label. I look at it at as on any given day, a band could start in Sacramento, The Bananas and Nar both started as a total accident. If the weather had been different, or if one thing had happened differently that day, we never would've started. It was never that we were talking about starting a band for a long time. To me, the Cassingle label was just a glimpse into all these configurations of people that could've happened or could've made bands that could've started writing songs. Fortunately, there was a brief period of time where everyone was really psyched on that idea. There were a lot of people who were like, "Hey, here's a cassingle." It wasn't just me. A lot of it's me, I'm on most of them, but there's a good amount of people would send stuff, for about a year, I thought that it was a really inspiring gimmick, and then it just stopped. There's ones that never came out. That's a comp that'd probably be more enjoyable to me than a Secret Center comp because a lot of them were really hilarious.

Megan: Did any of them play shows?

Scott: Ice Bucket Heads played once. The rule was that there could be no real bands. There were a couple that snuck in, but it was mainly just made-up stuff. Also, I just feel that when I listen back to lyrics, I like them better than I thought I did at the time. They're always about stuff that's going on, but with the Cassingles, it freed me up to write dumb or funny lyrics, and I could do it all day long. That was more fun to me, to make up these bands and these songs. I felt like the songs were more like anthems and hits than what I write.

Megan: Marie, how did you end up joining?

Marie: How did that happen, Scott? I was already friends with you guys. It was sort of natural. I think when Lisa decided she didn't want to tour anymore, but she was still in the band, I would tour with them and be their touring bassist.

Scott: If she didn't want to go, Marie would come in, but she never ended up doing that. Mike and I were like, "Well, if Lisa doesn't want to go, Marie could do it." When Lisa finally did stop playing with us, there were people in Sacramento who were, "Oh, The Bananas need a bass player..." but we never thought of trying out a bass player.

Marie: It just made sense. I'd played music with Mike before and I'd played music with Scott, but the three of us were never in the same band until The Bananas.

Megan: What does "both handles are locked" mean?

Marie: That's a really dumb story. It was from The Loft. Remember whenever I'd borrow the keys to use the bathroom, Mike would always ask me, "Did you lock both handles?" I'm not afraid to say it: I pee a lot.

Scott: And sometimes both handles aren't locked.

Marie: Sometimes people only lock one handle because it's easier that way. My mom asked me about that. My mom was really concerned about that.

Megan: She was concerned?

Marie: She was more confused. I think people assumed the worst.

Mike: What would the worst be?

Marie: I don't know what people could think except that something really stupid, but people never cease to amaze me. Imaginations run wild.

Mike: You see magic in everyday things.

Marie: Yeah. Like handles.

Marie: How many more questions do you have?

Mike: Have you ever seen *Razorcake*? It's like the fucking yellow pages.

Scott: You are from *Razorcake*, aren't you? Wait, she's from *Lazercake*!

Megan: I'm from *Lazycake*.

Megan: Is "Blood on my Bananas" based on the banana strike in Ecuador?

Mike: I saw it in a movie. It's based on a movie I can't remember the name of, but part of it...

Marie: It was called "Blood on my... some fruit or other."

Mike: Here's the problem. Here's why I don't write about political songs: I don't remember things. I saw something. I was thinking about it for a day or two.

Scott: Answer the fucking question.

Marie: Was it or wasn't it based on the banana struggle?

Mike: Not Ecuador, El Salvador, I think.

Marie: Hmmm... somebody didn't do her research.

Megan: I was just making a guess.

Marie: You seemed so well-informed before.

Mike: Listen, I was informed about three years ago. I might not really remember it.

Mike: Whatever I was against back then, I'm totally for it now.

Scott: There's the new political album.

Megan: Why do you have so many nicknames?

Mike: Me?

Marie: He's indecisive.

Mike: I don't have that many nicknames. How many nicknames do I have?

Scott: On the records you do.

Mike: Oh, I just make up fake names for that because I don't want to use my real name.

Marie: He doesn't want to embarrass...

Megan: But you'll use it on other bands?

Mike: No.

Megan: You use it in Knock, Knock, don't you?

Scott: Yeah...what's up with that? Oh, it's a "serious" band.

Mike: I can't say that other people don't know it.

Marie: Well Michael Cinciripino, what is up with that?

Megan: Is that because you were popular to knock Jonathan Richmond off in that band?

Mike: Oh! I don't understand that, but I'm still going to say, "Ohhhhhh! No way! Oh no, she didn't."

Megan: It was on some radio chart and Knock, Knock overtook Jonathan Richmond in their charts.

Marie: This Knock, Knock? His band?

Mike: That guy's day in the sun is over.

Megan: Why are you so flaky?

Marie: Because people expect too much. And period.

Mike: Give me an example of my flakiness.

Megan: The last time I saw you was four years ago.

Marie: Maybe you're flaky. We've played since then, lady.

Megan: We set this interview up a year ago.

Scott: I got sick.

Marie: Why didn't you come up to Sacramento? I would've been there.

Mike: We're busy people. We all do important work, mostly for the government.

Scott: Once we decided that people liked us because we were flaky, we just stayed flaky.

Megan: Do you think there is some appeal to that?

Marie: No.

Scott: I think there is an appeal to it, but we don't do it on purpose. I mean, playing L.A. tonight, there's probably more than one person who thought we weren't going to be here.

Marie: Including you.

Megan: Including me.

Scott: Including Mike... maybe we should go.

Photos
by

DAWN WIRTH

"I have the same camera I've had since '76"

Interview by Ryan Leach

Every once in awhile I'll run into a guy or gal in their mid/late forties who saw a performer like Top Jimmy and bands like the Gun Club and the Screamers. It's a rare find that makes my audiophile week, if not month. Well, Dawn Wirth topped that: not only does she have the stories, she also has amazing photos no one has seen. Here's a lady who's got photos of KK Barrett not looking like the epitome of cool he's recognized as, but early shots of the Screamers' drummer resembling a goofy Buddy Holly look-alike! Most notably, Dawn has top-notch photos of a pre-London Calling Clash in concert, which no one (outside of literally a dozen people) has seen. To a rabid record collector like myself, the excitement of seeing these photos matched that of a successful excavation for an archeologist. Thankfully, Dawn is starting to put on shows to promote her work and get it out to the public.

Ryan: When did you first start getting into photography, Dawn?

Dawn: 1976. It was a class that I could take in high school.

Ryan: So you got into photography because you had to take it?

Dawn: Well, when I would go to the shows, you'd see the

photographers there taking pictures and it

just seemed like a lot of fun. And so when I was able to take the class in school, that's when I started taking photos. I have photos back to '76.

Ryan: So that was your motivation for taking the class—being able to contribute to the scene?

Dawn: See, at the time, I wasn't thinking I was documenting. I was contributing. At the time I wasn't thinking I was documenting, like it is now. I have a friend that was impressed that I had all this stuff from back in '76 and he said, "Well, you knew you were documenting this stuff, right?" and I said, "No."

Ryan: So who were you taking photos of back then?

Dawn: The Weirdos, the Screamers, the Zeros, the Mumps, the Talking Heads when they first came to L.A.—I have pictures of that at the Whisky.

Ryan: Yeah, something really striking are those KK (Barrett, drummer of the Screamers) photos. He was so young. He doesn't look cool. No one has photos of KK not looking cool except you.

Dawn: [laughter] Okay! We won't get these scanned so no one can see them!

Ryan: So tell me, what were your favorite zines back then and which ones were you contributing to?

Dawn: *White Stuff* in the U.K. I had maybe one or two things in *Flipside*. I contributed to the Weirdos' fan club magazine; the Mumps' fan club magazine. I never got into *Slash*. That was Jenny (Lens) domain. And *Gen X*—that was a fanzine in the U.K.

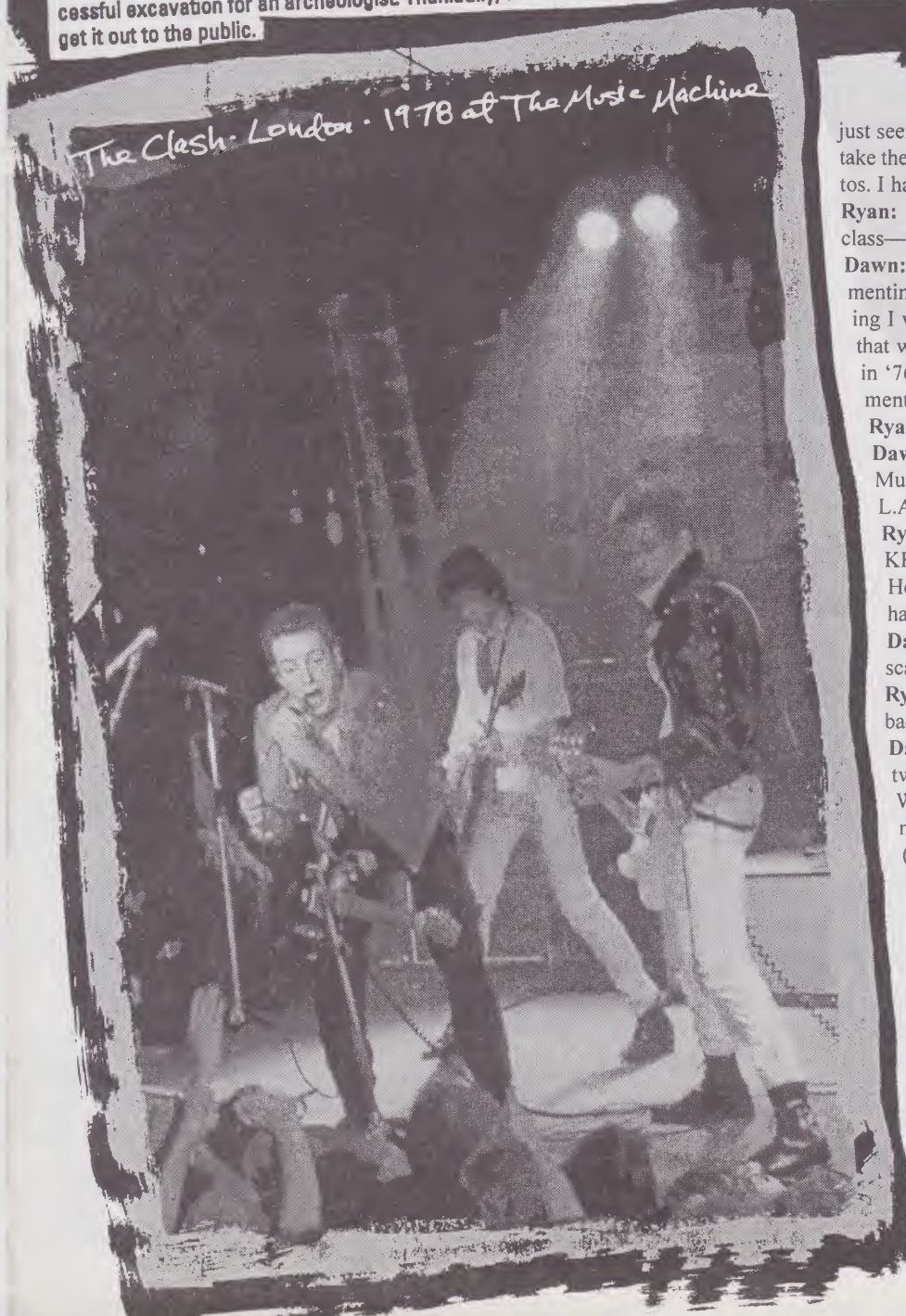
Ryan: Of all the early L.A. bands, which one or ones were your favorites?

Dawn: I want to say the Weirdos and the Screamers.

Ryan: I imagine the Screamers' live show, with the band's imagery and stage performance, had to be great to photograph.

Dawn: They were always fun to watch. Same thing with the Weirdos. You didn't know what John Denney was going to do when he comes out. It was this anticipation of a good show and you were never let down. It wasn't like when the Ramones came to L.A.

The Clash - London - 1978 at The Music Machine



and played their three-second songs—sorry Ramones—but these guys put on a performance. It was theatre.

Ryan: How was Darby?

Dawn: When I met him, he was Bobby Pyn; that's what he was going by. We would always meet each other at the Capital Records swap meet and we would go looking for David Bowie stuff. So if he got there before me, he would tell me where all the Bowie stuff was. And if I got there before him, vice versa. And then he became Darby. I loved that guy. He always seemed real. The stuff that I've read in *Lexicon Devil*, it's interesting, but I don't remember Darby being like that.

Ryan: Did you go to the Masque a lot?

Dawn: Yes.

Ryan: And who would you shoot there?

Dawn: Whoever was playing. I have stuff from Spazz Attack. Spazz Attack wanted some pictures of himself taken, so we did those outside the Masque in the alley.

Ryan: What were your favorite venues?

Dawn: The Masque, the Starwood, and the Whisky. But with the Masque, the stage was only like five inches high, so it wasn't like you were dealing with the same kind of stage as at the Starwood or the Whisky. You had to really kind of stake out your place and stay there because the stage was so small.

Ryan: It certainly wasn't as "legit" as the Whisky or the Starwood!

Dawn: No, not at all. Had there been a fire there, everyone would have died. But that was the danger of going to that place. That was what was so fun about it. That and the Hillside Strangler. He was out and about killing people. It was kind of weird.

Ryan: And you also worked at Bomp! Did you work there before you went to the U.K.?

Dawn: Yes.

Ryan: And Bomp! was really the hub of activity, huh?

Dawn: Yes. That's where a lot of these punk bands went to go have record signings because that was pretty much the only place that they could go to have a record signing. Because these were bands—the Talking Heads, the Dead Boys, I'm missing a lot of names—but they would be able to go there and do a signing and they were welcomed, as opposed to if they'd gone to a Music Plus or...

Ryan: Tower Records.

Dawn: Yeah, that was there on Sunset. But they didn't really do signings there. Certainly not bands like the Damned or the Screamers or the Weirdos.

Ryan: Some things you showed me of particular interest were those Winterland Show photographs you took (Sex Pistols' last show, which took place January 14, 1978, in San Francisco). You said that was kind of like being in prison.

Dawn: You felt like you had just gotten out of fighting, because you're standing up there all day long—I was up against the stage—people are just shoving you up against the stage and you couldn't do anything. And when it was over with, it was such a relief because you could sit down! But I wouldn't trade it for anything, though. That was a great show. I was underneath Sid. I like Sid. He was a good guy.

Ryan: Did you get to talk to him?

Dawn: No, but there was this guy who kept bothering me while I was there. He was being a jerk. And I guess Sid had seen that I had bit the guy to try to get him to get his elbows down, and Sid spit in his face and the guy disappeared. So I was able to still shoot the show and it wasn't that bad. I wasn't that claustrophobic.

Ryan: Do you remember hearing in the news that that was their last show?

Dawn: I think when we came back it was probably something that Rodney Bingenheimer mentioned on the radio, but it was kind of disappointing that that was the only tour they did. But I was always partial to The Clash myself.

Ryan: And that's the truth!

Dawn: Out of the U.K. bands, I was partial to the Clash. The Clash never let me down.

Ryan: Good answer! So tell me, when did you go to the U.K.?

Dawn: I went there the day after I graduated from high school in June of '78. And I saw the Clash that following week. We saw three nights at the Music Machine.

Ryan: And you took some shots—some really great shots—before Paul (Simonon, bassist of the Clash who, like

KK, epitomized style and cool) even had a pompadour. You were probably the first Angelino to take photos of The Clash.

Dawn: Probably.

Ryan: Where would you see The Clash besides the Music Machine?

Dawn: The Music Machine was similar to a Whisky out here. Other than that, you'd go see bands at a pub. Also, when I first got there, that weekend, the Dickies had come over to the U.K., so I got to see the Dickies play. And Hellin Killer (L.A.



Had there been a fire at the Masque, everyone would have died. But that was the danger of going to that place. That was what was so fun about it.

punk regular; later married to Paul Roessler of the Screamers) was there, too. So seeing her was like, "Okay, I'm not that far from home!" It was cool.

Ryan: So going over there, which bands did you shoot besides The Clash and the Dickies?

Dawn: Those were the only two bands I shot.

Ryan: What were the differences between the two scenes?

Dawn: The differences—when I saw The Clash show, the people all dressed normal, as opposed to how the kids dressed here. The kids here would dress up and stuff and the kids in the U.K. didn't look like punks to me. But the punk era in the U.K. could have moved on to the next step or

was about to move on to the next step.

Ryan: To post-punk.

Dawn: Yeah.

Ryan: Coming back to Los Angeles, how did the scene change during that time period where you were away?

Dawn: Oh, there was way more people at shows. It was like you had to fight for space.

Ryan: Talking about the *Decline (of Western Civilization)*—Penelope Spheeris' seminal 1981 documentary of the L.A. punk scene) time... a lot of people have recognized—especially with Darby's passing—that the scene was kind of over for them (circa late '80) at that time. Did you feel that?

Dawn: It wasn't the scene that was back in '76, '77 and '78. It wasn't the same. You had a lot of posers coming in. They just didn't understand it. They just thought, "Oh, okay, I'll go dress up like a punk and hang out." They didn't understand what it meant.

Ryan: I know you are still involved in photography to this day. Were you taking photos during the late '80s as well?

Dawn: I was, but not of any groups.

Ryan: When did you stop taking photos of groups?

Dawn: I shot a group last year. I think in October or November. For a while there I took a pause, but now I'm back to shooting groups.

Ryan: What were you taking photographs of when you went on hiatus with band photos?

Dawn: Still lifes. This sounds lame, but Griffith Park Observatory. When I had my daughter Sara in '88, I took a lot of pictures of her.

Ryan: And I know you've stuck by the same camera.

Dawn: Yes, I have the same camera I've had since '76; a Cannon FTb with a 1.4 lens.

Ryan: All those photographs were taken by the same camera.

Dawn: Yes. I love my camera. I won't let my daughter use it and you can understand why. Maybe she will now.

Ryan: You had your first show last year and you're going to have your next one really soon.

Dawn: I'm going to do some of the L.A. punk stuff people haven't seen—the Weirdos and the Screamers and big pictures of The Clash and just see what happens.

A website is in the works, so for now, check up with her myspace page:

<http://www.myspace.com/bigmouthbakery>



The Zeros . 1977 . the Starwood



The Screamers . 1977 . the Whisky



Pat Sweeney '77/orig '78 at the Masque



Devo . 1977 . the Whisky



PINE HILL HANTS



You may have heard something like the Pine Hill Haints on a cold night in November as the train rolled by and the night sky spilled its tale out and into your dreams. The Haints' sound is something jangly, scratchy, and pumping: a sort of droning rattletrap mechanism built in the barn, powered by wood and mud and set to motion at one till midnight. They are the beauty, horror, decadence, rain, and spirit of the world they live in and create. The Pine Hill Haints embody the idea of not doing things the way others may think is right, but of doing what they feel to be right, never afraid to be "not with it," not trying to grow up and get a subscription to that sad old tale of life and the pursuit of others' dreams. Just keep going. Get in the van. Get out on the road. Create what it is you're after. If it's not there waiting for you, then build the thing. It's all in your hands. Pick up the body and claim its cold, bloody mess as gold.

Many people have played in the Pine Hill Haints and contributed to keeping it going over the years—so many that there's a sort of community built through the band. However, throughout the whole time Jamie Barrier has been with it. He's ridden the horse's bones from before the dawn and on past the night. But still the question remains...

INTERVIEW BY **BD WILLIAMS**

PHOTOS BY **DAVID ALLEN JONES** ART JUNK BY **AMY ADOYIE**

Current line up:

Jamie Barrier—guitar, vocals, tenor banjo, fiddle, and harmonica.

Katie Barrier—washboard, mandolin, and vocals plus tons of artwork, signs and cutouts.

Ben and Tonic—snare drum.

Matt Bakula—washtub bass, banjo, and vocals.

Pictured:

Jeremy Dale Henderson—snare drum and War Eagle

Brian Conner—washtub bass

Mike Posey—accordion

BD: What is a Haint, Mr. Barrier?

Jamie: Well, a haint is a ghost.

BD: Tell me about ghost stories and the Haints. Give me some unearthly lore.

Jamie: When we got chased riding skateboards, we'd all meet at the Pine Hill Cemetery. There's this crazy supernatural something to that, 'cause the cemetery for hundreds of years down there in—and before there was ever Lee County—the Creeks who lived there would not live on that land. They wouldn't build on it. It was this crazy, voodoo-ed out sacred ground, and when the settlers came in the 1830s and pushed the Creeks out, they pleaded with the settlers not to build on that ground. That's true history, and those guys, of course, did build on it and crazy things have happened; people would break their neck or eat some crazy poison and swell up. So, no one wanted to live on it anymore. The city donated it for use as a cemetery. And then there were mass graves of Confederate soldiers that they just dumped in there. That's where the Haints were born. That's where we had our first Haints practice as a band. On that cemetery ground. We're playing these songs and we're like, "We're not playing techno or new wave or techno or hip hop. We're just playing old dead music," so we're Haints. We're necromancers. We're like, "If that's dead, then we're haints." And we just played old songs. We didn't care if it was on the cutting edge. Like Bakula (washtub), he's got the Counter Clock Wise, and they're a fantastic band, but before that he was in the Crypt Kickers and they're dead, and so in the Haints he's playing a Crypt Kickers song. We're just keeping dead stuff alive. We've played Grumpies songs. You name it.

BD: What about that story you told me Halloween when we were around the fire in the backyard?

Jamie: It's about a man who lived with his mother up there in the high hill country. And she told him to never shoot an owl when the moon's full. But he went out anyway on a full moon, 'cause he could see all through the limbs, and there were shadows, 'cause the moon was bright in the woods, and he came back to the house—way back up in the woods where his grandmother lived—he comes back, holding his gun and sees an owl sitting in a tree and he shoots the owl. But when he does, the owl screams out in this painful human voice and flies off. So he gets all freaked out and goes back inside the house and his old grandmother is sitting there, bleeding, and she looks up and says, "I told you to never shoot an owl, boy."

BD: What's the history behind the Haints?

Jamie: Okay, you're homeless, slinging drugs, trying to figure out how to skate. And some weird kid, who I've never met, but that one time in my life, he was from New Orleans... He might have been a haint.

BD: I have a version of how it started, but I can't remember exactly...

Jamie: Well, you had a bunch of dusty LPs and I would sit and listen to them, and I tried to figure out how to play them. And one night, Libby Lynn asked if I wanted to open for Janissary Core playing acoustic, and Adam—Sad Eye (original Haints harmonica player)—was just chilling in the house with his harmonica, and so we went down there, but he left on his skateboard, and I thought, "Shoot, I guess I'll play by myself." And I was in there playing, and it was real loud, so Libby and a few people in Janissary Core—who were fixin' to play—were clapping, but as far as you could tell, the house music was drowning me out, and then Adam walked in with his harmonica and played. I've always thought of that. That's the first time I played "What Is a Haint?". First time I ever played "Alabama's Midnight Skies," and we played "Opelika Train" that night. I think we did four or five songs. After that—you know—we porched it up all the time, or go down to the Malformity House.

BD: I remember meeting a guy on the street playing the bucket in Auburn. His name was Stick. He showed me how to build one and so I did. The first time I remember playing it with you was sitting in the house. I think it was above the heater, one night with a mic hanging from the ceiling and a reverb on it, and we played reggae songs.

Jamie: Yes. Man, if you want to get to the core of the Haints it's all dub reggae. The whole reverb pedal has nothing to do with rockabilly. It has to do with dub reggae. But that is what we did, man. Yes, yes, yes.

BD: From there it was you, me, Sad Eye, Matt Comer, and then Katie joined. Then after I moved away, it took off and it seems like everyone's been in the Haints. Travis Hightower, Matt Bakula, Jeremy Dale Henderson, Hot-Rog, and Ben 'n Tonic, Posey, Rymodee, your brothers, the Red Dagger, Brain Conner...I suppose I could keep going.

Jamie: Yeah, pretty much anybody who has been a friend and doesn't want to cave into the nine to five job, and whose life isn't in too bad of shape—you know they got enough to get in the van—then we'll make some music. We've almost always got something booked, you know, coming up next week or whatever.

BD: I remember the first time we played out of state, we went to Starkville.

Jamie: Suddenly Subhan played that night, the Grumpies, and Pez. That was either '97 or '98 and that was billed as a Wednesdays show, but we just couldn't make it. Technically, the first tour the Haints ever did was after you had left and Travis joined. We toured with This Bike Is a Pipebomb. Well, when you were still here, we did a five day thing with the Shack Shakers. The first proper tour we did, it really wasn't the Haints. I just didn't want to stop...I didn't know what to do. So we got in the van with Pipebomb, and Kevin played drums, Rymodee played saw, and Travis played bucket. I just went around with them for a couple of weeks.

BD: How much do your surroundings like Florence, Alabama, and now living in Savannah, Tennessee influence your song writing?

Jamie: My goal is to try never to force the influence, you know? You just go with your heart and, over time, it happens that way. And that's the way Savannah, North Alabama, and Tennessee crept back into the band. Like, in the early days I sang about trains, 'cause about two or three times an hour our whole house would shake from trains. Our good friend Radek got hit in the face on the tracks. Or so and so would smash a bunch of crap or there'd be some dead dog with a bunch of maggots all over it on the tracks. But as far as the influence of the Haints goes, that early stuff we did...well, you always learn stuff over time, and back then I didn't know, so we were kind of writing the book on how we thought it would be done. Because, as far as we knew, we sounded just like...you know, you always sound like you want to sound in your mind, but stepping back it doesn't sound anything at all like Hank Williams. Back then, I thought we had some really cool stuff that reflected the way everything was down there. We had a lot of fast songs, and a lot of local lore. Same way now; a lot of the lore is back—the North Alabama base—church singing style where it's got a little bit more of that Celtic touch to it, a little more Pentecostal. Or maybe, if you close your eyes, it sounds like it's a little more hill-based, rather than rolled-out flats.

BD: Well, now there's a lot more variety of sound—fiddles, banjos—as opposed to that first LP where it's just the four of us: guitar, bucket, harp, and snare.

Jamie: We're doing a lot of crap now that you tried to get us to do back then.

BD: Well, it sounds good, so I'm glad you're doing it.

Jamie: Basically, I wish to god we'd have used that trombone.

BD: Well, the reason for that was that Matt could play the thing pretty well.

Jamie: I'll tell you a good answer to that question about styles; the Auburn influence on the Haints would be: book your own show at someone's house and go play, just shut up and play, and have a good time. The Florence influence would be real competitive and secretive. It's like you don't want to play your home town. People want to talk about how they never play at home.

BD: Why?

Jamie: The Auburn Haints were a lot more romantic and passionate, and crazy and fast. And the Florence Haints, the songs I write now are more riddled and have a little more double meaning, or it could

mean five or six different things. It's got to be tougher, have more of a callous on it. But we still have that Auburn spirit where we still play a lot around town and we still play a lot of shows. It's all tribed-off up here, but in Auburn everyone was one big tribe. In Auburn, everyone embraced their culture, and as far as punk rock up here, it's the opposite where you want to clash with that culture. Those two stones that bang on the sword keep us sharp. It's like I want to embrace my culture, but at the same time, there's so much garbage that goes along with where we're from that I don't want to have anything to do with. So it's got to be done right, it increases that urgency. But beautiful Auburn, I love it.

BD: How is it received playing music in the south, which some people consider country, but a lot of "country" people don't?

Jamie: To me now, this present week I'm living in now, I want to play country music. Sometimes, I want to play a slow song. I have more friends now with grey hair, older people, than I do young people, for the first time in my life. I have more relationships with older people. I love to play for older people, but when I go out to play house shows, people want seven fast ones in a row and so you play those seven fast ones so you can sweeten it up with that eighth slow one that the old people like. There's so many people who say, "Oh, I love country music" but it has nothing to do with dirt and soul. It might have to do with wearing a cowboy hat and a western shirt, but it has nothing to do with hardwoods, pines, hills, and streams. It's more mall-terrain than all-terrain.

BD: It seems like rural America has been giving away its heart and soul to places like Wal-Mart to a soundtrack by Tobi Keith. Do you think country and music and culture are used as a shield for other agendas?

Jamie: Even more so than that. I don't see that as much, so I don't have as much venom to spit at that, but meeting some "country" band and they're like, "We're the Whiskey-Soaked Hillbillies" or something like that. You know stuff like the "Hillbilly Pissers," like some guy with overalls and a pitchfork and they'll be like "Yeh haw!" That can get kind of old.

BD: It's hokey.

Jamie: I remember when I was a kid and playing with my uncle Sammy. Sammy knows some weird country songs. But one of the songs we'd always play would be "The Beverly Hillbillies," 'cause he loved the way my brother Joey would stop in the middle of the song and go "the Beverly Hillbillies!" One of the guys in the Overnight Lows, the drummer, I think, his cousin is Jeff Foxworthy. I remember seeing them play a show one time in Florida—which a lot of times can be more like the north than the south in some regards—and some guy in the crowd was heckling them 'cause he knew they were from Mississippi, kind of like "play the Beverly Hillbillies" yelling at them. And the guy in the crowd was like, "Hey, do ya'll know Jeff Foxworthy?" and that guy had no idea that the drummer knew Jeff Foxworthy or was even his cousin. He was just heckling them. So the drummer stuck a middle finger in the guy's face and cussed him or something. You know, the drummer could probably have been like, "Yeah, I know Jeff, and yeah I've been playing 'The Beverly Hillbillies' my entire life," but instead he's just like, "Leave us alone." Overnight Lows. Man, what a band!

BD: What do you think about the idea that someone has to be from the south or is more "country" if they're from the south?

Jamie: I know what you're saying. Yeah, I don't know how to answer that crap. I love it when you talk about the Dischord style and you've got that weird angular non-pop DC sound, then you got the Florida style...it's like they're playing chords but they'll slide around on it, like Hot Water Music or This Bike Is a Pipebomb. But as far as country music and all that goes, I'm not against rules, but the Haints don't abide by them. If you have some old fiddle player who plays a fine version of "Leather Britches," I have so much respect for that, and

what they're doing is keeping that style that way. It's like some Irish fiddle player who may play some ancient, super fast Celtic West Irish sound like Cork fiddle music. I can totally respect trying to keep traditional music alive.

But it's beautiful to see the rules broken, too, but it's just got to be from the heart. I love music that comes out of Mexico. Honestly, when I want to hear good fiddle music where I am now, I go down to the Mexican restaurant on Tuesday nights. There's some grey-haired Mexican men there who play beautiful, man.

BD: What about Cajun-style fiddle?

Jamie: Bradley, don't get me started! I love it! I guess the way Cajun music, and the way it has to do with the Haints the strongest, is the way that there's nothing fake about what they're saying. And ninety percent of Cajun singers, some people say, cannot sing, but it doesn't matter 'cause they're singing from the heart. You may not be able to understand what they are saying, but it'll make you want to cry. Like when they finish lines, they'll push it real hard where their throat starts to scratch up, like "I want to see you, but your grandmother won't let me stand on your porch," and you know the way they sing, that is the saddest, saddest thing you've ever heard in your life. I try to be as real as I can. I sing about girls or I'll sing about ghosts, but it's all real, and I don't care what anybody says to me. It's real.

BD: I remember one night after a Shoot 'Em Down show in Tuscaloosa, some dude came up to me and said that the Haints were a joke band. I don't know what that really meant, but it pissed me off at the time.

Jamie: Shoot 'Em Down was the Haints evil doppelganger, man. It was. That was our Jekyll and Hyde.

BD: Well, what about with the Wednesdays?

Jamie: The Wednesdays used to get asked to play all these fish fries, and we'd do it. So, in a way, I was playing that Haints style for a long

time, but these days I don't even bring the Haints. I bring the Headless Catfish. I still play the fish fries.

BD: What's up with the fish fries? Is there a circuit to play?

Jamie: Speaking of circuits: the Chitlin' Circuit! That's one thing that Florence has that Auburn didn't have—well they did have some—but Florence had it huge. Muscle Shoals, Sheffield, Florence, and everybody knows Poonanny. Everybody knows all those Chitlin' guys. Those guys are still legends. They all still make records that have hits. There's still a good Chitlin' Circuit scene here. In a weird way, it's a bunch of everyday go-to-work-then-come-home black folk going out to hear music they like. And a lot of the performers—your best ones are great comedians. They're funny. They can play with their teeth, play guitar between their legs, and talk dirty all night long. They can



Crafty2bro99R

OUT NOW :

Captain Chaos-This is Cake

Solo Project by Chris Clavin of Ghostmice,
Operation Cliff Clavin

"...everyone should sing, record it, share it,
embrace the chaos of creation"

CD \$5PP



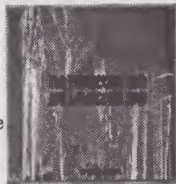
Brook Pridemore-The Reflecting Skin

11 songs about death, loss, suicide, traveling, love
and redemption. Deep metaphor buried in nonsense
Brook calls this one, "My 'Double Nickels on the
Dime."

Featuring Mikey Erg on Drums.

Guest appearances by Ghostmice and Toby Goodshank

CD \$10PP



The Max Levine Ensemble/ Spirit Animals

Mixed color vinyl

"Two bands sharing some members play
catchy, poppy, garagey punk" punkplanet

7" \$4 PP

Coming Soon :

GuitarBomb-Nails for Breakfast

The Mikey Erg Solo Project

www.craftyrecords.net

Crafty Records 75 Earley Street Bronx NY 10464

NOW YOU CAN BUY ONLINE

CD's/DVD's/LP's/CLOTHING AND MUCH MORE

BEER CITY RECORDS

MILWAUKEE, WI U.S.A.

WWW.BEERCITYRECORDS.COM



BRUTAL KNIGHTS 'pleasure is all thine' LP/CD

THE BAYONETTES 7"

girl fronted poppy punk from Toronto

LEFT FOR DEAD 'live' LP (cd in the works for 2006)

TRANZMITORS 'bigger houses, brokenhomes' 7"

TEEN CRUD COMBO LP

'judgement night soundtrack part two' LP

FUCKED UP 'police' &

'dance of death' 7" represses

CAREER SUICIDE 'kangaroo' 12" repress with bonus track

DON'T LET THE MAN KEEP YOU DIGITAL!



www.badideamusic.com

DERANGED RECORDS: 1166 CHASTER ROAD, GIBSONS, BC V0N 1V4 CANADA www.derangedrecords.com DISTRO: Ebulition.com
12"=\$18 Canada /\$15 USA /\$20 World (air) or \$15 (surface), 7"=\$6 USA /\$7 World/Canada, CD=\$12 USA /\$15 World/Canada

“F
FORTUNATELY,
FOR ALABAMA AND
THE SOUTH, WE’RE
TOO SMALL TO
DESTROY OURSELVES.



make their guitar swear and they can dance. You got to be able to dance if you’re gonna’ shine on that. That’s something that’s definitely around up here.

BD: But what about those shows that you play? I have a feelin’ you play them to get free fried catfish?

Jamie: [laughing] If you want to see it get rowdy, you can go to the Chitlin’ Circuit, but the coolest thing about playing fish fries is that’s where the preacher meets the sinner. That’s the only place besides high school were you’ll see that clash of the titans. Half the room is chain-smoking and got alcohol on their breath and the other half of the room has got their top button buttoned and their shirts tucked in, but they’re all in there to hear some country music and eat some fried catfish. And you know they won’t clap if they don’t like you. They’re ruthless.

BD: How important is writing about your surroundings versus having a style predicate how you sing and play?

Jamie: We’ll, it’s like certain people will write songs...see, the band may be a political punk band, but they’re a fairy tale band.

BD: What do you mean?

Jamie: They may have their political songs, but the unions of Woody Guthrie’s day and age and today are two different things. Politics today and politics then are two different things. There’s so many quote un-quote “bands of the people” who’re more bands of rich, middle class white people who get money from their parents every month and they want a little anarchy in their everyday diet. You take them down to talk to John Q. Public at any parking lot or parking deck, or take them down to the west side, and there’s nothing they can say, and that’s the people.

BD: How do the Haints or yourself fit into a homemade ethic?

Jamie: Anybody from small town Alabama, who’s still making music, I love meeting them because you’ll see so much eye to eye, but meeting somebody from some big city or somewhere joined by a thousand interstates, they can be harder to judge you. All that thrown in the garbage, we’ll Robin Hood it through a hundred small towns

all across America and we’ll have a great time doing it every night. And it’s pure homemade, ‘cause those kids are making their own fliers and we’re putting out our own records and we’re all getting along. I’ve noticed the further and deeper we get into it, in a lot of ways, we’re probably a lone wolf in the scenes ‘cause I’ve done mission work. And because I believe in a supreme god, I believe in a higher power. And there’s been a lot of lines drawn, but man, between me and whoever may read this out there, there should be lines drawn. There should be people attacking Christianity, because there’s so many bible-toting, missile-firing churches out there, and church groups taking advantage of the government to hide billions of dollars from getting taxed, and then building tennis courts and parking lots and raping the land they are on, and electing other people to fight wars, and to buy bigger cars...there needs to be a backlash. But, at the same time, man, I’ve slept on every dirty floor that the next person has, you know? I’ve been running this game. I’ve been booking my own bands. I’ve booked other people’s shows, and most all of their friends have booked shows for me. I know exactly where everybody is coming from. But if somebody is going to be so narrow-minded and closed-minded to shut me off just because I believe in a higher power then that’s their loss. It’s one of those things where I can’t fire back at it. I feel really strongly about it. I just don’t see how you can take thousands of years of culture and civilization, like Native Americans and indigenous people, and just write off the ideas of the mystery of life after death because of some punk band.

BD: You’re equating Christianity on the same level as other religions? What I mean is that some people will think higher of other religions and lower of Christianity, and, at the same time, most Christians think higher of themselves than they do of other religions.

Jamie: Yeah, I understand it to an extent because we live in America where Christianity is the big religion. I always go for the underdog. It’s like everything beautiful is tainted. That’s the vicious circle of the world. That’s the way everything turns. Everything has this taint. Any church group, any punk scene, all of it has its ups and its dark sides.

Bread & Roses
Mischievous Brew

"Larch, but I'm a poet!"

"Loved But Unrespected"
split 7" EP

Guignol/
NaNuchKa

Two World/Inferno Friendship Society sideshows on one disc! Klezmer, punk, folk, jazz, swing, rock, pop, and even a little bit of a sea-shanty feel with vocals in Hebrew...yes, it's all here. \$7 ppd in the U.S.

...and more from **FISTOLO RECORDS**
www.fistolo.com ~ available through interpunk,
 profane existence, ebullition, sedition...



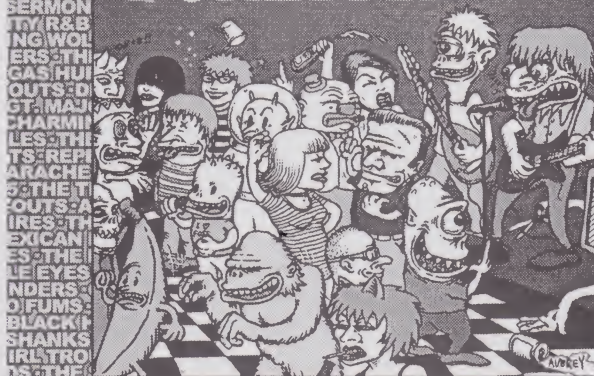
**Sorry, We didn't have time to make an ad,
we were busy making stuff for our friends.**

O Pioneers!!! (on tour soon)
the JonBenet (on Tour)
Buxton
By The End Of Tonight (on tour soon)
Mc Chris
Latterman (always On Tour)
Plus alot more other awesome bands.

**Yeah i know, We rule.
Sorry this ad, was late todd.
<3 I Heart U.**

IHEARTUPPRODUCTIONS.COM

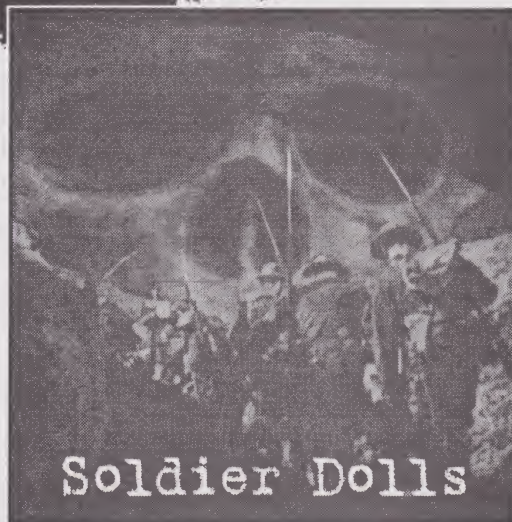
THE FUNHOUSE COMPTON



32 Bands \$10 Cheap!
Mostly Unreleased Songs
All From One Dive Club
In Stores Now & Available At
www.TheFunhouseSeattle.com

distribution by Road to Ruin:
www.roadtoruindistro.com

LONGSHOT
MUSIC



SOLDIER DOLLS 'S/T' CD

THE BRAND NEW CD FROM THIS CLASSIC WELSH PUNK BAND
THAT FORMED IN '82!! \$10US PPD. IN N.AMERICA/\$12US PPD. R.O.W.

COMING SOON: NEW SPLIT 7" EP FROM
ALTERNATE ACTION AND MARCHING ORDERS

PMB#72, 302 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, NY, 11211
www.longshotmusic.com

I think there are so many people in the scene who beat up each other and condemn each other: "this guy's right," and, "this guy's wrong," you know? You get kicked in the teeth every day around here.

BD: Yeah. I got a knife pulled on me. I was threatened to get shot. I got bitten on the chest and head butted in the mouth, all in three months.

Jamie: Yeah, you got bit! It's hard to live here. It's like old person pressure when you're too young. Or people you went to school with you get kicked on and beat on everyday, man. People need to be together on this. And you have to understand that nobody in this world is the same, and two people can hear the same thing completely different in a Bob Marley song. And people can get something completely different out of going to church or not going to church. But it doesn't have anything to do with church. It has to do with community. Some people get off on being friends with their family and parents, and others parents are seen as evil or are bad parents and people cut them off, but you can't pick on each other. Everybody's got to be understanding on it.

BD: I've seen both sides of that.

Jamie: Exactly. It's rough. And rather than come down on somebody just because of a style of music they play or something they believe, sometimes it seems like it doesn't matter if you've sold your soul to George Bush or sold your soul to the devil, if you're cool then your cool.

BD: Well, some might say that selling your soul to the devil might be better than to G. Bush.

Jamie: Sometimes, it seems like "punk" kids around here will attack things, like say "Screwdriver. These guys are racists," or they'll namedrop, followed by "these guys are racists" or this or that. But every one of them will have some black metal patch on their jacket, and a lot of those bands were neo-Nazi. A lot of those guys from the first, classic, Swedish metal bands were into white supremacist groups. And it doesn't matter a hill of beans—you can tell somebody that all day long—but they'll go off on some local band in your town that made \$400 playing a show. They'll go off on those guys for not being true, but then they'll go buy a Slayer album. And Slayer, those guys are loaded, and been on major labels their whole career. That's what I mean when I say you can be with Bush, the devil, or be politically subversive, but all that matters—it seems like sometimes—is if you're cool or not. If it's cool to wear this, then people will do it. That's one of those things that bum me out. In Alabama and the south, because it's so rough to be involved in anything independent, most people around here are really cool and nice about being there for each other. We're too small to destroy ourselves.

BD: Man, I've got to ask you: do you want me to print that religion stuff?

Jamie: It don't matter, man. If you do, just make sure I don't get crucified with it.

BD: Well, one of the things I tell people when I hear them say this or that about Jamie from the Haints and his religion is that if they could look on your bookshelf they'd see all sorts of books from Anton LaVey (founder of the Church of Satan), to some crazy-assed devil stories from the wilds of western Russia.

Jamie: In a nutshell, there's good and bad with all of them. But you shouldn't ever shoot it in the head. Anton LaVey was a great piano player, by the way. I used to have a number of his albums.

BD: Really?

Jamie: When Anton LaVey started his church, he would play at the bar on Saturday night and then play the church organ on Sunday. He said he would see the same people on Saturday night that he saw on Sunday morning, and "seething hypocrisy" struck a chord with him. And that was kind of how he got his start, so to speak. That's one of the fires that started it for him. That says a lot right there, you know?

BD: I think it might.

BD: What's up with Arkam Records and the Black Owl Print Shop?

Jamie: I started Arkam Records just to document the music we were making. I try to make it as local as I can, but it's hard to do. I mean there are a lot of bands, but, at the same time, there's not a lot of bands. It's hard to raise the money to do it. It's not something I do to pay the bills; it's purely for fun. I want to sit and listen to this stuff at night with a cup of coffee. I don't care anything at all about being innovative or setting a trend, or being cutting edge, or doing it first. I don't care anything at all about the internet, although it's a beautiful tool, but I just don't care. I love to see people play and I love to make music. I love the live show. My granddad was paralyzed. For fifty years he was in a wheelchair. I always think about that, making the best of what you can do physically. There are so many people who would rather start some cool Sex Pistols-style manifesto over the internet, and that's fine, but they can have it. I don't want it. And Arkam is something to keep the beans on the table and the fuel in the tank while you're on tour. Black Owl, in another way, is the same. We've screened so many shirts for bands, and posters and 7" covers. Like with vinyl... I think we reached our pinnacle with recording with vinyl and now we're on the downward curve. That was the best we've ever done in recording technology was with vinyl. And with Black Owl we print our own covers 'cause that cuts the cost down fifty percent on putting out a vinyl record. Plus Black Owl makes it so we don't have to put up with a boss. Nothing sucks worse than having to get along with some boss. I go to Black Owl and I hope I can do that as long as I can. I figure how many hours I put in working at jobs. If I put in one tenth of those hours for myself, I can survive. I may not be high rolling, but I can at least survive and that's the thing with Black Owl. We'll have bands play there. So many people have hooked me up on tour and I try to return the favor and we play in the shop. That's how it is, hoss.

BD: Do you ever feel like you're part of something larger?

Jamie: Whenever it's happening I don't, but when I look back over the course of time I do. Like with styles of music, back in Auburn we were riding skateboards, and then going home and having band practice and playing records and then going across the street to see a friend's band play, and that's what we did. But now, looking back, we all had this sound. And that's the same for what the kids are doing in Pedro and wherever they are: Minneapolis or Bellingham. I feel like I'm a part of something whenever I leave Florence.

BD: I've had people tell me that the Haints have inspired them and other bands. What do you think about that?

Jamie: Oh man. It's a sick world out there.



TOP FIVE S

RAZORCAKE STAFF

Amy Adoyzie

Top 5 Records from Greg Cartwright's Discography Echoing in My Heart at the Moment

1. Oblivians, *Rock N Roll Holiday*
2. Compulsive Gamblers, *Live and Deadly*
3. Reigning Sound, *Too Much Guitar*
4. Oblivians, *Soul Food*
5. Reigning Sound, *Live at Goner*

Aphid Peewit

1. Out With A Bang, *I'm Against It EP*
2. Mentors, *Over the Top*
3. Reatards/Tokyo Electron/Angry Angles, *Totally Shattered Euro Tour 7"*
4. Dead Stop, *Live for Nothing*
5. Bukowski: *Born In to This (DVD)*

BD Williams

- Top 5 Things I Like*
- Amy Adoyzie
 - Craig Ibarra, *The Rise and Fall* guy
 - Mars
 - Dead Boy and the Elephant Men
 - The Brothers of the Echo Park Pine Thickets Union

Ben Snakepit

1. Brutal Knights LP
2. Sainte Catherines, *Dancing for Decadence LP*
3. Drinkers Purgatory CD
4. Avail, *Dixie reissue CD*
5. Gorilla Angreb, live

Buttertooth

1. *Dope, Guns, and Fucking in the Streets* Vol. 1-3, compilation 12"
2. Tortoise, *TNT 12"*
3. Tupamaros, *Beyond the Bias 10"*
4. Nation of Ulysses, *13 Point Program to Destroy America 12"*
5. Hostile Combover, *Storklord CD*

Chris Devlin

Top 5 Way Overdue Thank-Yous

1. Thanks to Replay Dave for putting us up in his beautiful home during the Fest, and thanks to Laura for the use of the bed (p.s. sorry about the sheets).
2. Thanks to Vanessa at Fat Wreck Chords for the tickets and drinks (many times over).
3. Thanks to whomever (possibly Gabe Rock) left the Spiderman shirt on the floor of the bowling alley.
4. Thanks to Toby for reminding us that the sound of laughter, when following the question "Are you okay to drive?", is never a good sign.
5. Thanks to Todd and Sean for continuing to let me be on the team in spite of my mild to moderate retardation.

Chris Peigler

1. Signal Lost, Live in Asheville, NC 4/15/06
2. Direct Control, *You're Controlled LP*
3. The Two Funerals, *Live on WUVT CD-R*
4. Black Market Baby, *Coulda...Shoulda...Woulda CD*
5. I Live With Zombies, Self-titled CD

Comrade Bree

Top 5 Psionic Attacks Used at Recent Shows

1. Hypnotic firing of mind bullets: Bent Outta Shape at some basement show
2. Telekinetic levy break: Knife Skills/No Things at S.S. Marie Antionette
3. Discombobulating pulse cannon assault: Manplus at Chop Suey
4. Telemechanic attack: Tracy+ the Plastics at the Frye Art Museum
5. False memory implant and/or probability confounder: Drug- and alcohol-induced blackout provoked during a Trashies basement show.

Denise

Random Highlights of March and April in Random Order

- Lawrence Arms live at The Washington Pavilion on March 16

- Discovering \$0.85-Mystery-Beer at the Arrow Bar
- Learning that the difference between making a flaming drink and being a pyromaniac is whether you're on the clock
- Finding tape of *Jesse LP* by Leatherface under car seat
- *Gospel of the Flying Spaghetti Monster* by Bobby Henderson

Designated Dale

1. The Gears at Mr. T's Bowl in Highland Park
2. *The Rock and Roll B-Movie Monsters DVD*
3. The Shemps at some Jewish community center in Culver City
4. Bill Florio of the above-mentioned Shemps for his *Greedy Bastard Vol. 1*
5. People who recognize common courtesy (No, I ain't being sarcastic).

Donofthedeat

- Dan, *Thology 2xCD*
- Balzac, *Deep Blue CD*
- Madonna, *True Blue LP*
- Tragedy, live
- Jewdriver, live

Dr. Lord Kveldulfr

1. Brett Favre still not retiring.
2. The Milwaukee Brewers doing their usual April ass-kicking (the bottom drops out around mid-May).
3. The word "hogan."
4. I'm a newly minted doctor! (Still got that new doctor smell!)
5. My (future) wife deciding that she really doesn't want to grow a cock to show all those fuckers a thing or two and instead grabbing a glass of wine and being the wonderfully charming and beautiful woman that she is.

Greg Barbera

1. Chaz's Bull City Records in Durham, NC
2. Double Negative
3. Jim Harrison's novel, *True North*
4. Portable record players
5. Rediscovering the joys of Void for the umpteenth time

Jennifer Whiteford

1. Paint It Black and Career Suicide at Cafe Dekcuf in Ottawa on March 25th
2. *Alright, This Time Just the Girls* compilation album from Sympathy for the Record Industry
3. River City Tanlines, *All 7 Inches Plus Two More* album
4. Muffler Crunch debut full length on Last Drag Records
5. And I hear there's an awesome new novel available from Gorsky Press...

Jenny Moncayo

Top 5 Songs I Can't Get Off Repeat

1. Clorox Girls "Don't Take Your Life"
2. Culture Shock "Forever and Ever"
3. The Briefs "Jet Boy, Jet Girl"
4. Marked Men "Not Just Another Girl"
5. Lost Sounds "Destructo Comet"

Jessica T

My Top 5 Mp3's, In Order

1. Hank III, "Pills I Took"
2. Bloody Hollies, "Swing"
3. Black Rodeo, "The Need"
4. Love Story In Blood Red, "Perfect"
5. Some Action, "Gotta Know"

Jimmy Alvarado

- *Tsotsi* (movie)
- *The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada* (movie)
- Black Market Baby, *Coulda...Shoulda...Woulda*
- 500,000 immigrants flooding the streets of Downtown L.A., followed by tens of thousands of kids walking outta school to protest H.R. 4437. Let's hope the May 1st general strike put the final nail in the coffin.
- Despite their spin doctors' best efforts, the Bush administration continues to lose its fictional "political capital" in a hailstorm of scandals, corrupt practices, and exposed lies.

Joe Evans

- Modern Machines, "Unequipped"
- The Minutemen, "Shit from an Old Notebook"
- Dillinger Four, "Farts Are Jazz to Assholes"
- New Mexican Disaster Squad, "Wasting Matches"
- Sick Sick Birds, "Little Champ"

Josh Rignas

1. Busy Signals, *Can't Feel a Thing 7"*
2. Cococomas, *All I Give 7"*
3. Black Lips, *Let It Bloom*
4. Frederick Exley, *A Fan's Notes* (book)
5. Susan Forward, *Toxic Parents* (book)

Julia Smut

1. The Flesh Eaters live in 2006
2. Tex and the Horseheads live in 2006
3. The Sonics
4. Longer and warmer days!
5. 1966 Triumph T-100 building

Kat Jetson

1. Arctic Monkeys, *Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not* CD
2. Matt Jones from Pirates Press. He's my vinyl pressing hero.
3. *V for Vendetta* (movie)
4. April 3—baseball's opening day
5. Satan's Pilgrims, *Plymouth Rock: The Best of Satan's Pilgrims* 2xCD

Kiyoshi

Top 5 Pick Up Lines at Alternative Press Expo April 8-9, San Francisco Concourse Exhibition Center

1. "My zine is gay but I am totally hetero."
2. "Come over to my work and I'll get you free xeroxes."
3. "Your zine reminds me of a young *Cometbus*."
4. "Saddle stitch me, fold me, and trade me."
5. "You look just like the way you draw yourself in your comics."

Kurt Morris

1. Getting ready to quit my job.
2. Howard Zinn's *Declarations of Independence* (book)
3. Kurt Vonnegut's *Breakfast of Champions* (book)
4. Jawbox, Self-titled
5. Enjoying the onslaught of beautiful Spring weather.

Maddy Tight Pants

1. The Carrie Nations, *Be Still* CD
2. Arise Bookstore in Minneapolis
3. The Icarus Project
4. Hanging out on the swings at 3 AM.
5. Summer!

Megan Pants

- Measure (SA), *Historical Fiction*
- Mind Control, Self-titled
- Kidnappers, *Neon Signs*
- Sneaky Pinks, *I Can't Wait b/w Kill Kill Kill, Life Stoopid, I Stoopid: 7"*
- Django Reinhardt, some best of collection

Mike Frame

- Live Fast Die, *Bandana Thrash Record*
- Suspicions, Self-titled
- The Coup, *Steal This Album*
- Direct Control, *You're Controlled*
- Tegan and Sara, *So Jealous*

Mike Plante

Top 5 DVDs on Repeat

1. *Deadwood*
2. *Milking & Scratching*
3. *Afro Promo*
4. *Wonder Showzen*
5. *Keane*

Miss Namella J. Kim

Top Five Life Disaster Remedies/Recommendations

5. Joan Jett's *Greatest Hits* on full blast out of the Hello Kitty boombox!
4. Bauhaus opening for Nine Inch Nails: I plan on staging a mass walk out right before Trent and Co. storm the stage. Everyone, wear a sandwich board that says, "NIN is GAY."
3. Headline Records on Melrose Avenue and Jean Luc's insights into the current economy and sharing some Japanese milk candy while buying punker dude bumper stickers for my new hooty.
2. The Flesheaters/Geisha Girls at The Echo
1. Studs Terkel's, *The Good War* (book)

Mor Fleisher

Top 5 Songs About Girls

1. The Screemers, "The Girl in the Car with the Glasses and the Gun"
2. The Alarm Clocks, "Yeah"
3. Bo Diddley, "Dearest Darling"
4. Billy Childish and The Blackhands, "I Love My Woman"
5. Larry Williams, "Short Fat Fannie"

MP Johnson

- Meat Weasels: The bizarre worm/leech things that live at the bottom of the chasm in Peter Jackson's *King Kong*.
- *Plaga Zombie: Mutant Zone* (movie)
- Billy Joe Shaver
- Zeke, *Super Sound Racing*
- *Ultraviolet*, Does this movie make any sense to anyone?

Mr. Z

Favorite Contributors of Last Issue

1. Kiyoshi Nakazawa (cute comic)
2. Sean Carswell (fucking up column)
3. Amy Adoyzie (Crack dealer column)
4. Designated Dale (Chappelle column)
5. Keith Rosson (so many zine reviews)

Nardwuar the Human Serviette

1. Leather Uppers, *Bright Lights* LP
2. Various Artists, *Winnipeg Riot* CD
3. Knights of the New Crusade, *A Challenge to the Cowards of Christendom* CD
4. Venom, *Metal Black* CD
5. The Spinoffs, *Street Rock Stars* CD

Newtim

Recent Finds on Myspace...

- Horror Vacuum, "Storyteller" (Sweden)
- Shorty Cat, "Riot Girl" (Korea)
- Beyond Pink, "Walking Bajamaja" (Sweden)
- BB Bomb, "Memories" (Taiwan)
- Besta-Fera, "AquelesOut" (Brazil)

Norb

1. Returnables, Self-titled CD
2. Mind Controls, Self-titled CD
3. La Peste, *Better Off La Peste* CD
4. Wau y Los Arrrghs!!!, *Canton en Espanol* CD
5. *Dawning of a New Era: The Roots of Skinhead Reggae* 2xLP

Rhythm Chicken

- Klaus Mittfoch, Self-titled
- Republika, *Best of...*
- Cool Kids of Death, entire discography
- *What Is to Be Done?* by Nikolai G. Chernyshevsky (book)
- Palinca (Romanian homemade plum moonshine!)

Ryan Leach

- Gene Clark, *Gene Clark with the Gosdin Brothers*
- The Byrds, *Turn! Turn! Turn!*
- Thomas Pynchon, *V* (book)
- The upcoming debut of Fortune's Flesh
- The Velvet Underground, *Live in 1969*

Sean Carswell

Top Five Records to Spin on My New Portable Record Player

1. Marked Men, *Nothing's Changed b/w She Won't Know 7"*
2. Dan Padilla/Chinese Telephones, *Split 7"*
3. Toys That Kill, *Don't Take My Clone b/w Breaking Out 7"*
4. Marked Men/Sultans/Heartaches, *Tour 7"*
5. Wendy Kroys, *Songs about Lust, Revenge, & UFOs* LP

Sean Koepenick

Top 5 Reissues I Am Digging

- Generation X, *Live*
- The Who, *My Generation Deluxe Edition*.
- TSOL, *Who's Screwin' Who*.
- The Slickee Boys, *Fashionably Late/Live at Last*
- Revolting Cocks, *Beers, Steers and Queers*.

Stevo

1. Waylon Jennings, *Greatest Hits/Live/Phase One*
2. Hank III, *Straight to Hell*
3. *Robot Chicken* Season 1 DVD
4. *Lost*. So many new episodes!
5. Tiltwheel covering "Skyway"

Tim Jamison

Top Five: Beasts of Bourbon

- "Love and Death"
- "Hard for You"
- "The Hate Inside"
- "Hope You Find Your Way to Heaven"
- Seeing the mighty Beasts of Bourbon in Koln, DE

Todd Taylor

- Grabass Charlestons, *When the Funk Hits the Fan 7"*
- Gorilla Angreb, *Beder Tider*, 12" EP
- Tranzmitors, *Bigger Houses, Broken Homes b/w Glamour Girls*, 7"
- Bent Outta Shape/Snuggle, *Split 7"*
- Fifth Hour Hero, *Not Revenge... Just a Vicious Crush* LP

Ty Stranglehold

1. Riverboat Gamblers, *To the Confusion of Our Enemies*
2. The Shivs, *They're Here*
3. The Hanson Brothers/Married To Music, live
4. L.I.D., *Hasn't Gotten Weird Enough for Me*
5. Smogtown (anything and everything about them)



Hey! Person putting
your reviewable in the
mail: full album art is
required for review.
Pre releases go into
the trash.

26: *The Messiah*: CD

Wow. What a terrible record. Kind of like the Grateful Dead gone a bit metal with really awful, whiny-droning-nasal two-part vocal harmonies. Drove me batty. The music itself is okay at times, but it is too repetitive, and those vocals, THOSE VOCALS!!! ARRRGH! Oh, and regarding 26's seeming hippy-dippy mentality, the record is replete with lyrics about our animal friends and worn-out clichéd tunes about the social injustice of the massacre at Wounded Knee. Don't buy this record unless you're into sado-masochism with hemp instead of leather. —The Lord Kveldulfr (Crustacean)

A GLOBAL THREAT:

Where the Sun Never Sets: CD

I've listened to this several times and keep coming up with conflicting results. On the one hand, it put a smile on my face because it reminds me of all the great hardcore bands over the years and does an excellent job of taking the listener from say Point A (Cro Mags) to Point B (Avail). So it's obvious that the band's inspiration is coming from all the right places for me to enjoy it. On the other hand, no matter how many times I've listened to it, it always comes across stale and soul-less. Something is missing and I'm not quite sure I can pinpoint it. —Greg Barbera (BYO)

ABUSE, THE:

Digging Your Own Grave: CD

Okay, I'll try to refrain from commenting on the Colorforms, stereotypical punk/skin fashion sense evident here in order to address something I think is of more import: Why would a bunch of kids who look like they were born nowhere near 1977 wanna be the "next generation (of 77)"? My understanding of "punk" has always been to be yourself, to challenge the status quo and what has come before, so it seems to me that looking like punk stereotypes and sounding like so many other bands and singing about the same old tired, vague shit ("Lawless Streets," "Violent Youth," getting drunk, blah blah blah) that was pretty much run into the ground two decades ago is a far cry from a "punk and skin evolution." Seems to me that acting like



BLAST FROM THE PAST: A New Review of an Old Favorite

SPONTANEOUS DISGUST:

C4 Suppository—

A Love Sonnet in Plastique: Cassette

To be honest, I have no recollection of where I first heard of Spontaneous Disgust. My guess would be in some dingy downtown bar, knee deep in spent Sierra Nevada and Newcastle bottles and arguing the viability of punk rock as a direct challenge to the status quo with Yogi, Mike Guerrero, and some punter who thought the newest incarnation of the Misfits was relevant. Ultimately, I guess the particulars don't really matter and are probably wholly fabricated by my somewhat addled mind. What is relevant is that one morning I woke up nursing a hangover and in dire need of a bowl of menudo to kill said hangover in its tracks and found this battered cassette with "Spontaneous Disgust" (sic) written on one side, wrapped in a strip of heavy sandpaper adorned with marked happy faces and mutilated stick figures and held together by a frayed blue rubber band. Although I had no recollection whatsoever as to where the tape came from, I assumed it probably came from a friend, as I found it stuffed unceremoniously into the inside pocket of my flight jacket. I plunked it into my tape player, pressed play, and sat for my first helping of the world's only known crudo cure-all, and nearly had my head blown off by my shoulders when the music started. What was coming out of my stereo was not so much "music" as a complete assault on everything humankind holds sacred—a mélange of misery, frustration, and righteous anger wrapped around monster hooks and BIG beats. While it certainly contained all the requisites, it wasn't

easily classifiable as "punk" in the strictest sense—I mean how the hell can a band use a French horn in that way and still be called "punk"?—and any attempts to pigeonhole it in any of punk's multiple sub-genres proved even more difficult. No, these guys were dealing in a whole new categorization and they were doing their damndest to ensure they remained the ONLY residing in that neighborhood. The songs—"When I Think of You, I Know Why Mantises Kill Their Mates," "Praise the Lord and Pass the Amniocentesis," "Donner Dinner Party" and "The Mustard Gas Shuffle," respectively—worked on a level I'd never heard a band, punk or otherwise, work on before, freely profaning every sense of decency imaginable without resorting to cheap chock tactics, all in the name of making a pointed statement about the hypocrisy of American culture and its glorification of violence as art. Needless to say, I was hooked. The tape lasted a grand total of seven listens before it inexplicably disintegrated, depositing a fine brown powder in my car stereo that I'm still scraping out these many years later. Years afterward, I learned that the tape's short lifespan was intentional—part of the band's desire to make their fans really WORK to hear them—and that it was only one of twenty-four that ever actually existed, but those seven listens were enough to hook me but good and ensure that I would remain a lifelong fan. Some thirty-eight releases later (eleven of which I've actually heard), they remain one of my favorite bands and *C4 Suppository*—*A Love Sonnet in Plastique* remains one of the greatest punk-oriented releases I've ever heard. Wanna copy? Good fucking luck finding one that works, kid. —Jimmy Alvarado (address lost in the mists of time)

punk's equivalent of the Republican Party (safe, longing for the "good ol' days," unwilling to accept change, and wholly obsolete) is more of a regression. Fuck the past, kids, 'cause it's deadlier than Rosie O'Donnell's career. Instead of being the "new generation of 77," you should be more concerned with being the new generation of 2007. Go out and find your own "punk" noise instead of trying to emulate long-dead media stereotypes. While you're at it, please pick out specific targets for your ire. Even something as lame as a simplistic "Bush sucks" or "the Democrats are pansies" is a damn sight more "punk" than hollow faux-militancy that doesn't take a stand on anything. —Jimmy Alvarado (Charged)

ACTS OF SEDITION/

BAFABEGIYA: Split 12"

When you get this 12", be warned: due to an error at the pressing plant, the record labels were placed on the wrong sides of the record. So take note of whether you're listening to Oakland-based Acts Of Sedition or Reno-based Bafabegiya. Acts Of Sedition sounds like warehouse DIY, dark and heavy punk in the vein of Logical Nonense, with the rockin' guitars and occasional crazy speed of Zeke. Bafabegiya reminds me of hardcore punk from Belgium or Holland, where they infuse political sing-along punk with growling vocals atop metal guitars and song structures. Pretty solid release. —Mr. Z (Spacement)

ALCOHOLIC WHITE TRASH:

Punk Rock Jihad: CD

They might not all be white or trash, but they sure have the alcoholic thing down pat. This is AW's second full length CD, and it was well worth the wait. Searing hardcore punk, with a hint of metal overtones and heavy on the scum humor, these boys fit right in with their Victoria luminaries Dayglo Abortions and Lummox. Musically, this is the best they've ever sounded. Period. The thing that really stood out to me was the vocals. Ratboy Roy has got a voice apart from drunken rambling! Who knew? In the end, I can do without the really over-the-top lyrics (is "I Shit My Cunt" really necessary?), but other than that it truly is a great record. —Ty Stranglehold (Crusty)

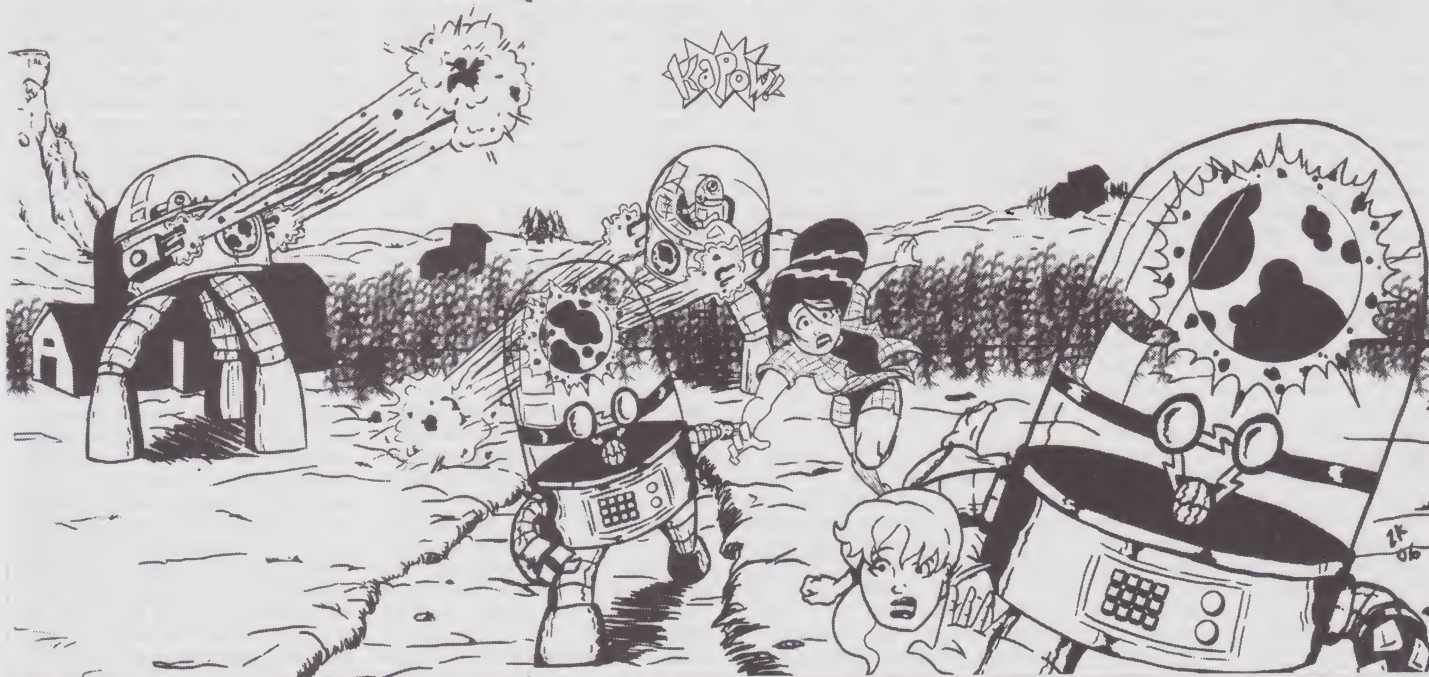
ALICIA SMITH: *For Lovers, Dreamers and Me*: CD

Although the press material says Smith "evokes influences" including Patti Labelle, Barbara Streisand, and Billie Holiday, she sounds nothing like these singing legends. What she does share with them, however, is an

thee make out party 'wreckless epic' 7"
 almighty do me a favor 'wont be none' 7"
 alleged gunmen 'return to zero' lp/cd
 killer dreamer lp/cd

upcoming: the red onions, almighty do me a favor, lipstick pickups

www.kapowrecords.com distro: redeyeusa.com



OUT NOW ON PUNK CORE

the Warning

ALL SYSTEMS DEAD

THE WARNING "ALL SYSTEMS DEAD" CD
 Debut album from Detroit's THE WARNING! Twelve tracks of relentless hardcore punk for fans of Discharge, One Way System, GBH and the Virus! Catch THE WARNING on tour this Summer with label mates ACTION and DAMAGE CASE. See punkcore.com for dates.

Punkcore Records
 P.O. Box 916
 Middlebury, VT 05753

CHEAP SEX

Written In Blood

CHEAP SEX "WRITTEN IN BLOOD" CD/LP
 The third assault from San Diego's CHEAP SEX. Featuring original VIRUS singer Mike Virus at the helm, CHEAP SEX return with their most original and uncompromising album to date! On tour this Summer with label mates THE SCARRED. See punkcore.com for dates.

These titles plus thousands more punk and hardcore CDs, records shirts, DVDs, and clothing available now at: www.punkutopia.com

www.punkcore.com [PUNKUTOPA.COM](http://www.punkutopia.com)

ability to transcend (or in her case wholly bypass) current popular trends in music and stake out a little place all her own. Marrying strong vocals to a concoction of jazz, psych-tinged pop and nouveau soul, Smith demonstrates some range and a desire to experiment outside the box. She eschews the heavy reliance on scales, 808-beats and self-demeaning lyrics so frequently found in modern soul/hip hop in favor of a more organic approach with what sounds like real, honest-to-goodness instruments. Dunno if it'll garner massive radio airplay, but it should, and when it works, like on "Love Endeavor," and the velvety "Secrets," some mighty good listening is afoot. My requisite gripe? Where's the cover of the *Muppets* "Rainbow Connection," which features this album's title in its lyrics? —Jimmy Alvarado (Heroes)

ALLIACEOUS: Self-titled: 12"

This is the first time I'm hearing of this band, but what I'm hearing I like and like a lot. The energy and rough edges of the *Crime as Forgiven By... Against Me!* EP with lyric writing quality and successful country twang flavors of The Tim Version. The emotions I feel when I listen to this album are what I feel when I listen to anything put out by Bent Outta Shape. In fact, a house party with Alliacious, Bent Outta Shape, and The Tim Version would be a dream come true now that I think about it. This LP is highly recommended for times of non-stop thinking and/or drinking. —Mr. Z (Bitter Like the Bean)

ANNA OXYGEN:

This Is an Exercise: CD

I've seen Anna Oxygen play live. And I liked her. Even though I usually actively *dislike* music that uses computers instead of instruments. The thing about Anna Oxygen is that she has an incredible singing voice. It supercedes the electronic music that she surrounds it with. That said, I find this album very hard to get into. The title track is fairly catchy and aptly named since it makes me feel like I should be in an aerobics class, but the hooks and melodies of most of the songs are obscured by all the electronic affects that Ms. Oxygen has decided to play with. And holy crap, there is one track called "Mechanical Fish" which scares the shit out of me every time it comes on. An unexpected man-voice pouring out of my speakers? Yikes. I think I will take this album down the street and give it to my neighbor, Jessica, who likes to jog and work out and dance in bars full of cute girls. If you like to do those things too, then perhaps this is the perfect album for you. —Jennifer Whiteford (Kill Rock Stars)

ANTICS, THE:

Here We Go Again... CD

Allow me, if you will, to call this by the cover. Three tattooed guys drinking lots of beer with porno mags and a blow-up doll. I'm thinking *Nobodys*. Well, I was close. Plenty of childish yet funny lyrics here, but I wasn't expecting the oi Slant. Seriously, it sounds like a bunch of *Nobodys'* songs covered by The Templars... And it

works! It almost seems like they want to do some serious songs with titles like "Bring Back the Youth" and "Social Disease" but just couldn't help but go with "Handjob Horrors" and "Blister-Bater." Well played, catchy, and brought a smile to my face. —Ty Stranglehold (Wounded Paw)

ANTI-FLAG: *For Blood and Empire: picture disc LP*

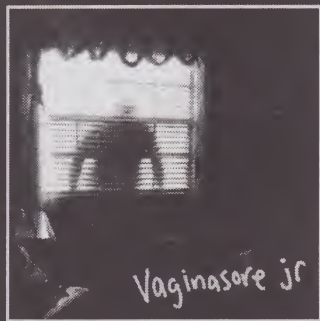
I know: major label sell-outs, boo hoo, and all that jazz. But based on their track record and the fact that the LP came out on their own label, I'm gonna review it anyway. First of all, this twelve inch rules big time. Their sound and politics have not been compromised or diluted. Even the late great John Candy's son shows up to add some horns to the mix, and it works out beautifully. I hope this band can keep a firm grip on their ideals as well as continue to grow and mature from this point on. That would be a great thing to see. The songs "One Trillion Dollars"—that sounds like it could have started out as a Justin Sane acoustic solo song—"Hymn for the Dead," and "Cities Burn" are the highlights with the best set of lyrics being: "One trillion dollars could buy a lot of bling... One trillion dollars buying all the nations of the world, one trillion dollars could make the fat lady sing, one trillion dollars what a bullshit useless thing!" Now, do I agree with their move to RCA? Does my opinion or your opinion even matter? No, not really. But one thing is for sure: in terms of mainstream get-you-to-think music, this LP beats the shit out of

anything lyrically or musically ever put out by vague alternative rockers Rage Against The Machine. So raspberry from me to you! And if you're really that much of an anti-capitalist, whiny punk you should refrain from buying the CD (because you were going to take the CD and upload the album to your ipod) and be a real punk rocker and buy it from a truly independent label on fine picture disc vinyl for your record player—hell the twelve inch even has one extra song than the CD. That said, this album has me wanting three things from the future. A) Anti-Flag to continue to do what they do best: whatever the hell they want. B) A-F to get tons of money for their non-profit goals as well as to grace the public with what we've been patiently waiting for: A NEW INTRO5PECT CD! and C) I hope and pray Against Me!'s major label debut next year will be a pleasant surprise by impressing me the same way this release has. —Mr. Z (A-F)

ANTSY PANTS: Self-titled: CD

I don't really know the story here. It seems like there's an adult and a bunch of French kids playing songs on guitar and ukulele. I'm not the biggest fan of kids—they can't reach high things, they're hardly ever interested in records, they want to eat my candy and not share theirs—but, still there's something endearing here. It kind of makes me feel like somehow I got to sit on that one special class where the kids are smart, well-behaved, and interested in learning. Very far from

VAGINASORE JR



(members of The Tim Version, Clairmole, and Watson) CD \$8.00

Vaginasore Jr

(seven songs on clear vinyl limited press) 7" \$4.00

Tricycle Farm "Everything's On Sale" CD \$9.00

Rcade Inferno "This Gent's A Soundrel" CD \$9.00

"To Live And Die In Tampa Bay"

20 unreleased tracks by 10 different Bay area bands including The Tim Version, The Dukers of Hillsborough, Flat Stanley, Vagina Sore Jr, The Rogue Set, Rcade Inferno, Clairmole, and more... CD \$7.00

The Tim Version "Prohibition Starts Tomorrow" CD \$9.00

COMING SOON:

Sick Sick Birds / Vena Cava split 7"

Dukes Of Hillsborough "Telling Time By Our Vices" CD
Dan Padilla "I Have A Problem" CD



all items ppd, more titles available online at:
addzine.com/records or myspace.com/addrecords

A.D.D. RECORDS

P.O. 8240 TAMPA FL. 33674

graythumbstudios
.com



ILLUSTRATION

NEW T-SHIRTS AVAILABLE



NEW ALBUM COMING SOON!

RIOT99.NET
MYSPACE.COM/RIOT99

P.O. BOX 462
31 ADELAIDE ST. E.
TORONTO ON. CANADA
M5C 2J5

what I'd usually go for, but it's found a way into the rotation. —Megan (Plan-it-x)

ARRIGT ANTRAEK: Self-titled: 7"

By looking at the pictures, they're a young punk band out of Denmark that sounds like they came from the same school of punk that Amdi Petersens Arme and No Hope For The Kids came from. Not as fast as the latter bands, but they have a definite snotty attitude that kind of sets this band apart. But they also have an early Swedish sound that reminded me a little of Asta Kask. I like the fact that they sing in their native language. What they are singing about, I don't know. I liked the rawness of the songs and the simplicity. If they can keep it together, they will be a band we will be hearing about more on these shores. —Donofthedeat (Hjernesvind)

BENLAVIN: Come on People: CD

There's a chance that, had this come out in the '80s, they would've had a hit. Not that it's that good, just that people's tastes sucked back then. —Megan (no label, no address)

BENT OUTTA SHAPE / SNUGGLE: Split: 7"

Bent Outta Shape have figured out that elusive lost gear that most bands don't know exists. It's *pacing* and it works for fucking, square dancing, skeet shooting, and punk rock (among other things). They know how to stagger, swagger, and rock while not neutering, compromising, or scrunching. A song'll be all atmospheric, hangovercity, then, whap, duct tape celebration,

Sparks held high, morals to the ground. I've said it many times: Bent Outta Shape take the best of the Replacements and make new, great songs twenty years later. Righteous three songs. Snuggle: It's fun to blame Lookout! because they didn't pay royalties to their golden calves and now they're bankrupt (at least artistically, if not financially). Lookout! personified, deified, and fostered the East Bay pop punk scene, then wiped their hands clean of the whole affair for ironic hipster shitpop. Here's the second coming. Snuggle: what nostalgia feels like when you don't have any happy memories, but lots of hard lessons learned. I say this with admiration. They'd fit right on the bill between Op Ivy and Green Day when they were both awkward, gawky, and wondering where their next meal was coming from. Funsounding, yearning-yet-critical, ungulity pop punk. —Todd (1234 Go!)

BEOWULF: The Re-Releases: CD

This is what I know. The Venice, CA based band was part of the Suicidal Tendencies circle which included the Neighborhood Watch, No Mercy, Rim Pests, Excel, and others. They even had a sub-gang of friends under that circle. Growing up in the area and into punk, I knew many who were affiliated with ST guys and even went to school with some of them. At one point, I was asked to play in one of the brother bands. I turned them down when the person I was supposed to replace got stabbed for claiming the band name. That was a little too much for me. The band first released two tracks on the

Welcome to Venice comp that was put out by Suicidal Records. Soon after, they released their self-titled LP. I believe it was around '85-'86. I remember my brother giving that LP a favorable review in *Flipside* magazine and getting a ton of hate mail for it. I personally didn't think much of it at the time when I first heard it. I do remember that it sounded like Motörhead to me. They released their second LP, *Lost My Head...* in '88 on Caroline. Maybe listened to the whole album a couple of times, but my favorite was the Smokey Robinson cover of "Cruisin'." I loved that it was metal and it kind of got thrashy at the end. The first two LPs are compiled here. I believe this is a legit reissue. But I swear that I heard some record pops here and there on the tracks from the first LP. I guess the masters are gone. The music is what I remember, very Motörhead-ish. But what I might have been bugged by back then does not bug me now. The lyrics are very macho and misogynist in nature. That kind of stuff is what I was trying to get away from when I got into punk. So the lyrics, listening to them now, just rub me the wrong way. That's a shame because the music they created was pretty kick-ass. —Donofthedeat (I Scream)

BLACK MARKET BABY:

Coulda...Shoulda...Woulda: CD

Though it may seem to the contrary, Washington D.C. had many bands that weren't part of the whole hardcore/Revolution Summer thang, which enjoys the lion's share of popularity. One of the best non-Dischord

bands was Black Market Baby, who musically stood at another end of the punk rock spectrum from their younger contemporaries, opting to crank out solid, hook-filled stompers instead of thrashing in atonal abandon, and they continued pretty much along the same path for the bulk of their existence. Collected on this CD are twenty-six career-spanning examples of some of the finest punk rock you're ever gonna hear, from the rockin' "Back Seat Sally" to the jaw-dropping-good "Potential Suicide," with not a crappy tune in sight. If the extent of your D.C. punk experience is limited to Minor Threat, Bad Brains, and Fugazi, then pick this up and consider yourself that much cooler. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.drstrange.com)

BLANK ITS: Happy Accidents: CD

Vocals-in-a-can and heavy on the guitar. Nothing bad, but I kept forgetting I was listening to anything. —Megan (Empty)

BLIGHT: Detroit: The Dream Is Dead: CD

A reissue by this Tesco Vee-led, post-Fix band's sole 7" EP (plus outtakes, a four-track demo, and a live set), short on the hardcore thrashin' that made all involved (in)famous and long on arty dirge-core. While I've always had a soft spot for Blight's skronk (hell, I'm a sucker for almost any of Tesco's projects that don't involve piss poor heavy metal noodling), I'm completely at a loss as to why Touch and Go thought to release this and not a proper collection of the Fix's recorded output. That band's status and influence on

*Cash For Chaos • Electric Chair • Greene Records • Headline Records •

Cool Cat Records • Dr. Strange • Bootgirl •



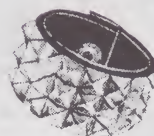
Built to Last!
Made in USA

BUY IT ONLINE!

WWW.APELEATHER.COM

Wholesale Inquires 323.232.6568

APE



LEATHER AND VEGAN WRISTBANDS AND BELTS SINCE 1979

Radiation Records • Re:Style • The Black • Valentino's • Interpunk.com •

Pinky Star • DP-77.com • Flash 'n' Trash •

Midwestern hardcore would lead one to believe they'd be first in line for a retrospective like those T&G have done for Die Kreuzen, Negative Approach, the Meatmen and now Blight, especially considering the fact that their output hasn't been in print for many a moon. Go figure. —Jimmy Alvarado (Touch and Go)

BLITZ: Hits: CD

Dunno if most of what's on here could be considered "hits" in the "units shifted" sense of the term, especially when we're talking about embarrassing covers of "Suffragette City," but any excuse to blast some crucial tunes from one of England's greatest punk bands is a welcome one, and crucial tunes are in abundance here. The bulk of the tracks come from their first few singles and the *Voice of a Generation* album, so this is a great starting point if you're unfamiliar with 'em. Now excuse me while I go back to singing along to "4Q." —Jimmy Alvarado (SOS)

BODIES LAY BROKEN: Discursive Decomposing Disquisitions of Moldered Malapropisms and Sedulous Solecisms 2000-2002: CD

I was shocked into silence by this. I mean, I knew full well that I was going to hate it, but DAMN! Seriously guys, twenty-three of twenty-seven songs are Latin names for diseases of one sort or another (but I'm glad you threw "Chudbot" in there for good measure!). The music? Well let's just say that it's grindcore of the most nonsensical degree. The vocals sound like a combination of the spit suction at the dentist

and trying to hock up that elusive loogie that has been irritating your throat for the last half an hour. Granted, I might not be the right person to review this, but I am the right one to point out that if these guys had put as much effort into the English on the disc as the Latin, the spine might not have read "Bodies Lay Borken." Painful. —Ty Stranglehold (One Percent)

BODIES LAY BROKEN: Eximious

Execration of Exiguous Exequies: CD
Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. I love this: twenty-seven short blasts of Carcass-worshipping goregrind. With song titles like "Embrocate Indiscutient Hirudinea Poulitice" and "Acedic Intransigent Bougienale Hordeolum," I'm sure you can imagine what this sounds like. I wonder, when this band plays live, how do they write their set lists? It obviously takes longer to write out and correctly spell the song titles than it does to play (and probably even write) the songs, but it's all a part of the charm of this. Not something I'd actually ever listen to, but it's great to pull out one night while drinking with friends to play for a few minutes and laugh at the song titles. —Ben Snakepit (Deathvomit)

BRACKET: Requiem: CD

I have to confess that this record is one of the most novel concepts that I've seen in a while. No real titles to the songs here; instead we have "Warren's Song Pt. 16, Pt. 19, 14, 24, 11, 23, 17, 26, 18, 12, 21, 20, 10, 25, 15, 22, and 13." As a result, there is a distinct lack of independence to these songs; on a

normal record with songs individually titled, each tune maintains a level of musical autonomy within the overall package, like a short story as part of an anthology. By giving every song the same title, just variations in numbering, I was forced to listen to this as a whole rather than individual tunes specifically ordered on a record. And it worked. What we have here is a seventeen-movement rock'n'roll symphony. Musically, this is some pretty rockin' pop punk along the lines of bands that show up on Honest Don's; poppy and inventive, this opus never got dull. —The Lord Kveldulfr (Takeover)

BUZZCOCKS: Flat-Pack Philosophy: CD

Dear Santa Claus: Look here, you sneaky old man, I dunno what you're trying to pull here. We both know that whole naughty/nice list thing hasn't worked since I was, what, four? I've been tilting toward "naughty" for far too long to be easily swayed by most any tactic, but blindsiding me IN MARCH with a record by one of my favorite bands of all time that can be remotely considered "good" is low, even for you, round-boy. I'd all but given up hope for mankind when I put this on and WHAM, "Wish I Never Loved You" gave me a giddy, inspired feeling I haven't felt in ages from a Buzzcocks record. Thirteen more songs and eighty-seven repeated listens in a two-day period later, I'm singing along again with Pete and Steve like in days of yore, happy as a clam and feeling like the universe has once again righted itself. Worse, I went back and listened to the previous release and decided

THAT one was better than previously assessed. But, BUT I'm no dummy, Kringle. I've sussed your little maneuver—you think by giving me my most cherished Christmas present nine months early, I'm gonna straighten up and fly right now and this Christmas I won't dress up your reindeer like mariachis again. You are a wicked bird, Santa Claus. Pull this stunt again and I just might hafta admit the error of my ways, and lord knows we can't have that. —Jimmy Alvarado (Cooking Vinyl)

CAPTAIN CHAOS: Self-titled: CD

All the songs on this CD are true stories and the liner notes tell us: "none of them are about God." All right! I'm all for the secular folk-punk. The greatest thing about this CD, which is the solo project of a nice young man named Chris who usually plays in Operation Cliff Clavin, is that it is not meant to be taken seriously. And that makes it almost lethally charming. This guy wrote a whole bunch of super sweet, catchy, funny songs for a girl he likes and then got his friend, also named Chris, to put them out on a record label where one hundred percent of the profits go to a cause of the band's choice (in this case Midwest Pages to Prisoners). Oh yeah, and the record label is in existence because Chris's dad died and left him money and he wanted to do something to make his dad proud. So, basically, if you don't like this album, you must be pure evil and probably eat tiny puppies on toast for breakfast. —Jennifer Whiteford (The Scientist and the Duke)

AUSTRALIAN CATTLE GOD RECORDS

and Benten Tokyo

Summer Sale!

All releases \$10ppd
get a free compilation
and more with
every order.

Bleach03- "S/T"

Okinawa monstresses of ROCK!!

Gorch Fock- "S/T" or "Lying and Manipulating"

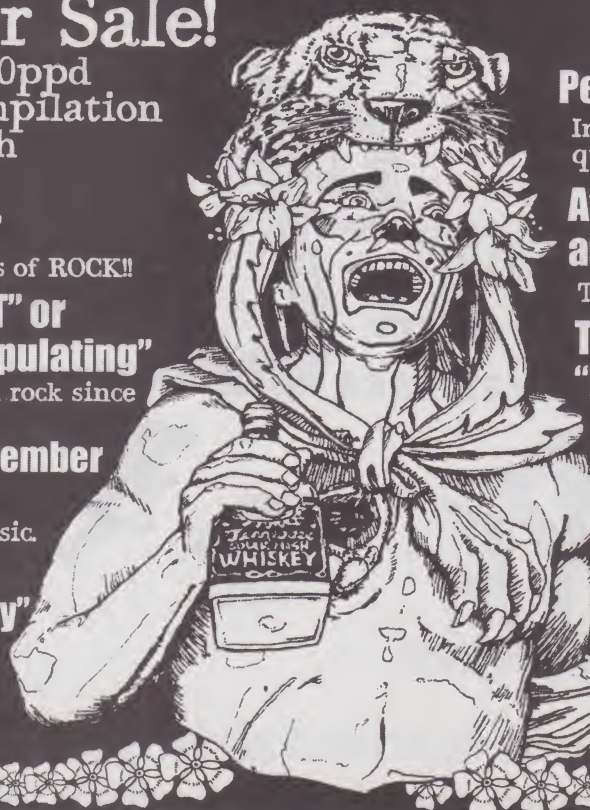
The best Texas freak rock since
the Butthole Surfers.

Tia Carrera- "November Sessions"

Droner soul. Sex music.

TsuShiMaMiRe- "Pregnant Fantasy"

Cute, pop, and hard.



Petty Booka- "Dancing with..."

Infectious legendary Japanese ukelele
queens, smiling.

Attack Formation- "Somebody as Anybody"

Takemusic. Breakmusic.
The insect revolution will not be televised.

The Redneck Manifesto- "I am Brazil"

Dublin's instrumental superheroes.

Red Bacteria Vacuum- "Rollercoaster"

Fucking total Osaka thrashpunk.

write to us or visit our website:
Australian Cattle God Records
1306 East 6th Street
Austin, Texas 78702

australiancattlegod.com

CHAMBERMAIDS, THE: Self-titled: CD
I think they just invented a new crossover genre: alternative adult-contemporary. Hoo-fucking-ray. —Megan (Modern Radio)

CHAOTIC ALLIANCE:

A New Breed of Terror: CD
When they get all their ducks in a row, these guys sometimes sound like old L.A. anarcho-punks iconoclast without the nuclear war fixation, but most times they sound like a nondescript backyard hardcore band. A little more creativity in trying to differentiate themselves from the rest of the pack and a little less reliance on metal trappings and they might be a band to reckon with. —Jimmy Alvarado (Charged)

CHRONIC SEIZURE: Brainsick: T"

Are they copping outtakes from *Marked for Life*-era Cut The Shit? Did they cull their chops from the same school as Blood Spit Nights or Dog Soldier? Do they ever listen to DRI's *Violent Pacification* 7"? I don't know. It sounds like they've tried to harness little bits and pieces from all those bands (or possibly from other second-tier bands who are trying to sound like those bands) and didn't quite pull it off. With a craaaazy drawing of a skull on the cover and titles like "No Escape" and "Violent Opposition," you know what bed you're gonna be sleeping in here: fast and frantic thrashola to be sure, appropriately pissed. But it's somehow missing that little bit of juice that would've guaranteed my attention or repeated listens. —Keith Rosson (Fashionable Idiots)

CHURCH OF THE SATURDAY SAINTS: Longboarder: T"

This shit sounds like Gainesville by way of California. It's wonderful, gritty, and down to earth punk rock. I loved this EP from start to finish and apparently it was all recorded in one take. Bravo. One thing though: I really don't get the name of the EP and I really think they deserve a much better band name. If I would have seen this in the record store, I would not have bought it, passed it up, in fact, because of a name like that. Sounds like the name of a horrible copycat Swedish death metal or super annoying Screeching Weasel rip-off band. —Mr. Z (Vinehell)

CHURCH, THE:

Uninvited, Like the Clouds: CD

There's a pretty standard plot that some TV drama series follow. And one storyline where the female lead, confused and scared (usually following a breakup) finds herself alone, wet from the rain, and finds solace in a coffee shop or bar. On the stage, a dimly lit band plays melancholy music and she connects with the dark, but sensitive singer (who she'll usually leave to go back to the dude she was with before). This would be the band on stage. —Megan (www.thechurchband.com)

CLIT 45: 2, 4, 6, 8... We're the Kids You Love to Hate: CD

Musically this ain't so bad—kinda derivative but well executed post-U.K. hardcore fodder—but lyrically there's zippo to write home about, with hollow rebellion against an undefined enemy being the order of the day. Ultimately,

there's precious little here to differentiate them from thousands of other parrot punk bands screaming about not surrendering, fighting back and getting drunk, safe as any heavy metal band and about as original and creative. Considering the label, I was kinda hoping for something as inspiring, or at the very least as literate, as a Youth Brigade album. Sad to say that isn't the case. —Jimmy Alvarado (BYO)

CLOCKCLEANER: Nevermind: CD

Noise rock in the fine tradition of bands like Jesus Lizard and the Cows, with a moment or two of straight-ahead punk rockin', such as on "NSA." Not bad. —Jimmy Alvarado (Reptilian)

COMPULSIONS:

Laughter from Below: CD

Unsigned, the Compulsions put out like Mick Jagger on this sincere Stones-inspired six-song EP of roadhouse style rock. A rotating line up of musicians from the Patti Smith Group, Howlin' Wolf Band, the Pissers, and more, belt out honest rock'n'roots, southern rock and down-home blues on both the up tempo and the melancholy tunes. Toss in a little New York Dolls, Joan Jett, and even some '70s-style reggae for good measure. The dearth of available information leads me to believe that I may eat my words later, but for now, this is very comfortable and homey. —Jessica T (thecompulsionsnyc.com)

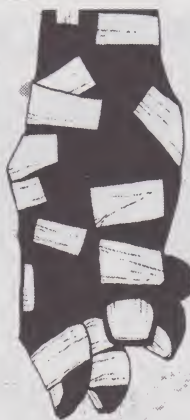
COOTERS, THE: Chaos or Bust: CD

You know how when you're riding a Greyhound, especially if it's a really

long trip, your standards will lower because you're so bored, and you'll talk to pretty much anyone who looks even slightly punk? Like, some dude with a brohawk and a pudding ring gets on the bus, and maybe he has a crimson ghost patch on his jacket or something, so you let him sit next to you in hopes that maybe he'll offer some interesting conversation, but he actually just talks your ear off about his job as a cable installer, and how if he can just come up with a down payment he can get his own bucket truck and start getting hired on as an independent contractor and not have to deal with his dickhead regional manger anymore; and on every other weekend when his kid doesn't come to visit, he and his two cousins have a punk rock band, they do a few covers like "Ace of Spades" and a couple Misfits tunes and a Discharge song, but they write their own songs too, they write about how the government's fucked up and how working sucks and how relationships suck, but they got a couple fun songs too, like—get this—they have a song about Waffle House! Man, that's crazy, who writes a song about Waffle House? Dude, those guys are nuts. Well anyway, this CD sounds like that guy's band. —Ben Snakepit (Profane Existence)

COP ON FIRE/ SPLIT OF WAR: Split: LP

I love gatefold covers. They make a record feel more important in your hand. Like it was made that way to better protect what is inside. Also, there is more area for artwork and such: more to look at while you are taking a listen.



AGAINST ME! AMANDA WOODWARD CODE OF ETHICS
FIYA GLASS & ASHES GRAVE SKATEBOARDS
HEARTATTACK MAXIMUMROCKNROLL RAZORCAKE
RUIN YOU! SCIENCE OF YABRA SLOW BURN
STRUNG UP SUBMISSION HOLD WE ARE THE LABEL

KEITH ROSSON

art & design

DIY prices for DIY projects.

keithrosson.com

CAN OF WORMS
records

PORCH MOB

- Can of Worms
Debut 10 song
CD from ex-
members of
Affront, VPR,
and The Goons!
5 studio tracks,
5 great quality
live tracks from
The DC band
that doesn't
give a shit
about trends!



For fans of old Bad Brains, RKL, The Goons, VPR. \$10 post-paid well-hidden cash only (for now) by mail OR from www.porchmob.com/merch.asp via Paypal.

Also available at www.interpunk.com,
Item # 631014

Can of Worms Records
1307 S. Highland St.
Arlington, VA 22204

www.myspace.com/canofwormsrecords
check web site for new address after May '06, we might be moving!

LITTLE type
MAIL ORDER
THEE POOP:

New: Saw Wheel, New Bruises, Giant Haystacks, Pink Black, new issue Absolutely Zippo, new Cometbus novel, new You Idiot issue (#4), and new and old stuff added often...
Old Standbys: Abi Yoyos * Allergic To Bullshit * Altaira * Ambition Mission * Astrid Oto * Bent Outta Shape * Bitohin * Black Print * Blotto * Blurt fanzine * Chased and Smashed * Chickenhead * Chinese Telephones * Cleveland Bound Death Sentence * Cometbus * Crybaby Macarthur * Dan Padilla * Delay * The Devil Is Electric * Dillinger Four * Drunken Boat * The Dukes Of Hillborough * The Ergs * Filth * Fleeshies * 4 Squares * Frame * Grabass Charleston * Hogan Beach * Hot New Mexicans * The Gibbons * Kreamy 'Leetric Santa * Kung Fools * Kung Fu Monkeys * The Lab Rats * Olde Lookout Magazine Issues * Love Songs * Modern Machines * Mumbler * Ninja Gun * North Lincoln * One Reason * Onion Flavored Rings * Pick Your Poison fanzines * Pinhead Gunpowder * Pirx The Pilot * Snuggle * Stop This Fall * This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb * This Is My Fist * Tiltwheel * Towers Of Hanoi * Tricky Dick * The Unloables * Watch It Burn * What The Kids Want * Whiskey Plus fanzine * Ye Olde Buttfuck * You Idiot fanzines

Visit us on the web, or send a SASE to POB 1993, El Cerrito, CA, 94530 for a full listing. Thanks.



<http://LITTLETYPE.COM>

This one is no exception. The artwork is intricate but simple by being only black and white. The inside artwork on this release would have been a rad poster to put up on the wall. The artist, who I can't find a name of on this release, has created an artwork that can be described as Pushead-like. Cop On Fire hail from Spain and shows that punk has been established and cross infected the entire world. They play a brand of modern day d-beat mixed with some crust influences. Visions Of War hail from Belgium and blast out five tracks of punishing crust. More metallic on their tracks and they feature dual male vocals. A great offering from two bands from separate countries. This is co-released with five different labels out of Europe. So if there is an interest, I can't see this release disappearing anytime soon.

—Donofthedeath (Profane Existence)

CRYBABY MACARTHUR:

Self-titled: 7" EP

Brooklyn DIY punk in the vein of Allergic To Bullshit and Crimpshrine. Sometimes—like this one—it's simply fun to hear an earnest, yet rough, band finding their musical legs and peeling into the core of their artistic voices. No, it's not the best thing I've heard this month, and they're a little derivative, but they're dripping with the juice of possibility. Heart goes a long way with me, and you can do much worse than somewhat disjointed songs about drinking, love gone bad, making bad decisions, bicycle rides, and coffee, sprinkled in with flashes of something greater, like when someone in the band

sings, "you might be tough, but you'll never be free" or they hit such melancholic harmonies. Keep an eye on 'em. —Todd (Self-released)

CRYSTAL SKULLS:

Outgoing Behavior: CD

You know, when you hear the band name Crystal Skulls, the thought process goes something like this: Crystal Skulls = Mexican artifact = Aztecs = some seriously cool drumming, and maybe even a conch solo if yer lucky. At no point does "simpy, wimpy alt-pop" enter into the thought process. —Jimmy Alvarado (Suicide Squeeze)

CUDDLE MACHINES: Self-titled CD

This reminds me of Nation Of Ulysses without all the bullshit pseudo speak back story. It's bass driven, angular guitar, herky jerky punk rock. Not bad at all. Hope to hear more from these guys in the future. —Greg Barbera (Cuddle Machines)

CYNICS, THE: "Buick Mackane" b/w "Born to Lose": 7"

I swear to God, *The Slider* is the most overrated T. Rex album ever (actually, every T. Rex album is pretty much the most overrated T. Rex album ever, except for the ones that are collections of like singles or whatever—I've probably got something like fifteen T. Rex albums and I can't think of one that I ever get a solid hankerin' to sit down and listen to all the way thru, other than *Bolan Boogie* or similar anthology [*Electric Warrior* included]). *The Slider* sleeve strikes me as

something that was already parodied within the last ten years (exact data escapes me at the moment), and was "Buick Mackane" the T. Rex song Guns-N-Roses saw fit to desecrate on their *The Spaghetti Incident* album? I never liked that song much to begin with; I like it even less now that I realize it's Kind Of Metal. The b-side is a totally rippin' Heartbreakers cover; ordinarily I'd bitch about the lack of imagination evinced by yet another Heartbreakers cover (as if I'm one to talk), but it nicely cleans up the mess left by the a-side, so I guess it's fifty-fifty all around. **BEST SONG:** ...where I come from, it's "Born to Lose" **BEST SONG TITLE:** ...where you come from it's "Born...gay!" **FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT:** Record comes with a sheet of ten pre-printed jukebox tabs, with "Buick Mackane" misspelled ten different times. —Rev. Norb (Get Hip)

DACTYL: Self-titled: CDEP

Some nice enough noise rock here—good n' atonal with enough structure to keep it from turning into a noisy, pointless mess. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.dactylidactyl.com)

DAN: Dan-Thology: 2 x CD

Here I am thinking, "What horrible pop punk band could this be?" Also, "How could they have sixty-four songs on a double CD and justify a discography?" The name of the band does not imply what is in store. With dread, I put disc one in the player and start reading the CD booklet. Strange. I learn this band was around from

1983–1988 in the U.K. I was around then. Maybe I was too drunk to notice, and I was listening to a lot of thrash, crossover, and speed metal at the time. But I know if I had heard it, I would be all over this band. From the liner notes, the band had gigged around with anarcho bands at the time like Conflict, Anti Sect, and Amebix but really was more melodic than their contemporaries. They sound to me a heavier Rezillos meets a more melodic and musically more interesting Vice Squad. There are hints of sounding like Crass too, but with more fun. The female vocals are the ringer here for me. With the constant cycle of members entering and leaving, they have a huge list of people who were in the band. I almost put this back so someone else could have reviewed it. That would have been a big mistake. —Donofthedeath (Boss Tuneage)

DARK SKIES: Self-titled: CD

Post-MC5 rock/punk that sounds like the BellRays with Kerry from Love Canal on vocals. —Jimmy Alvarado (Empty)

DARLINGTON: Sex: CD

Amiable pop punk in all its non-threatening, post-Queers glory. I'm starting to think these guys were only good for one inspired album, and this ain't it. —Jimmy Alvarado (Fastmusic)

DEAD BROTHERS, THE: Wunderkammer: CD

Killer, atmospheric, mutant, NOLA jazz that would have served perfectly as the backwoods soundtrack to one of Jim

midwest!





KILLDOZER
The Last Waltz
Killdozer's one and only live album. The reissue on Crustacean is available as a deluxe remixed, remastered and repackaged CD and for the first time ever as a vinyl 12".



THE SOVIETTES
LP - 12" VINYL RE-ISSUE
The debut Soviettes album available once again on vinyl! Listen to the beginning of this fast rising Twin Cities quartet's upward trajectory into the punk rock big leagues.



MODERN MACHINES & IFIHADAHIFI
Hot Nuggets!
Modern artifacts from Ifihadahifi & Modern Machines. 5 cover songs + 1 brand new song from two of Milwaukee's finest! Available on CD or 12" picture disc.



HOT NUG GETS
VINYL OR CD!
Modern artifacts from Ifihadahifi & Modern Machines. 5 cover songs + 1 brand new song from two of Milwaukee's finest! Available on CD or 12" picture disc.

COMING SUMMER 2006

The debut album from the Awesome Snakes featuring Annie and Danny from the Soviettes

CD reissue of **PATRICIA** by Doc Corbin Dart of the Crucifucks

ALSO AVAILABLE

SevenOneFive, Mol?, echo-static, Below the Sound, Mad Trucker Gone Mad, Droids Attack, The Skintones, Things Fall Apart and Drunk Drivers

AVAILABLE FOR DOWNLOAD ON ITUNES, NAPSTER & OTHERS!

No shipping charges in the continental US and every order gets you a free label samplerbuy product and check us out on the web!



CRUSTACEAN RECORDS

PO Box 829 Madison, WI 53701-0829
www.crustaceanrecords.com

www.5scorerecords.com



Fivecore Records
2006 Sampler
get yours free online



Fivecore Records

Frontside, Five
Valiomierda
Tard
The Orbiting Nubs
Black Lamb
Exit Strategy

Jarmusch's old movies. There's also a nod to the feel of the Paris neighborhood, Montmartre, in the music. You can almost hear the romantic sounds of glasses clinking absinthe in the background. The Dead Brothers have hillbilly hearts, ringmasters' senses of circus spectacle, foreign language skills, and an unusual array of instruments (trombone, tuba, accordion, lap steel, kalimba, tabla...huh?) that elicit the urge to drink in a seedy French dive bar bathed in red light and prostitutes. —Josh Benke (Voodoo Rhythm)

DEEMED USELESS: Self-titled: CD-R

What are the odds of all of the songs on a pop punk demo breaking the three-minute mark? Seriously, one is a mind-crushing 4:49. That would be "Sweetheart," which spends a full thirty-five seconds showing off Deemed Useless' harmonizing skills acapella. No surprise then that the "punk" part of the equation goes in quotation marks, because this is total pop, and not the good kind. The singer sounds a lot like Milo Aukerman on "Donkey Show," but after that it's all harmonies and emotional choruses and a friggin' POWER BALLAD. Also, the lead guitarist is clearly a frustrated metal shredder stuck in an emo-pop gig. —Anthony Bartkewicz (www.myspace.com/deemeduseless.inc)

DESOLATE VOID:

Self-Medicating Psychotherapy: CD

Essentially stoner metal with growly vocals. This is pretty good for what it is, but that's about as far as I'm willing to commit. —Jimmy Alvarado (Crimes Against Humanity)

DESTROYED, THE:

Russian Roulette: CDEP

I'm not from the East Coast, so it took me a while to figure out what was really going on here. It also took a few listens to get it. Bostonians may remember '77 to '79, there was a band called The Destroyed. They played with The Dead Boys and The Ramones, among others. The drummer (Bert Switzer) and guitar/vocalist (J.D. Jackson) reformed and recorded this EP last year, after almost thirty years. My first reaction after listening was to laugh. I feel a little bad about it though, because when I get older, I only hope I am as cool as these guys. The drums and guitars are so out of sync at times it makes me wonder if they were listening to each other when they recorded it. After a few listens, the style sank in a little bit. Switzer mostly plays a series of drum rolls, and sloppily accents different changes in songs. Rarely will he play a steady beat. I say this not in suggesting he isn't proficient at his instrument, but because he is not a typical "punk" drummer. There is a two minute, fifty-second drum solo at the end of the CD that Max Weinberg couldn't touch on his best night. It's that his style is more like a constant drum solo with an attempt to sync some guitar and vocals over the top. Jackson plays simple melodies that remind me a lot of the late '70s Cleveland scene (Rocket From The Tombs or Pagans). The combo, as strange as it seems, somehow reminds me of The Urinals with a jazz drummer. At other times, it's just super sloppy '77 punk. If you can get over their inability to play in tempo with each other, some

of the songs are actually pretty good. I'm still pretty torn on a final opinion. Is the world ready for such a crossover? —Newtim (www.thedestroyed.com)

DESTRUCTORS:

Exercise the Demons of Youth: CD

DESTRUCTORS:

Punk Singles Collection: CD

The Destructors dealt in rudimentary, quick-paced 1-2-1-2 punk, not unlike so many other bands coming from the U.K. during the late '70s/early '80s. This is not necessarily a bad thing, and as evidenced by *Exercise the Demons of Youth*, their debut, they were quite proficient at knocking out a solid eighteen tunes of the stuff (some of which, including "Northern Ripper" and "Breakdown," were previously recorded and released under the name The Blanks back in 1978 or so), delivering some solid tracks rife with social commentary and serial killer stories. It serves as a nice time capsule of that period in U.K. punk when things were still quite simple, passionate, and open to anyone with enough conviction and balls to get up on a stage and rant a bit while a tight band thrashed away behind 'em. The singles collection starts off in the same vein, with their early singles charting similar territory as *Exercise*, but somewhere around the middle of the disc things start to change—more interesting drumming patterns emerge here, a little more guitar experimentation there, maybe a few more slower tempos and just when you think they might have "matured" in sound, WHACK, another thrasher. Gotta love that. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

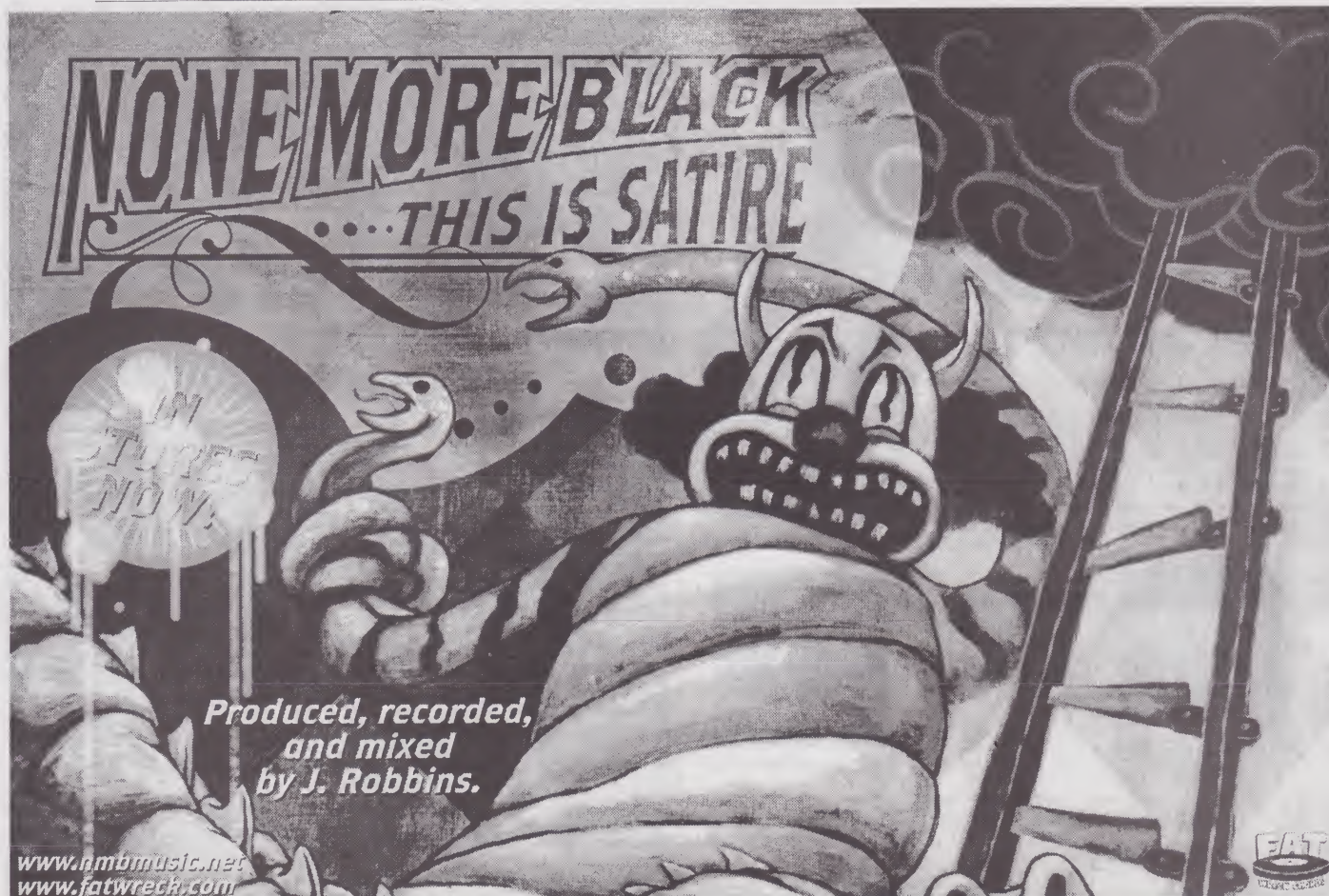
DIGITAL LEATHER: Simulator: 7"

I'd like to think Tomata Du Plenty and Gary Numan are nodding their heads "yes" and passing a flag down to Digital Leather. DL captures the '80s captivation of the synthesizer and punk ethics, cool electric sounds, and some rocking although not as aggro as The Screemers or as hit and miss pop as Numan. Stuff like this was one of a few crossover items I would use in seventh grade to get Tiffany DuCray to think I'm cool. She was so pretty and dressed nice in plaid. Her dad was the high school gym teacher and she always wanted to run away, but essentially being a rich girl kept her at home. I think she only dated jocks like Tad Dominick, and, although I got along with both of them, I could never really date a girl like that. But I would play this music loud around them and I swore they thought I was cool. Years later, she saw me with a cute girlfriend and literally said, "Wow. I always thought you were square." Now I'm an adult and over being liked. The music is still rad. —Speedway Randy (Plastic Idol)

DRINKER'S PURGATORY:

Self-titled: CD

This record is a perfect example of why punk rock is better now, in 2006, than it ever has been. People who whine that punk reached its peak in 1977 or 1985 or 1992 or whatever bullshit year they stopped paying attention need to shut the fuck up, because Drinker's Purgatory are the personification of punk rock. Have you ever had one of those nights when you can't decide if



you wanna drink a 40 with your friends under a bridge or hold your girlfriend's hair outta the toilet while she's puking but you can't make up your mind so you just huff spray paint and go swimming instead? This record is the soundtrack to nights like that. It's an awesome album and I give it the highest recommendation possible! —Ben Snakepit (Small Pool)

DRINKERS PURGATORY:

Self-titled: CD

The music, kinda post-Leatherface punk, is pretty strong, but that singer is in danger of crossing the threshold into Doc Dart annoying vocal-land. —Jimmy Alvarado (Small Pool)

DRINKERS PURGATORY:

Self-Titled: CD

These Anaheim natives would be a real nice addition to Recess, Plan-it-X, or No Idea for sure. And look, the liner notes say "Produced and stuff by Davey Tilt." Very nice! And I have to say, this full length is much better than the 7" released a year or two ago, which is good. Let's hope their recordings keep up this trend and just keep getting better and better. Rumor has it Rawl from Killer Dreamer has now started playing drums with these kids live. I have yet to see that, but I bet it's a wild ride. —Mr. Z (Small Pool)

DRIP, THE/HEDGECREEP: Split: 7"

The Drip plays standard, generic sounding punk—one song about pills, one about wanting to fuck a girl named

Annette. The Hedgecreep side was so boring my record player shut itself off. —Josh Benke (Wrecked 'Em)

EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM:

Self-titled: CDEP

This is quite a nice little package, but it's one of those records that really kind of defy accurate classification. I guess I would say that it sounds like modern radio mixed with post-punk sensibility like Joy Division. And it also kinda reminds me of bands that I've been hearing out of Kansas City over the last ten years or so—melodic and powerful, but defying the possibility of being pigeon-holed due to inventive composition that borders on the experimental at times. Sorry if this one escapes my verbal skills. I like it, anyway. —The Lord Kveldulf (Coastal Ghost)

ERIC BLOWTORCH AND THE INFLAMMABLES/ DAN FLYNN AND THE INFLAMMABLES:

Joyful Noise b/w White Hen Pantry: 7"

The A-side claims the "dirtiest, nastiest drum sound you've ever heard." Don't worry, it ain't. Reggae funk backed with a jazzy instrumental. I think they're called The Inflammables because they never catch fire. —Josh Benke (Bopaganda!)

EXENE CERVENKA AND THE ORIGINAL SINNERS: Sev7en: CD

Everything we love about Exene—strong, clear, and all over the map. The incredibly flexible band skillfully mixes up rockabilly, glam, blues, surf, twang, and more, supporting and com-

plementing Exene's signature vocal eccentricities. New lineup includes Sinners' Jason Edge (guitar) and St. Louis' 7 Shot Screamers' Chris Powers (bass), Dan Sabella (guitar) and Kevin O'Conner (drums). Toe tapping, heart warming, and highly enjoyable. —Jessica T (Nitro)

FASCIST FASCIST: Self-titled: CDEP

Assembled as a supergroup of sorts, from bands I've never heard before. If it helps: The Homosexuals, Attica 9, Universal Order Of Armageddon, The Uniform, Double Dagger. All I can say is that this EP is great! Eight hardcore songs sending me back to when I first heard Dag Nasty and Born Against! The music is mostly straight forward hardcore with some cool break downs. The best part is the vocals. The only way to explain would be to have you picture (or hear) Dave Smalley as a girl, minus the melodies he sometimes busted into. It's a refreshing change to the trend of girl singers in hardcore bands who need to scream and sound tough, or try and sound like Allison Wolfe (Bratmobile). There's nothing inherently wrong with any of that, but when every other band I hear tries to have a certain sound, it's so great to hear something as cool as this. And the lyrics friggin' rule! Songs about self hatred and hating parties. Not taking themselves too serious, preachy or pretentious, but through sarcasm and humor, throwing out their message. This is a great EP. —Newtim (Reptilian)

FELLOW PROJECT:

Where's the Wire: 10"

Folk punk with a political bent. Fans of This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb and the Plan-It-X crowd will wanna be all over this. Earnest lyrics, solid playing, and heartfelt spirit here, but the tunes don't really grab me. All you bike punks are gonna love it though. —Mike Frame (Make Or Break)

FEVERS, THE: "Don't Tell Me It's Wrong" b/w "He's in Town": 7"

Rockin' poppy rock/punk fusion. Side A rocks the way a Phil Spector song might, and side B is a slower song of the same. The cool little insert is a sheet of perforated labels made especially for juke box selection menus. Gotta admit... even though I don't own a juke box, that's a pretty clever and unique insert all the same! —Mr. Z (Get Hip)

FREE DIAMONDS:

There Should Be More Dancing: CD

This sounds like the singers for the Residents hired Gang Of Four as a back-up band. It's dance-y, it's post-punky and the vocals are just a tad annoying. —Mr. Z (Deep Elm)

FREEZE, THE: I Hate Tourists: 7"

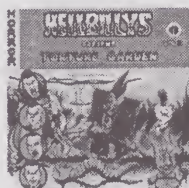
I have never seen the actual 7" before. But here is an official repress right in my hands. I had to take a look at the Flex book for a little information; the cover is a correct reproduction. Inside is a new, updated cover for this pressing. It was originally released in 1980 and was before they became the powerhouse of a hardcore band out of the



the mormons

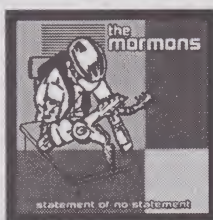
"statement of no statement"
in stores now!!

"Anyway that it comes finds me happy, though. Spastic, but not sloppy, and definitely danceable. If these boys come knocking at your door, stop hiding, and welcome their gospel in." —Megan RazorCake#28



CD: \$10US, \$12 World
May 06'

THE HELLBILLIES
"TORTURE GARDEN"
All Original Art
and Re-Mastered.
(1995 Ransom Note)



CD: \$12US, \$15 World



THE SPITS -S/T- CD

Available at your favorite Record Stores,
Mp3 Sites and Online Stores.



NICKEL AND DIME RECORDS.
PUNYARDS OF FINE PUNK ROCK SINCE 1994

P.O. Box 555712 LA. Ca. 90055
www.nickelanddimerecords.com
www.myspace.com/nickelanddimerecords



Boston scene. Start with the *This Is Boston, Not LA* comp if you are looking for something heavier. The first track, "Don't Forget Me Tommy," is a new wave track that is pretty good with its almost cheap Casio keyboard sound. "I Hate Tourists" is garagey, three-chord punk with barely any distortion that defined the early sound of punk. I believe this is a one-time pressing. So go out and hear some history without paying collector nerd prices. -Donofthedeath (Schizophrenic)

FT (THE SHADOW GOVERNMENT):

Guns of August: CD

Electronic skronk with an interest in politics, it appears. -Jimmy Alvarado (Address completely illegible, which is what happens when you use avocado green text on a split pea soup green background)

FUMESTONES:

Now at the...Minibar!!: 7" EP

...copyright lawyers are apparently not working much overtime in Espana, as the title track's melody swipes heavily from Elvis' "Burning Love," whilst "Pamplona" borrows brazenly from some semi-famous '60s punk nugget which I can hum but not readily identify. Nice '60s garage with plenty of Farfisa; the best song ("Minibar") is also the most Smugglers-ish, so perhaps that might be written down somewhere if the band is taking notes right now. If this band was playing at the local swillery, I'd almost certainly stay 'til the end; this record seems okay in the context of a souvenir from the live show, but if there is a compelling rea-

son to purchase it over others of its ilk I remain unaware of it. **BEST SONG:** "Minibar" **BEST OR AT LEAST MOST INTERESTING SONG TITLE:** "A Blind's Nun Thoughts" **FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT:** One photo of the dude on the back clearly shows a New York Yankees logo halfway Photoshopped out. Dudes, this is no time for half-measures! -Rev. Nørb (Kuriosa)

FUNERAL DRESS: *Come on Follow: CD*

I thoroughly enjoyed this CD. The songs are good—they have good rhythms, good riffs, and catchy choruses you can sing along to. The vocals go from the raw and gritty, deep, oi growl to a higher-pitched, accented, weasel-like sound similar to Stiff Little Fingers and Cock Sparrer. It kind of makes me think of a lot of testosterone, perhaps an overload of testosterone, but hey, I still like it despite my female make-up. I imagine lots of drunken dudes singing arm and arm with drinks in hand and a tinge of homoeroticism. This Belgian band put out a fun record. I dig it. -Jenny Moncayo (Step 1 Music)

GHOST MICE: *Europe: CD*

I'm a sucker for concept albums (here the concept is their trip to Europe—hence the album title—and is divided geographically). I'm also a sucker for extras (and when I switched this from my headphones to my laptop, I found out just how many extras there were. It's a lot). And, I'm also a sucker for Ghost Mice who give me the impression of a bunch of honest, not-so-young kids who like to play folk. So, as you

can probably guess, I'm a bit of a sucker for this album. -Megan (Plan-it-x)

GORILLA ANGREB: *Beder Tider: 12" EP*

I know I'm repeating a little, but here goes. Imagine that X, instead of playing the punk rock retirement plan via the House of Blues circuit, actually stuck their neck out to write some new songs (what has it been? Twenty years?). Instead of laurels to be rested upon, a Danish punk band, chock full of ex-hardcore players (from Amdi Petersens Armé and No Hope For The Kids), has relit the torch that X now holds above their heads like a soft, low-watt light bulb halo. Gorilla Angreb is using that initial flame—the one set by "We're Desperate" and "Electrify Me" (The Plugz, who you should really check out if you haven't already). Instead of lighting votive candles respectfully memorializing the past, Gorilla Angreb has lit a funeral pyre. It's this crackling, aching, dancing flame in the new century, this kick in the snacks that makes Gorilla Angreb exciting. If you're a fan of catchy, whip-cracking punk rock, stripped down to dueling male and female voices and hit-hard instruments, this is the way to go. And it's on my favorite format: wide-grooved 45 rpm 12" EP. Find. -Todd (Kick'n'Punch)

GRABASS CHARLESTONS:

When the Funk Hits the Fan: 7" EP

In my mind, the Grabass Charelestons have reached the level of Rocket From The Crypt, Tiltwheel, or Fugazi. I'm willing to follow 'em to places I probably wouldn't go by myself and I find myself being constantly rewarded by

the journey. Ragin' full-on punk, this isn't, but how can one discount heart-felt, original music made by solid gold dudes? Grabass fights and fights; they know the score often before lacing up, gets their asses handed to them on occasion, and they dust off, and come back with secret hooks and crooked smiles. It's this scrappy, for-the-music quality that makes me, less and less, able to critique their songs and just let them soak in, note by note—like every other song they've ever written, it seems—and let them reveal themselves on their own time, play by play. It's been several years since I was first exposed to them on their split LP with Billy Reese Peters, and since I haven't tired of listening to them yet, I doubt I ever will, and that's a monolith of a recommendation. This batch of four (one's a Guided By Voices cover) is full of destructive feelings—somehow making suicide not seem so bad and dark—brightly played. -Todd (Barracuda Sound)

GRAVES AT SEA/ASUNDER: *Split: CD*

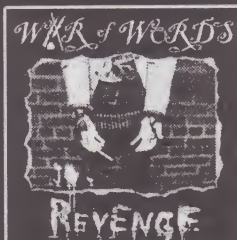
If you have any depressive mood or suicidal feelings on the horizon, and this should be passed. Graves At Sea take a super bongload and recreate the Sabbath lick with sheer despair. Heavy riffs that sludge along but bite hard attack your aural senses, like smoking too much pot and over-focusing on every aspect of a song. If I was stoned, this would creep me out with the witchcraft screeching vocals mixed with the growl of doom. They unleash two songs that clock over twenty minutes. Asunder is another story. I saw them last summer, and that was an out of

War of Words "Revenge"

7" on colored wax!

\$5 ppd

Amazing melodic hardcore from Boston, Mass.



Shock Nagasaki "Late 4 Life"

7" on colored wax!

\$6 ppd

Anthemic punk from Syracuse, NY. In the vein of bands like Chelsea or the Professionals.

Still available:

- Complete Control "Reaction" LP \$10 ppd
- Damage Case "A Battalion..." CDEP \$6 ppd
- Flatliners "Let It Go" 7"/CDEP \$5 ppd
- Krum Bums "Cut Into Me" 7" \$5 ppd

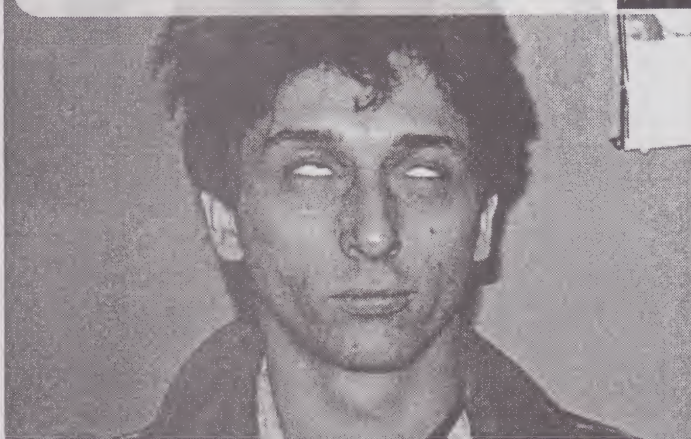


roadtoruindistro.com info@slab-o-wax.com

Slab-O-Wax Records
PO Box 461082
San Antonio, TX 78246
www.slab-o-wax.com



www.
PUNK BAND SITES.COM



Let us design your web site, cd/dvd packaging, t-shirt, poster, LP/7" cover and insert, and anything else you can think of!

Already have artwork, but you need to make it "print ready"?

Look no further, most layouts ready in 24 hours!

No job is too big or too small.

10 years professional experience.

info@punkbandsites.com
www.punkbandsites.com

body experience. They played in the dark by candlelight and played barely four songs in less than an hour. The room was maybe 20'x20' and, due to the season and no air conditioning, it was blistering hot and humid. Their brand of super slow, sludgecore, or whatever you call this type of music, was a strange episode. With the environment and their music, they made me feel like I was hallucinating and experiencing something unique that I have not felt before. I was exhausted and dehydrated after their set and I was completely sober and drinking water the whole time. Strange. Here, they expose to the world an eighteen-minute-plus montage of pure, thick molasses. The sounds that come out of the speakers coat the room with charred smoke and make it almost inhabitable. If this sounds appealing, these are two bands that can take the happiness out of any room. —Donofthedeath (Life Is Abuse)

GUMBABIES, THE:

Another Ragged Army: CDEP

Have I ever mentioned that I have a thing for German bands? I'm not sure what it is, but chances are that if it's from Deutschland I'm gonna like it. Spermbirds, Wizo, But Alive... Love 'em all. Well, it looks like I'm adding another one to my list. The Gumbabies are not only German (but sing in English), but the singer sounds like Duane Peters! Woowooo, as if there could be anything better than a German US Bombs (DE Bombs?).

—Ty Stranglehold (Caustic Rock)

HATEFUL: *Diamond Among the Coal: CD*

The opening chords sound exactly like the main riff of Hanoi Rocks' "Boulevard of Broken Dreams," but that's where the similarities end. In all, this is an entertaining volume of sometimes anthemic punk rock in the vein of the lesser-talented bands of the '77 British invasion. That's not to say that this sucks musically, though; all that means is that this is more in line with bands like Angelic Upstarts or Cockney Rejects than the Clash or Generation X (though there are similarities there, too). At first this seemed a bit cheesy and rehearsed, but I caught myself singing the tunes when walking down the street—they're catchy songs that, while not necessarily of mind-blowing inventiveness, were certainly worth my while. —The Lord Kveldulfr (Rebellion)

HEADACHE: *Discography: CD and Book*

At first listen, I fucking *hated* this. Initially, the song structures had all the cohesion of a shattered windshield and I could feel my stress level rising within the first thirty seconds of this disc being played. The term *jarring* is apt. Stuff like this, recorded, has never translated well for me. Live, I'm sure I'd be wiggling one leg like crazy and trying to figure out how the hell they're jumping from one fucked-up time signature to another, but when I was sitting here trying to write record reviews, it just made me want to pull my own goddamn fingernails out. Then I put it on again, and started to notice odd little sections (or even the occasionally complete song) where they just go flat-out and work the pedal down—wacky off-

time drum parts with feral wolverine screeching over the top is replaced with something off of a long-forgotten streetpunk record. And even the jarring, discordant, manic parts started to gel into something whole. The CD comes packaged in a gorgeous book full of liner notes, comics, lyrics and writings—some of them seemingly nonsensical and some of them more coherent and focused. All in all, Headache's a band that would probably floor a shitload of people live and are well-suited for folks who think bands like Ruins and Deerhoof are just *the shit*.

—Keith Rosson (Life Is Abuse)

HEAVY BLINKERS:

The Night and I are Still So Young: CD
Reminds me of the Carpenters and The Association in all the wrong ways. —Jimmy Alvarado (Cooking Vinyl)

HERESY: 1985-'87: CD

This was originally released by Speedstate Records out of Japan in 2004. I thought it was still in print, but I could be wrong since Boss Tuneage licensed it. Since I'm a nerd, I thought I would describe some of the differences of each release. The cover artwork on the current release has been reduced a bit and the photos are a hair darker, but the song titles are larger. There is no Japanese title on the title edge of the digipack. The photos in the booklet seem to be darker too. The current release has extra photos not included in the Japanese pressing because they took out the Japanese translations of the lyrics. From there on, it's all the same except the matrix

number. Oh yeah, no obi. There are supposed to be three volumes and this is the first. This release includes the first demo, *Never Healed Flexi*, two live tracks, and the *Thanks! 7"*. During the time of crossover, in the U.K. there was a growing faction of bands that were playing faster than what was considered fast at the time. This band and, say, Napalm Death were trying to break speed records. They heavily influenced the power violence genre of the '90s. Good to see that this release is still above water and available so people can discover this seminal band. —Donofthedeath (Boss Tuneage)

HEROINE SHEIKS: *Out of Africa: CD*

A bit of a shock for me 'cause there's a touch more "rock" in their sound here than there was on their debut, *Rape on the Installment Plan*, which was the last o' their releases I heard. I gotta say, though, that they are very careful in their usage of said "rock" to compliment a sound that remains as added and deranged as they, or Shannon's earlier band The Cows, have ever produced. The song dynamics are a lot more across the map, meaning things are considerably more varied than a constant pummeling, although one listen to "Cock Asia" will demonstrate they can still whoop ass with ease. Good, good stuff. Oh, and yeah, there's some buglin' on here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Reptilian)


HINDI GUNS, THE: *Patriot Act: CDEP*

This was kind of weird and experimental, but nothing super crazy. It starts out

★ HOWITZIER ★

"...the best band since Condemned 84"

—Mark



The Long Awaited Debut Album

POLICE STATE

\$10.00 Postage Paid
(money orders made payable to cash or well concealed cash)

1005 W. State Rd. 84 #117
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33315
www.howitzier.us

Available Now

also available at **INTERPUNK**.com

somewhat pseudo jazzy, with the vocals consisting entirely of samples of Henry Rollins and Lemmy, talking about the state of society and modern music. The rest is similar, but with female vocals. There's a lot of writing on the back of this, like "promotional fan club" this, and "found lyrics/recorded live" that, so I was a little confused as to just what this record is or what it's for, but I still liked it. Overall, this is the kind of strange but interesting stuff that I'd expect Hunchback to cover. —Joe Evans III (French Fan Club)

HOLY MOUNTAIN: *Enemies*: CDEP

I hear Kylesa, His Hero Is Gone, Severed Head Of State, Damad, Artimus Pyle, and others. An attack to the aural senses. The band unleashes a disturbing mass of aggressive power. I would be hard struck to see if anyone who enjoys any type of heavy music not be moved by this band. They are owners of their craft and perform it with expertise. The vocals are guttural, but phonetic enough that actual words can be heard. They are executed with an emotion of pure anger. The lyrics are intelligent and very thought provoking. —Donofthedeath (No Idea)

HOPE YOU CHOKE: *Self-titled*: CD

No surprises here. Straight-up crossover hardcore that tends to lean a little on to the metal side of things, but not in a wanky kind of way. I guess the killer cover art depicting maggot-ridden zombie soldiers on the march could have given it away. I am most impressed with the vocals. This type of music can lead a singer to go with

either the high pitched metal whine, or the guttural cookie monster growl. The singer for Hope You Choke chose neither, opting for the angry yet clear hardcore voice with plenty of gang vocals. Agnostic Front comes to mind. This is a must for fans of early-mid era Suicidal Tendencies and DRI. —Ty Stranglehold (One Percent)

HORROR, THE:

***The Fear, the Terror, the Horror*: CD**

This post-Voorhees thrash monster again delivers the goods, with eighteen tracks racing by in just under twenty-two minutes like the Energizer Bunny hyped up on cocaine and meth. Although the hyperspeed stuff inflicts some serious damage, the full-on piledriver knockout moves come when they ease up on the velocity a bit, move into slow burn, and just pummel the senses, like on "Coal Not Dole." The Thatcher and Reagan references are a bit dated, especially seeing this stuff is brand spankin' new, but on the whole they got it goin' on, baby doll. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.chainsawsafetyrecords.com)

HUDSON FALCONS: *La Familia*: CD

The theme of this album is family, as the inside liner notes talk about the love the guys have for their blood and extended family. The lyrics seem to chronicle a life's journey and a life's troubles. The vocals sound like they were recorded with friends in a basement with the singer wasted—the vocals sound strained and sort of wobbly, like the guy is trying to sing and simultaneously keep his balance so he

doesn't fall over and puke. This has the potential to be a good drinking album, but even more potential to be an album you listen to after drinking way too much and sobbing about your sorrows. —Jenny Moncayo (Street Anthem)

HYDEOUTS, THE: *Self-titled*: 7"

There's a definite Buzzcocks influence here. It's not subtle, either. Whether that would be a turn on for you or not, these songs are really rockin'. Straight-forward, lo-fi garage punk reminiscent of The Reds and the FM Knives. These songs are catchy and filled with hooks that got my head bobbing all over the place. The 7" was way too short for my liking though. I must have already gotten up twenty times already to flip the record. This is a very strong release, definitely worth checking out. —Newtim (Black Lung)

IMPERIAL LEATHER:

***Something Out of Nothing*: CD**

A bunch of Swedes and a Brooklyn transplant compromise the nucleus of this band with dual male/female vocals on top of a U.K. '82 vibe via the *Punk & Disorderly* comp series. Something about Sweden really produces tight bands. This is no exception. The songs are tight and rocking—songs that you would expect from bands that have been around a long time—but the experience comes from playing in so many other bands in the past. Their songs are melodic yet raw, giving them a live feel. The guitar sound is crunchy and bright, giving the songs a punch. The drum sound is very big and loud, giving the songs a bold attack. Can't

wait to see them when they tour the west coast this summer. —Donofthedeath (Profane Existence)

INCONTROLLADOS:

Hvem Vil Det Gavne?: 7"

I'm wondering if this is a repress. Originally, it came out in 2002 (when I was trying to do a little research). This band sounds like they could have easily been on one of the early Mystic Records comps. They are low-fi in the sense that they play really early '80s punk with a recording that sounds like it was recorded at the most on a four track. The guitar sound has no distortion and is real bright like a lot of recordings from that time period. Basic three chord, 4/4 punk rock that is really enjoyable because of its simplicity and low production. There is one song that supposedly has one member's mother singing on it. That is pretty fucking cool and one of my favorite tracks. —Donofthedeath (Kick n' Punch)

INSTANT ASSHOLE:

***Straight Edge Failure*: CD**

Bay area band that features John the Baker, the proprietor of Burnt Ramen, and Bill Asshole, who also drums for Strung Up. Straight-forward punk that gives me the same feeling of listening to the Dead Kennedys but more hardcore. The songs are raw and could have easily been on the *Not So Quiet on the Western Front* comp. The songs sound like they were plucked right out of the '83-'84 Bay Area scene. The songs are short and to the point and they don't even touch the two-minute mark. The seventeen tracks on this disc flew by

DEBUT FULL-LENGTH ALBUM

Time Again

HELLCAT RECORDS

THE STORIES ARE TRUE.

WWW.TIMEAGAINBAND.COM

IN STORES
APRIL 25, 2006

so fast, I barely noticed what happened. This is no fastcore, thrash-a-thon. In this day and age, this would be considered mid-tempo to fast. Straight music with no filler. Fun stuff. —Donofthead (Tankcrimes)

KABUKI THUNDER: *Go to Hell: 7"*

In a club that still allows smoking, sawdust on the floor, and down in a basement in some metropolitan city, you walk in to a smell of stale beer and dried vomit. This band will come on and play MCS-meets-the-Stooges style Detroit rock that can also be described as sounding a little like the Antiseen. —Donofthead (Kabuki Thunder)

KAKISTOCRACY: *Self-titled: LP*

It has been a while since I heard something from this band. The last thing was the *And So You Spill Your Children's Blood... 7"* that was released on Ponk 111 and a couple of other labels. I believe it was released late 2000 or 2001. The band seems to have grown greatly. The musicianship and writing are much more complicated and they have gained a conscious control of their aggression. With the integration of more guitar harmonies, they have added texture and layers to their music. The songs are intricate enough to keep this listener attentive and not in a state of monotony. They continue on with their brand of anarcho/crust that is fierce and dark. The metallic riffing is what makes the music come out screaming. Loud guitars and precise drumming makes this all come together with lyrics that are intelligent, yet poetic in their delivery. I enjoyed this

one from start to finish and have listened to it more than a few times. —Donofthead (Profane Existence)

KID ON ESCALATOR: *Everything I've Got That They've Put Out: CD-R*

I like it when, after a night of partying, my friends and I go back to someone's house and a guitar gets pulled out. First, they start playing songs we all know. But as the night (or more likely, morning) goes on, it starts to go into songs about what just happened five minutes ago, songs about what's happening at that moment, or songs about stories made up of a bunch of in jokes tied together. This is probably one of my favorite things in the world, but I have no desire to hear anything recorded of a night like that, especially when I don't know the people involved. And, I really wanted to like it as it came in a stenciled cardboard cut-out sleeve. —Megan (This Could Work)

KIDNAPPERS: *Neon Signs: CD*

Imagine that Henry Fiat's Open Sore went on tour with Randy. One night, they decide to switch up members. It's been a long tour, and they're not really used to playing together, so it's not as fast, not as crazy, but still really, really fucking good. I'll be surprised if this doesn't make my top ten for 2006. —Megan (Rip Off)

KIDS OF CARNAGE: *'05 Demo: CD-R*

Let it be documented: I'm a fucking nerd. Here's how much of a nerd I'm capable of being: every great once in a while, I'll pull out an old back issue of *MRR* or *Heartattack* and check out the demo sec-

tions. I find it absolutely fascinating reading which bands gets shitcanned or ripped on over their demos, but manage to stick with it and eventually put out actual records that a lot of people wind up listening to. I've read enough back issues of said zines to know that just because you get tapped in a demo review, it doesn't really mean shit—at least a third of demo-smashed bands, seems like, wind up putting out a "legitimate" release that's generally a lot better. That said, Kids Of Carnage, take whatever I have to say with a grain of salt: don't let it dash out your hopes on the water-worn cliffs of utility or whatever. It's called a demo, and that's exactly what it is. So. The front and back covers are pieces of paper glued over some cardstock cover of some other CD promo single. The CD-R face has Sharpie written on it. Six songs—they manage to mix up the tempos a bit here and there, but it's still something that I swear I've heard before. Many times. Sometimes it's plodding, sometimes it's fast, sometimes there's a little metal in the frying pan, sometimes there's a chugga chugga part or a pick scream. Can't say I'll be playing this thing very often once this review is done, but they might wind up surprising me and coming out with something decent in the future. —Keith Rosson (Kids Of Carnage)

KILLING MOON, THE:

A Message Through Your Teeth: CD

Oh, for SHAME! How dare you profane the name of a perfectly good Echo And The Bunnymen song with such paltry emo piffle! A pox—nay, a plague on all your houses! Fuckin' heathens. —Jimmy Alvarado (Fearless)

KRUM BUMS: *The Sound: CD*

Solid, energetic punk/hardcore, with a slight melodic undercurrent. No highs, but definitely no lows either. Vocals sound very similar to Articles Of Faith era Vic Bondi. I'm hearing some melodic Avail-influenced guitar and backing vocals in there as well. Overall, it's good as it stands. In time, I think this band has potential to progress to something great. —Ayn Imperato (TSOR)

LA PESTE: *Better Off La Peste: CD*

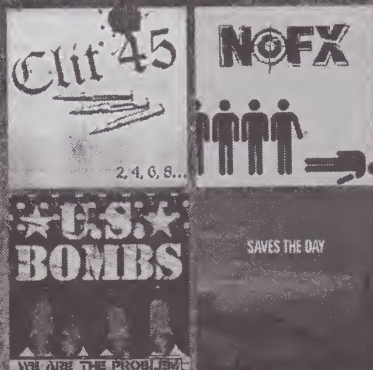
...I actually never really thought "Better Off Dead" was all that hot shit; the lyrics are flat out stupid ("that girl's only thirteen, she ain't never given/givin' head!"), and they're sung in this sort of affected, pretentious, echoey art-poet tone—it just didn't MOVE me. A couple songs into this primarily loft-tape retrospective, and I realized I was Wrong As Heck about this band—a good chunk of this '70s expose IS all that hot shit, and engaging as all get-out (i may have that backwards, but you've got the general tone of my vector). You can tell that this stuff directly precursed (if that's even a word) bands like Mission Of Burma, but it's also apparent that this stuff is punk with a capital UNK. If you, like me, have grown steadily less interested in obtaining posthumous retrospectives of "great, lost" punk bands with minimal studio recordings to their credit, I suggest for your own personal safety you rethink your life utterly and clasp this disc to your heaving bosom. CLASP IT I SAY!!! BEST SONG: "Kindness Invites Abuse" BEST

INTERPUNK.COM

The Ultimate Punk Music Store.

Punk, Emo, Hardcore,
Metal, Indie, Oi!, Ska

Over 68,000 Items Over 15,000 Bands



CDs • Vinyl • T-shirts • Girly T-Shirt • Babydoll Shirt • Sweatshirts • Dickies • Dickies Girl • Babydolls • Buttons • Key Chains • Magnets • Cloth Patches • Embroidered Patches • Back Patches • Videos • DVDs • Messenger Bags • Beanies • Caps • Posters • Zines • Books • Shoes • Shoelaces • Wallets & Chains • Lighters • Wristbands • Belts • Belt Buckles • Hair Dye • Chokers • Suspenders • Lunch Boxes • Skateboard Decks • And more...

Earn credit towards future purchases with our
INTERPUNK REWARDS program.
It's free so sign up now.

SONG TITLE: "Kindness Invites Abuse" MOST VIVID TRUISM GLEANED FROM LYRICS OR SONG TITLE: "Kindness Invites Abuse" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: "Kindness Invites Abuse" Also, did Gang Green ever cover "Spymaster?" I think they did it on that live 10", but I can't remember now. -Rev. Norb (Dionysus)

LADIES, THE: *They Mean Us*: CD

Sorry, Ladies. One of my most gigantic pet peeves is bands whose names make it sound like they are girls but—surprise—they're dudes. So you can blame this crap review on that if you like, but honestly, your album just isn't very good. All those weird, all-over-the-place tracks with seizure-inducing drums and whiny vocals just end up being really boring. Is your name supposed to be a joke? I get the feeling that it is. Maybe you think you seem kind of sensitive and wimpy and therefore you are lady-like. Really, most of the lady bands I listen to are way tougher than this. You guys? Ladies? You should be so lucky. -Jennifer Whiteford (Temporary Residence Limited)

LAFCADIO: *Sham Duvet*: CD

This Indianapolis-based noise metal band delivers their nine-song debut with a schizophrenic energy reminiscent of Mr. Bungle mixed with Deftones, Faith No More (or anything Mike Patton's had his hands in), Don Caballero, and your average noise band. There's a definite prog edge to the music with vocals that range from

hardcore screaming to singing and metal growling to spoken word. Of course, to add to its immensity, *Sham Duvet* is a concept album and the lyrics read just like the chapters to a book, laying out the tale of the protagonist, the aptly named Sham Duvet. As their website says, he "is a neurotic/prophetic figure with a messiah complex." This whole thing wasn't entirely up my alley but it's got great production and is pulled off well and has a lot of intensity and quality musicianship. Fans of the genre would do well to check this out. -Kurt Morris (Joyful Noise)

LAWRENCE ARMS, THE:

Oh! Calcutta!: CD

It's been a good four years since I really listened to any output from this band. It was the *Apathy & Exhaustion* LP and I remember liking it enough to keep it. Doing a little research, since it seemed odd that I haven't heard anything in four years, they did release something a couple of years ago. This band seems to have matured greatly. The songs and the tones coming from their instruments have a deeper emotion to them. The time that they have now been together has really made them into one cohesive unit. I'm not an Against Me! fan, but that is what it sounds like to me but mixed with a little Hot Water Music and adding a more melodic touch to the songs. The delivery is strong, and I can feel the conviction of the band. Looking at the liner notes, they recorded the songs on analog. I thought that the songs had stronger tone than what usually comes out of the studios that are recorded on

the computer with ProTools. The bass tones are warmer and the highs are less harsh. Also, if you have recorded in analog, you know you have to be dead-on when recording. There is less room for error. So these guys were well rehearsed when they went in to record. It shows. They may not be one of the larger bands of the genre, but they are definitely one of the better ones. -Donofthedeat (Fat)

LAWRENCE ARMS, THE:

Oh! Calcutta!: CD

Somehow, this is my first time hearing the Lawrence Arms. Their name was always bundled with Jawbreaker (as in "they sound like..."), and none of those bands that were supposed to sound like Jawbreaker ever really delivered. (You heard me.) So the Arms stayed under my radar and I can't put *Oh! Calcutta!* in context with however many previous records they have. [Dramatic pause.] But this one is good! While Jawbreaker's songs belied its members' youth, the Arms still have a distinct feeling of "excited kids." Even with most of the lyrics sticking to bumper territory, there's an audible joy to be playing fast and yelling. WARNING: This next part of the review contains a SPOILER regarding the album's SECRET TRACK. The Arms do country-rock, a catchy disillusionment/oh-yeah-that's-why punk anthem that sounds as genuine as any other decent alt-country act. But those bands probably don't write songs about punk rock or reference His Hero Is Gone in their lyrics. I'm seriously impressed. -Anthony Bartkewicz (Fat)

LEFT FOR DEAD: *Live*: LP

I'm not a real big fan of live records, but this one sounds real good. The band was originally around in the '90s, based out of the Toronto area. The group disbanded and went on to other bands like Ruination, Haymaker, Cursed, and Chokehold. They got back together in 2004 to do a benefit. Seeing the opportunity, the event was recorded. Since I have no history of ever hearing this band before, this was a good introduction. Guessing from the time period, this type of hardcore punk was not prevalent around the world. There was a big ska, pop punk, and emo boom going on at the time. So a band like this would most likely be short lived due to the small support group at the time. But I don't know the reason on their breakup. I do know that this record shows that I really missed something. The band was one mean mother to reckon with. The songs are fast and heavy, with vocals screamed at damaging levels. If you have heard the output of the bands they went on to, you can hear what they carried with them. -Donofthedeat (Deranged)

LEMURIA/FRAME: *Split*: 7"

Lemuria sounds eerily like *Half Fiction*-era Discount—the woman's voice is dead-on. I have no idea if that's what they were shooting for, but that's what I'm hearing, right down to the slightly off pop structures and lilting vocal rhythms. It's good stuff for sure. But then I flip the record and I'm totally confused. What the hell happened to Frame? I really thought they were onto something on their recent



NEW ON RODENT POPSICLE RECORDS!



MOUTH SEWN SHUT
"PANDEMIC = SOLUTION" CD



RETCHING RED
"SCARLET WHORE OF WAR" CD



BRISTLE
"1945450" CD

BRISTLE - 30 BLASTS DISCOGRAPHY CD
SCURVY DOGS - IT'S ALL GONNA END CD
STAR STRANGLER BASTARDS - RW&D CD
CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC - COMP CD
FOR THE WORSE - CG2SATK CD
DEFCON 4 s/t cd - THE EPIDEMIC - s/t CD
STATE CONTROL - NO ESCAPE CD
FREE VERSE - GENERATOR CD
THE PROFITS - PROFIT OVER PEOPLE CD
A GLOBAL THREAT - IN THE RED 7"
BOSTON MASSACRE VOL. 1 SPLIT CD
VIRULENT STRAIN - TORTURE TOOLS CD
CRASH AND BURN - SELF TITLED CD
TOXIC NARCOTIC / GLOBAL THREAT - SPLIT 7"
TOMMY & THE TERRORS - OUTBOUND 7"
TOXIC NARCOTIC - HAD IT COMING 7"
MIDNIGHT CREEPS - DOOMED FROM THE GET GO CD
TOMMY & THE TERRORS - 13 THE HARD WAY CD
TOXIC NARCOTIC - BEER IN THE SHOWER 7" PIC. DISC
MIDNIGHT CREEPS/CAPO REGIME - SPLIT CD
ALL OR NOTHING H.C. - THAT WHICH DOES NOT KILL YOU... CD
BOSTON 2003 COMP 2XCD - 60 BANDS



FLEAS & LICE
PREPARE FOR ARMAGEDDON CD



FLEAS & LICE
EARLY YEARS CD



FLEAS & LICE
RECIPES FOR CATASTROPHES CD



TOXIC NARCOTIC
SHOOT PEOPLE, NOT DOPE 7"



TOXIC NARCOTIC
LIVE IN BOSTON!



MURDER
VARUKERS
MURDER NOTHINGS CHANGED CD



NAKED AGGRESSION
GUT WRINGING MACHINE CD



MISERY / PATH OF
DESTRUCTION SPLIT CD



TOXIC NARCOTIC
89-99 CD/LP



A GLOBAL THREAT
EARACHE EP (CD or 7"EP)

RP RECORDS - POB 1143 - ALLSTON, MA USA
www.rodentpopsicle.com

split 7" with Karate For Kids. On that record, they seemed poised right on ye olde precipice between "good pop punk" and "really good pop punk," but their two songs on this record sound like a godawful mix of Amber Inn and, ugh, Promise Ring or something. It makes my skin crawl and sounds like a watered-down soundtrack for an art film, like if emo came in Budweiser cans. Guys, what happened? —Keith Rosson (Salinas/Art Of The Underground)

(LONE) WOLF & CUB:

May You Only See Sky: CDEP

Metal can get too serious at times: either with the costumes some bands wear or just the content of the lyrics. Here is a band that the music sounds serious and is tough as nails, but they have a sense of humor. Titles like "I Swear I've Been to This AutoZone Before" and "If I Were a Snake I'd Be a Belt Now." That is funny to me. By looking at the titles alone, I thought this band was going to be pop punk or something else that would be silly. But what came through the speakers was some heavy shit: heavy Black Sabbath riffage mixed together with some up-tempo poundage. There are also points that remind me of Iron Maiden with the dual guitar attack. Add those ingredients with some black metal and the description might be close. Now bang thy head. —Donofthedeath (HeWhoCorrupts)

LOVE EQUALS DEATH:

Night Merica: CD

I think anyone starting a band like this needs to start asking themselves some real serious questions. Does the world

need another AFI? How about another Fallout Boy? Well, if those two bands are on a list of your favorites, should you be allowed to play music? Your intentions couldn't be any more obvious. Hurry up and get on to MTV and stop trying to push this shit sound to the underground. —Newtim (Fat)

LOVED ONES, THE:

Keep Your Heart: CD

Made up of former members of Kid Dynamite, Paint It Black, and The Curse, this is fairly different from the members' former acts and instead is typical Fat Wreck Chords fare: well-produced, clean, poppy, catchy and for outsiders like me it's reminiscent of other material on the label (Lawrence Arms) although huge fans of the genre will most likely disagree (hey, if you can find discrepancies between most pop punk acts, more power to you). This is the kind of stuff my neighbors in grad school listened to and thought they were all "punk" and "different" not realizing that this is really tame. But if you're looking for a guilty pop punk indulgence with an East Coast flavor, The Loved Ones aren't too bad. —Kurt Morris (Fat)

LOVED ONES, THE:

Keep Your Heart: CD

Part of the new breed on Fat, this band is no newcomer. Featuring former members of Kid Dynamite and the Curse, this is no high school garage band. At the moment, this is a little too slick for me. The songs are catchy, well recorded, and have drive.

This could be on a major label. The production is that good. I would probably have a different opinion if I had seen the band live first. —Donofthedeath (Fat)

LUXURY PUSHERS:

Quitter's Holiday: CD

This is coming from a few weird directions at once: '90s grunge pop, Boston-y sing-along street punk, and a little bit of Turbonegro's purposely obvious hard rock like on their last record. Oh yeah, and Mike Ness' scab-pickin' lyrics about "[having] nothin'" and "Bruises to Prove It" and shit like that. Points added for titling a song and penning a chorus based on a line from Ned Flanders' dad: "We've tried nothin'...and we're all out of ideas!" and then immediately deducted for making it not funny. —Anthony Bartkewicz (Ready-Wear Ltd., www.luxurypushers.com)

M.O.T.O.:

El Stop b/w She's Gone Nuts: 7"

What do the Seeds, Dr. Demento, Roky Erickson, hoboes, and the Beach Boys have in common? How the fuck should I know, but I bet Paul Caporino does. How can songs be so instantly catchy, crackle-poppy, infinitely weird, yet singable and raw; like if the Beatles never made enough money to pay their mortgages, but just kept plugging away in near-obscurity and sung about their sex drives blatantly? How the fuck should I know, but Paul Caporino, the mastermind of this twenty plus year-long outfit, does. Almost too good. Well worth picking up. —Todd (Baby Killer)

MAD SIN: Dead Moon's Calling: CD

I'm EXTREMELY picky about the psychobilly stuff I listen to and, frankly, this ain't something I'd listen to ever again. What's on here sounds like your average modern day corporate punk band with a stand-up bass and lyrics trying desperately to be edgy but only end up sounding lame. —Jimmy Alvarado (Sailor's Grave)

MAGGOTS, THE: "Nobody Loves the Hulk" b/w "Take it Off": 7"

The a-side is a lost '60s nugget that i've never actually heard, but have been aware of for quite some time because i'd seen the little text ads the band took out pimping the record in the Marvel Comics of the day. For whatever reason, i always assumed the song would be more of a novelty thing (a la the Merry Marvel Marching Society theme song) (face front!); it's actually a lot more psychedelic/ Electric Prunes-y than i imagined—lotsa minor chords and organ. The b-side is a Peter Gunn-styled frat-rocker, with "Take It Off" the sole concession to verbiage. I think the only abiding reason for you to get this record is if you're a big comic book nerd and don't (or, come to think of it, do) own the original, as the sleeve seems to faithfully emulate the Real Deal. *Sheesh!* BEST SONG: "Take It Off" BEST SONG TITLE: "Nobody Loves the Hulk!" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: On gamma-ray green vinyl, so you gotta wonder if the first one was one grey. —Rev. Nerb (Bootleg Booze)

IRON PIER

- Spring 2006



Thieves And Assassins - "Thieves And Assassins" 7inch EP

Debut release from these LI vets. 4 tracks of melodic hardcore in the vein of Bad Religion, Turning Point, Dag Nasty and Strike Anywhere.

OUT NOW
Everywhere



United States - "Divorce Songs" CDLP

Debut LP: catchy, subtle and intelligent post-punk in the vein of Fuzazi, Moss Icon, Dischord Records and early Sonic Youth. Members of The Assistant, The Insurgent, Bent Outta Shape, Ringers, Scent Of Human History, Sometimes Walking Sometimes Running, and Jin Cux.

OUT: JULY 4th



Capital - "Signal Corps" CDLP

Debut release/full-length. Former vocalist of Silent Majority and Blood Red plus members of Thieves And Assassins and The Reformation. Gruff, aggressive melodic hardcore in the vein of Avail and Hot Water Music. Soon appearing on a split with Crime In Stereo.

OUT: July 25th

MANGINA: 7"

Hilarious packaging: they've reprinted entries of a ton of shows they played; the majority of 'em seem to end with someone getting pieces of glass in their back, someone getting attacked by a pit bull, or someone getting threatened with a gun. Grow 'em wild in Alabama, they do. Also comes with a two-track CD-R that's spray painted orange. I hate that I've reviewed something in the past two issues where I compare the vocalist to the dude from Contra, even though each band has musically and aesthetically sounded nothing like them, and here I am doing it again: this guy sounds a lot like the dude from Contra. Or maybe a slightly-less crazed Combat Wounded Veteran. The music follows suit: Combat Wounded Veteran simplified and slowed down just a tad. The vinyl's white and someone wrote "Mangina" in brown marker over one side. I have no idea what they're singing about, since they included three inserts and no lyrics, but one can only assume a song called "Rob Halford May Be Gay (But You're a Fucking Faggot)" is either a spirited anthem regarding homosexuality, or it's meant to piss people off. Either way, I was down with the DIY packaging but the actual music struck me as a bit dull. If their show excerpts are any indication, the live show's where it's at for this band anyway. —Keith Rosson (Jeth-Row)

MARITIME: We, the Vehicles: CD

Sometimes I can't help but wonder what anyone else reviewing some of the stuff

I get would say about it. Or perhaps the editors just send me this stuff because they know it's more up my alley than say, something from some crust or '77 punk band. Looking at the type of bands we interview here (most of whom are very cool, by the way), I just wonder what some of these record labels are thinking sending their CDs to us. Maybe they're hoping it gets to me since I'm probably the only person here who might cut it some slack. Maybe not. I don't know. What I do know is that Maritime is the project of one half of Promise Ring and one member from The Dismemberment Plan. Based on that, one might expect sissy music. And one would be right. This is a light-hearted affair with soft, lisped vocals courtesy of Davey von Bohlen and gentle pop music usually accompanied by soothing guitars and the occasional keys. The drumming is consistently steady and the bass is almost non-existent, but in the end the songs are what they are: incredibly catchy and delightful to listen to. You may want to make fun of them at first, but after a few listens they actualize themselves as pleasant, honest works that are soothing and generous in their delivery. —Kurt Morris (Flameshovel)

MARVEL: Unleashed: CDEP

Bar rock doing what bar rock does best: shitty covers that I wouldn't want to hear wasted, let alone sober. —Megan (Black Juju, no address)

MATCHBOOK ROMANCE: Voices: CD

Matchbook Romance has always been one of those bands that I've always lumped into the emo-pop malaise that

erupted a few years ago. Never heard them, didn't care to hear them, and didn't think they were capable of anything worth listening to. I still haven't listened to their earlier works and still probably won't, but *Voices*, their latest album on Epitaph, is without a doubt a really stunning piece of work. The eleven tracks are altogether as moody as a year in the Midwest, with dark overtones flushing out every negative image that might be tied into ones' environment. The artwork really sets the tone, with an abundance of the color black and nefarious claymation imagery. The addition of strings, piano, and organ efficiently placed throughout the album—as well as incredibly strong vocals—show this to definitely be a maturing effort for the band. The strings, for example, could've just been thrown in as an attempt by the band to try and appear to be deep or creative, but instead, as on songs such as "Goody, Like Two Shoes" they delicately work their way into the root of the song. While catering to those fans of Alkaline Trio and My Chemical Romance, Matchbook Romance shows a progression towards its rock roots which helps supplant themselves into being a legitimate band and not just a flash in the pan. This may not be up the alley of the typical punk rock fan, but considering how much of the garbage came out of the emo scene a few years ago, this seems really promising, and especially for those of us who appreciate a little variety in our music. —Kurt Morris (Epitaph)

MEMBERS:**At the Chelsea Nightclub: CD****MEMBERS:****1980-The Choice Is Yours: CD**

The Members were one of those groups that kinda fell into the gray area between punk and what was called new wave, being a tad too gruff and "street" for the skinny tie crowd and too musically sophisticated to be easily lumped in with the great mohawked unwashed. Nonetheless, they managed some popularity, due in no small part to the fact that that had some really good tunes that drew from the same influences and were as diverse in sound as anything The Clash ever did—and yet sound only remotely like them. These reissues of their first two albums feature some of the group's best work, from punk anthems like "Solitary Confinement," "Sound of the Suburbs," and "Muzak Machine" to reggae-spiked ditties like "Offshore Banking Business" (which the band played live in the movie *Urgh, A Music War*) and "Clean Men." Of course, Captain Oi has added assorted singles tracks and alternate versions to each reissue, including a personal favorite, "GLC," a punk raver that rivals your average oi tune and was featured on the *Rock Against Racism* comp many moons ago, and the simply marvy "Disco Oui Oui," which is exactly what its title implies. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

MIGHTY GO GO PLAYERS: 10"

Noisy, arty garage punk with keyboards. This band is from France and features members of the Fatals. All you fans of garage gone art punk of the last

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

The holy Koran of punk rock. Since 1982.

MAGAZINE
RADIO

924 GILMAN BOOK

NEW INT'L COMP LP
OUT SOON



DTAL 1984

PO Box 460760 • San Francisco, CA 94146 • www.maximumrocknroll.com

THRASH OF THE TITANS II



The followup to the mighty
Thrash of the Titans compilation
featuring

Nine Shocks Terror • El Nudo
Nailed Down • Vitamin X
Contrasto • Deride • Armistice
Voetsek • Swarrm • F.P.O.
Lets Grow • Ruido • Riistetyt

THRASH OF THE TITANS II

Multicolored vinyl LP
(\$9ppd USA/\$16ppd World Air)



KNOW RECORDS
P.O. BOX 90579 • LONG BEACH, CA 90809
www.knowrecords.com

five years: lunch is served. Funny how almost everyone I knew followed the Jay Reatard arc of how to go from rockin' and snotty to dark and mopey in less than five moves. This band is as good as anyone else playing this stuff but I will happily keep playing my Ape City R & B, Lids, and Earaches records. Garage Punk - Art = Cool. -Mike Frame (Alien Snatch)

MILKY WIMPSHAKES: Heartshaped: LP Beautifully packaged LP from this great indie/twee band. Silk-screened, three-color cover with rad, pink polka dots. Sixteen-page booklet with lyrics for 50/50 previously released and new tunes. I remember hearing and liking this band in the '90s, but I don't remember them being this good. Amazingly strong twee pop for the K/Slampt crowd, reminiscent of the best of the Crabs, Tullycraft, and Go Sailor with a British feel. This is an extremely difficult style to play well, and there are tons of really bad bands who try. But when it is done right, it is killer and Milky Wimpshake nails it on every count. That is coming from someone who has loathed ninety plus percent of all indie rock I have ever heard. This fucker pops! -Mike Frame (Bitter Like The Bean)

MONROES, THE: 7"

Pretty cool garage punk single. Reminds me a bit of the Pristeens, which is a very good thing. Fans of the Downbeat 5 and Thee Minks would dig this a whole lot. Straight forward and rockin'; a no frills single. Cool band from the Netherlands. -Mike Frame (High Maintenance)

MUGSHOTS: House of the Weirdos: CD Don't believe the "horrorpunk" genre label, but do believe the inferences to the Damned and Eddie Murphy film soundtracks. Heavily Euro, synth-goth, prog rock and dark wave, I can't take another minute. Okay, I cave—I'll believe the horror bit. I just got the creeps. And a wave of nausea. -Jessica T (Lombroso, mugshots.it)

MURDERS, THE:

Gone and Forgotten: CD

Male and female gutter punk vocals, a la Cause. Poppy, sloppy adolescent punk about smoking, drinking, girls and... that's about it, sung with a raw scream and dreamy off-tune tones. Catchy and fun like a summer day, but just as forgettable. "Gloria" and "Perfect Drinking Problem" are the best and most relatable tunes with fairly clever lyrics. Reminds me of Sweet Baby James (the band, not the song). I gave up looking for them online after my search kept turning up a new wave duo from Idaho. The label site was useless as well. -Jessica T (Eugene)

MURDER DISCO X:

Ground Zero Stuttgart: CD

Loud, angry and political hardcore courtesy of this German band. Nice Terveet Kadet cover, too. -Jimmy Alvarado (Profane Existence)

NAMES FOR GRAVES: Version 2.1: 7"

Above average SXE Hardcore from Cleveland, in the vein of Champion, Carry On, Mouthpiece, and Chain Of Strength. Would be right at home in the Bridge Nine catalog. Lyrics are

not the cliché "unity crew" or "my friend stabbed me in the back" sort of thing, which makes this extra special. Pretty damn good, powerful. Prohibitionist hardcore at its finest. -Ayn Imperato (Refuse)

NEW FANGS: Bayonets: CD

This album had me on the fence the first time through. The singer's voice is non-descript; I couldn't place where I thought I'd heard the sound before. I was confused. My confusion became clarity upon further listens. Prickly guitars, staccato minor chord picking, and a bomb ass rhythm section that bolts everything into place. "We Are the Collapse" has a keyboard part that kicks you in the back of the head when you least expect it. Dischord could have easily put this out in the early '90s. There's a whole lot to like about this release, but the tension between the rhythm section and the guitars lifts *Bayonets* from the "above average" category to "highly listenable." -Josh Benke (Chain Letter)

NEW MEXICAN DISASTER SQUAD:

Don't Believe: CD

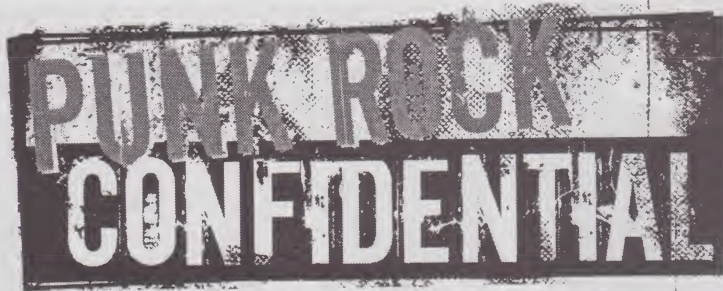
These guys have been around for a while but I haven't actually heard them until this. Luckily, this is just what I'm looking for right now: modern punk/hardcore that's fast, angry, with a touch of melody, and everything so loud that even the vocals are distorted. If you're a fan of bands like Strike Anywhere and Paint It Black, you're going to like this too. It's the same sound, and this band's on the same level too. This isn't anything new, but is still really good. -Joe Evans III (Jade Tree)

NEW THRILL PARADE: Self-titled: LP

This record has been getting a lot of poor (or at least confused) reviews lately and I really can't understand why. Well, that's a lie. I do understand how someone wouldn't quite understand its genius after hearing it for the first time. It happened to me. It is like nothing I have ever heard before, but something I have always subconsciously yearned to hear. Like Nick Cave's Birthday Party on crack. Slow and hypnotizing, dark and droning bass-heavy melodies accented by jarring crash symbols soon lead into a chaotic mess of screeching saxophone and guitar. Demanding gloomy deep vocals quickly turn shrieking and urgent. It's like being able to witness the musical equivalent of a depressed clown's journey drifting into the frosty arms of insanity and through the dark, creepy melodies and unpredictable breakdowns. You not only begin to understand why, but it begins to drag you down as well. This is original, and truly nothing short of amazing. Highly recommended. -Newtim (17 Television / Mountain Landis)

NOFX: Never Trust a Hippie: CDEP

No matter how much shit people talk about NOFX, they are still here. From their early beginnings on rip-off label Mystic, to being an integral part of making Epitaph what it is today, and to creating a label that is run with precision and takes care of its bands from top to bottom. I read somewhere one of their records that was released on Epitaph went platinum. If you don't know what that means, that is one mil-



It's Not About the Music

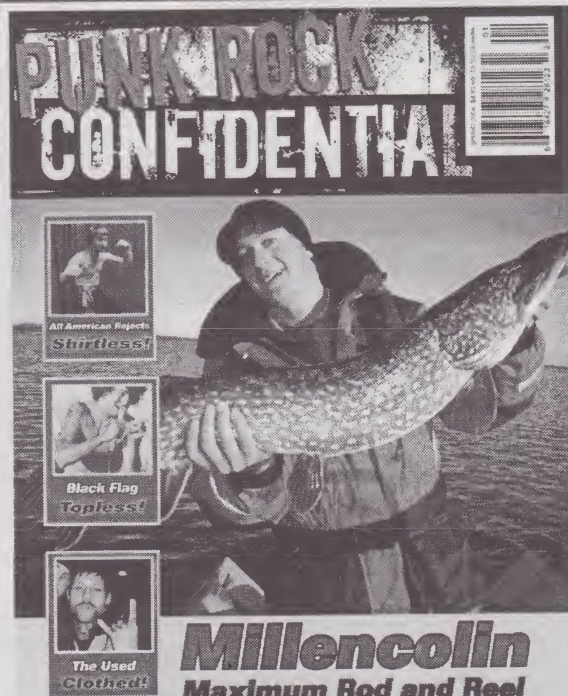


EACH FULL COLOR GLOSSY ISSUE OF PUNK ROCK CONFIDENTIAL INCLUDES: PHOTO ALBUMS, SCENE REPORTS, WEDDINGS, DAY JOBS, A DAY IN THE LIFE, SQUATS, TOUR DIARIES, PHOTOGRAPHERS, ARTISTS, AND YES, A CROSSWORD PUZZLE!

AVAILABLE AT: HOT TOPIC, TOWER, INTERPUNK, SMARTPUNK, MIDHEAVEN, NO IDEA AND MANY OTHER SUPER FINE RETAILERS

or go to www.punkrockcon.com to subscribe

Spring 2006 out Now!



Millencolin
Maximum Rod and Reel

Riots! Stabbings! Squats! Pondue!

236 West Portal Ave. #134 San Francisco, CA 94127 • www.punkrockcon.com

lion copies. The band gets to do something they love and not have to get a REAL job. I'm envious of that. I'm not the biggest fan, but I do like some of their stuff. In fact, the current stuff is the stuff I like. I thought *The Decline* was brilliant. *The War on Errorism* had some great songs on there too. So this release continues on their progression. The band has a signature sound that is undeniable. But with careful listening, I can always hear some things that sound new to their approach. Take for instance, "Seeing Double at the Triple Rock." It sounds like Motörhead's interpretation of a NOFX Song. All the other songs on this EP are consistent and easily listenable. Hats off to these guys for pushing forward all these years. —Donofthead (Fat)

NOFX: *Never Trust a Hippie*: CDEP

Here it is, the new EP from Fat Mike and the gang featuring two songs off their forth coming full length, *Wolves in Wolves Clothing*, and four unreleased tunes. The first song is about drinking and partying with Paddy and the rest of Dillinger Four at the Triple Rock in Minnesota. I've never had the pleasure of drinking with these fine folks, but from what I've heard already, the lyrics to this song seem to fit the bill perfectly. The next song, "The Marxist Brothers," is a sarcastic poke at Marxists of the new millennium with their hybrid cars, ebay shopping and podcasts... pretty funny, but I would have enjoyed it more if it was a new version of their classic Moron Brothers tune with new lyrics. The third song is a well done Germs cover. The next

song, "You're Wrong," is a political song used as Fat Mike's soap box minute, and it's pretty horrible as it's just Fat Mike strumming his guitar and trying to sing in tune. Great choice in signing Against Me! to Fat Wreck, but don't try and record an Against Me! style song just because you like how they sound. I'm sorry but it just doesn't work—especially when the song is two minutes long and spouts even more one-sided rhetoric than a Propaganda album. The next two songs are more of what you come to expect from NOFX, but nothing special. Not sure how I liked this CD as I'd much rather be listening to *The Decline* or *So Long and Thanks For All The Shoes*. There's something to be said when the new, unreleased Randy (the band) song "Beware," available online right now for free which features Fat Mike (taking up half the lead and backing vocal duties), is better than all of the songs on this EP. —Mr. Z (Fat Wreck)

NUMBSKULLS, THE:

The Last... Vol. 1 of 3: CD

Aptly named band as the disc sent to me doesn't play in my CD player. But being the curious lad that I am, I found them on the internet and bounce from their band web site to the group's MySpace page where I got a peek at a few of their songs. So what did they sound like? Um, primitive four chord pub rock with some street punk leanings to it. Not great or original, but capable and probably enjoyable live when your liver is oozing Pabst Blue Ribbon. —Greg Barbera (www.thenumskulls.com)

O PIONEERS!!! / SAW WHEEL: Split: CD

O Pioneers!!! sound a lot like Against Me! and it doesn't bug me because it seems to be coming from an honest place. Seriously, it's not a passing blush; from the shouted/sung vocals, to the disco/drill sergeant drumming, to the shimmering guitar. They could almost be unused demo tracks, pre *Axl Rose* and that instant familiarity gives the band a nice—albeit odd—comfort. Saw Wheel plot nicely in the Rumbleseat, This Bike Is A Pipebomb, Plan-It-X universe: down-home, subdued, but fiery-eyed, calloused-hand, and real easy to listen to while you tap your toes along to the beat. —Todd (Team Science)

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS: *Hospitals*: LP

This is reeal close to being full-on awesome. It's got that zippy, whirlwind, circular speed of Horrible Odds, that "I've got a mental owie, slide down your panties" feel—but recorded so much better—than the best four songs on Jawbreaker's *Dear You*, and that rust shined into a luster pop punk of Rivethead (who Zack came from). But there's something in the creases that doesn't quite do it for me. The rock's slabbled on there, but the joining material feels a little clumpy, bloated, and strained, like someone using a caul gun for the first time sealing in a bathtub. Off With Their Heads' musical bathtub doesn't leak, it just ain't as tight as it could be. That said, I find myself listening to this quite a bit, so it just may take some adjustment time. I heard they slay live, so I'll patiently wait for round two. —Todd (Rock Bottom)

OKAY PADDY:

The Cactus Has a Point: CD

Reaction to opening notes: what the hell is this smarmy mess? Reaction to entire record: surprisingly good/much better than expected/you dumbass, stop with the instant judgments. This really did surprise me because it's not often that I come across a relatively mellow (THE word that springs to mind with every song) rock'n'roll record that I can't get enough of. In a lot of ways this sounds to me, at least, like a subdued version of The Figgs, as if they were to make a record baked on a whole load of weed. It's so easy to get bored with fast-paced fury at times, and this was a welcome change of pace for me. —The Lord Kveldulfr (Prison Jazz)

ONE DEAD THREE WOUNDED:

Paint the Town: CD

Screamo. There is a lot of yelling goin' on. —Donofthead (1x1)

ONE REASON: *Mountains*: 7"

Three catchy poppy, kinda emoish songs from a place called Cleveland, Mississippi. When I wrote "emoish," I didn't mean it in a Mineral or Christie Front Drive kinda way. More of a later Discount mixed with Broadways kinda poppy emotional punk. Great, well-written songs. The first, "The End Never Mattered" is my favorite, and the most catchy of the three, but after a few listens, I ended up liking the entire 7" quite a bit. It has a Plan-It-X feel to it, and after further reading, I found they have a release on Plan-It-X South. —Newtim (Salinas)



THE SORE THUMBS

LISTEN UP! 14 SONG CD

SERIOUS CONTENDER FOR RECORD OF THE YEAR. THINK EARLY ONE MAN ARMY, SWINGIN UTTERS MIXED WITH THE SHIFTERS! THIS CD IS GONNA KNOCK SOME SOCKS OFF! \$10 PPD COMES WITH 11 X 17 RECORD RELEASE POSTER



TOMMY GUN & THE BULLETS

SOMETHING NEW 3 SONG 7"

DEBUT RELEASE FROM SFS LATEST SENSATION. CATCHY PUNK IN THE VEIN OF THE BELTONES. — \$4 PPD



THE BODIES ADDICTED TO YOU

FIRST RECORDING EVER FROM 1997! NOW AVAILABLE ON CD! 11 SONGS.

\$10 PPD COMES WITH 11 X 17 RECORD RELEASE POSTER



COMING NEXT : THE BODIES - ANGEL ON THE NINE 7"

RADIO RECORDS PO BOX 1452 SONOMA CA 95476 WWW.RADIORECORDS.ORG

PENETRATION: *Moving Targets*: CD

Having previously only heard their punk anthem "Don't Dictate," this album was a bit of a shock. Although contemporaries of the Sex Pistols, The Clash, and all the other heroes of the first wave of U.K. punk, most of the songs here are markedly mature and sophisticated in comparison to many of their peers, with interesting rhythms and arrangements married to well-written lyrics. While it shouldn't scare off those who like their punk a little smarter than THUD-THUD-THUD-THUD (and yes, I have more than a passing affinity for that brand of punk as well, so stuff your whining missives excoriating my supposed dismissal of punk's more primitive purveyors a second ago and direct your ire instead at our dickheaded President and criminal cohorts, you gobbing monkeys), those who need their noise to fit snugly into the accepted punk pigeonhole will be pleased as punch by the inclusion of the aforementioned "Don't Dictate" and "Firing Squad" singles, both of which make a nice soundtrack to mad, mindless pogoin'. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

PHANTOM LIMBS:

Random Hymns: 12" EP

Noisy white vinyl 12" five-song 45 here. It sounds like industrial music to me, but I know this band is beloved in the garage gone art world. Fans of Lost Sounds, Butthole Surfers, and noisy grindcore will find a lot to like here. —Mike Frame (Hungry Eye)

PHARMACY, THE:

Two Small Armies: 7"

The kids in the pop punk outfit The Pharmacy kind of come off as sweet, like unicorns with sparkly manes and tails. What's closer to the truth is more like undead unicorns with razor sharp teeth feeding on the flesh of the living, spewing out Devo-ish and Starvations-inspired pop noise like showers of blood. Fans of their epic live shows can now feed off of three killer new songs and an impressive new version of "Two Small Armies." Recommended for fans of good, catchy punk and shot-gunning beers with your friends in the back of parking lots. —Comrade Bree (Don't Stop Believin')

PINK RAZORS:

Waiting to Wash Up: CD

I want to like this record more than I do, and I can't put my finger on it. It's got that fuzzy sweater on fire charm of Dead Things, the raygun happy zapping (but they're really sad) of Screeching Weasel, the watertight, seamless quality of Funeral Oration—pop punk's the score and they're navigating adeptly through a maze on wheels of prior invention—but there's something... something not there for me. And it's not a, "Oh, the production blows," or "That dude's voice sound like a twelve-year-old girl's," or suckin' "high school sweetheart left me, whoah, whoah" lyrics. Maybe it's just that it's fifteen songs that could easily be just one with fourteen short beaks, but that'd mean I'd have to rule out the Ramones, and I'm not about to do that.

So, at this point, I'm gonna say pass, but it could easily turn into a thumbs up if that one thing clicks into place. Huh. Weird. —Todd (Robotic Empire)

POPULATION REDUCTION:

At the Throats of Man Forever: CD

I am guilty of buying stuff for my personal collection and not making an effort to review it in this here mag. I saw PR back in early December of last year. They're a two man grind, death, metal, punk margarita blender that truly impressed me. Straight-up guitar and drums with dueling vocals was a hoot. Also included in the mix was their great sense of humor. I was sold. I bought the tour 7" and the CD and for some reason (I think I ran out of money) I didn't buy a shirt. Got to try and support the touring bands! Well, anyway. This is some damn good stuff if you like your cookie monster and rectum ripped screaming vocals. Drums that blast away with double bass drums with cymbals and drum heads pounded with power and precision. I witnessed it first hand and he was barefoot too. The guitars have the requisite chunk and heavy riffage. Nothing soft here. This is coming from two guys who were super nice and friendly when I met them and they morphed into this madness once on stage. —Donofthedeath (Tankcrimes)

PROUDFLESH: Self-titled: CD

I find it interesting that Sothira continues to lay the mess that is Indochina solely at the feet of the West, and says nothing about all the fun that was had there with no help

from the West whatsoever. Shit, the Maoist Khmer Rouge alone had a ball in them killing fields in his native Cambodia. How many bodies lie under Choeung Ek and elsewhere again? Nearly two million? How many ethnic Vietnamese died by Cambodian hands during that period? How many Cambodians died by Vietnamese hands when the Vietnamese overthrew the Khmer in '78-79? Weren't those governments Chinese- and Soviet-backed, respectively? I'm not getting all patriotic or anything, 'cause I'm the last person who would do that, but it seems to me there's enough blame to go around and that any group with a supposed anarchist background wouldn't hesitate to point fingers in all the appropriate directions, and that doesn't seem to be the case here. Seems a little hypocritical to be singing about My Lai and not utter a peep about Tuol Sleng, bro. Speaking of hypocrisy, how does a former anarcho-posterboy turned stockbroker justify singing antiwar tunes? That's like a politician singing songs against his corporate overseer, ain't it? Seeing as the market thrives on war, it would follow that anyone who works in the market profits, no matter how indirectly, from the misery and death of others, right? There's a reason why them towers were singled out and it wasn't just 'cause they were tall. Singing songs decrying your chosen revenue source is kinda like biting the hand that pays for them bitchin' motorcycles and posh living quarters. As for the music itself, imagine

\$100 A DAY NO EXP
NEEDED 659-1600

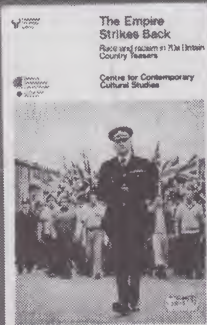
WANT



TALL NUBIAN GIRL
ANIMAL LOVER! WANTS
other male or...? of similar
interests for sensations never
before experienced. Phone
659-1600

ATTENTION
DIVORCEES

New club for women only forming
in greater Los Angeles area. For
information write "Butch" in care
of this rag.



COUNTRY TEASERS
The Empire Strikes Back
LP/CD

MASSAGES

BI-SEXUAL

disabled veteran seeks someone
to love. Not fussy. Call George
anytime at 659-1600.

WANTED GIRL 18-?

I am looking for the right person
to spend fun, games & sex with.
If you are young, goodlooking
38-26-36 please call SUSIE at
659-1600



MISS ALEX WHITE
& CHRIS PLAYBOY LIVE
LP

MODEL

SPREADS FROM SWEDEN
10 color for \$8.00 or B&W \$4.00

Black Time Midnight World



BLACK TIME
Midnight World
LP/CD

SEXUAL FREEDOM
is the only way to live. Come to
our '69 Party in a location near
you or write to us c/o this paper.



www.intheredrecords.com

"IT'S ALL FOR SALE"

...SO GET IT WHILE YOU CAN!

Crucifix reimagined as a Sunset Strip rock band, singing love songs to "My Lai My Love." While I imagine their reliance on their old band's name (and frankly, the Jimmy Crucifix lineup was easily the worst) will no doubt bring in the dough from non-discerning punter/punkers with Hot Topic-bought "Dehumanization" t-shirts, I think it's safe to say that some musicians and their contributions are best left behind in the mists of the past. —Jimmy Alvarado (Wired Gnome)

PROZACS, THE: *Live at CBGB: CD*

Like the title suggests, it is a live recording of The Prozacs from Massachusetts at CBGB's. The first song, "Penguin Rock," sounds like a carbon copy of Blink 182 and a tinge of annoying Avril Lavigne. They cover Screeching Weasel songs and they have songs about high school escapades such as prom, cleverly titled "Prom Night." (Quick comment: from the CD photos they look a little too old to STILL be singing about prom and high school. Just a thought.) The Prozacs would fit nicely on the tiny side stage at Warped Tour or next to a suburban kid's Blink 182 collection, because they sound exactly the same. Too bad. I liked their band name. I'll just give the CD to my younger cousin who is still in that phase. —Jenny Moncayo (Cheapskate)

PUSH TO TALK: *Self-titled: CD*

I'm guessing these guys spend a lot of time at '80s dance clubs, but only actually dance when The Cure comes on in that so-sad-I-have-to-dance way. —Megan (Doghouse)

RADIO BEATS: *Ready to Shake: CD*

Hot fucking dawg!!! This is the kind of blown out, scumbag rock'n'roll that makes me want to do back flips. So lo-fi I'd bet a grand it was recorded under water with caveman clubs for drum sticks and dinosaur teeth for guitar picks. Songs about takin' chicks home, takin' chicks to the backseat of your car, and chicks givin' it up, all played fast and dirty. Includes an Angry Samoans cover. Fuck yes. —Josh Benke (Big Neck)

RAT BYTE/CONCRETE FACELIFT: *Split 7"*

Concrete Facelift. Rat Byte. What a cool couple names for bands. Just hearing their names makes me want to drink a Pepsi and go skate. C.F. actually surprised me with the lyrical coolness. I feel the exact same way! With every one of their songs! If there was some sort of soundtrack to my life, I would want to have the song "It" play every morning as I wake up. They have a way of describing exactly how I feel about caffeine in a minute of skate thrashy hardcore. Don't get me wrong, there's nothing new here. You've heard this stuff before. Both bands play similar simple, fast, early '80s skate punk: JFA, early Suicidal Tendencies, and so on. I really like this split though. It's good to see kids are still skating to good music. Or making good music to skate to, which is much more important. Oh yeah, I almost forgot. Rat Byte has a song called Raditude. It is impossible to be any cooler in my book. —Newtim (FNS / Party Time)

RED ALERT:

Blazin' Through the Years: CD

A collection from a band smart enough to realize that their previous compilation on Captain Oi is still in print and most likely readily available most anywhere, and so have culled this "best of" from rarities and alternate sessions. Although "new" versions (more recent than the originals, but they're still thirteen years old) of popular tunes like "In Britain" and "SPG" can be found here, the bulk of the songs, twenty in all, come from more recent fare, providing a nice bookend to the Captain Oi collection rather than just a rehash of the same old shit. If you're a fan of their older stuff, pick this up and see what you've been missing. —Jimmy Alvarado (SOS)

REVEREND BEAT MAN & THE CHURCH OF HERPES: *Your Favourite Position Is on Your Knees: CD*

There's a haunted cathedral somewhere that needs to have this music playing as parishioners make their way down the aisle to take unholy communion. Reverend Beat Man speaks his lyrics like Froggy from the *Our Gang* television series. The music consists of creaky organs and creepy industrial electro rhythms. "Home" is a fucking masterpiece. I'm renouncing my involvement with the Congregational House of Genital Warts and taking the membership class at the Church of Herpes. —Josh Benke (Voodoo Rhythm)

RICHARD CHEESE: *Best of: CD*

Imagine Tony Bennett singing "Baby's Got Back" and you'll have a pretty

clear understanding of what to expect from this. I have no doubt this disc of big band covers of Slipknot, Van Halen, Limp Bizkit, and Snoop Dogg tunes will grow old pretty damned quick, but right now it's the funniest thing I've heard all week. —Jimmy Alvarado (Surfdog)

RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS, THE:

To the Confusion of Our Enemies: CD

I'm not gonna sit here on my ass and gush like Niagara Falls about how great it is having a band like The Riverboat Gamblers alive and kicking the last nine years. Anyone who's heard them already knows that, right? Right. But I do wanna reiterate the two golden rules that matter when it comes to being in a band: 1) what your band does in the recording studio, and 2) what your band does live on a stage. That's it. Everything else is just hot fucking air, and there's quite a bit of shit bands out there to prove this point. It can restore faith to see a band that takes these two golden rules to heart and consistently delivers the goods. And with this record, the Gamblers are delivering it yet again, in fucking *spades*. There's some heavier production this time around with *Confusion*, but don't let that scare you—you'll be nodding your head and muttering "Holy shit!" under your breath by the time you're halfway done listening to the opening ass-stomper, "True Crime." Other pummels to the kidneys in the same vein are "The Song We Used to Call 'Wasting Time,'" "The Gamblers Try Their Hand at International Diplomacy," "The Art of Getting

❖ sickroom ❖ records ❖

KEEP THE FUZZ OFF MY BUZZ



DVD & CD

WILLIAM ELLIOT WHITMORE
PARADISE ISLAND
FT (THE SHADOW GOVERNMENT)
LET'S BE ACTIVE



PRESENTED BY:
KING POWER CINEMA
& SICKROOM RECORDS

chevreuil



capoeira

cd

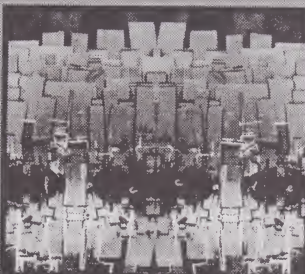
just a fire



spanish time

cd

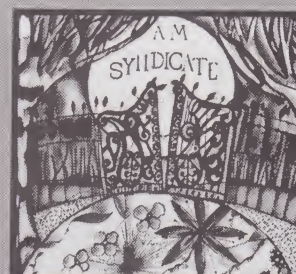
tic code



f b c c a d e

cd

am syndicate



empire

cd

available through southern distribution

sickroom ❖ records

www.southern.com

www.sickroomrecords.com

Fucked,” and one of my faves, “Rent Is Due.” The rock’n’roll songwriting is shining brilliantly here, especially with the tracks “Biz Loves Sluts,” “Don’t Bury Me... I’m Still Not Dead,” “On Again off Again,” “Year of the Rooster,” and the would-make-Angus-Young-proud riffed gem, “Uh Oh!” I even hear glimmers of D-Generation on the cuts “The Curse of the Ivory Coast” and “Black Nothing of a Cat” (and for those of you groaning, fuck you—that’s a *good* thing). There’s even some brief acappella happening here about unicorns, courtesy of Throw Rag’s Capt. Sean Doe. Ex-Catheters (now Tall Birds) drummer Davey Brozowski must be given credit where credit’s due—he did a real fine job filling in on the drum stool for the recording of this record. Simply put, the RBG are as fantastic a band as they are good people, so it’s a no-brainer that you want this new record for your audio pleasure, Corky (yes genius, that’s right—Corky. As in TV’s *Life Goes on*). I hear the RBG are gonna be part of this summer’s Warped Tour again. Christ, I’d really hate to be in any of the bands having to follow their set. That shit could get really embarrassing. —Designated Dale (Volcom)

**ROBOCOP KRAUS, THE:
They Think They Are: CD**

I wish they would have called themselves “The Robocop Klaus Nomi,” then they’d all be dead of AIDS right now and I wouldn’t have to listen to this CD any more. BEST SONG: “You Don’t Need a Doctor” BEST SONG

TITLE: “Life Amazes Us Despite Our Miserable Future” FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Actually, this record is often interesting in an I.R.S. Records circa 1980 way, but, I mean, if you name your band something like *The Robocop Kraus* and you put out an album on friggin’ *Epitaph* that sounds like the singer of Gang Of Four emoting over some kind of kinky-dink Stereo Total background music, you kinda set yourself up for whatever wise-ass crap the reviewer deigns to fling your way. —Rev. Norb (Epitaph)

**ROCK N’ ROLL STORMTROOPERS:
On Fire: CD**

This silly band from Germany wears their influences on their sleeves: Cock Sparrer, Slade, AC/DC, Ramones, Rose Tattoo. It’s an upbeat, fun record with catchy riffs and ridiculous lyrics. Sample line: “We are bulldozers on the loose / Roaring, steaming, pounding!” Despite the fact that the music utilizes every street punk guitar riff cliché in the book, the music frankly kicks serious ass. Plus all four guys are wearing Turbonegro-esque, Daisy Duke type shorts on the insert photo, in a background of pink lightning bolts. What could be better than a little furry man-leg action? —Ayn Imperato (Full Breach)

ROCKET: Girls with Candy Hearts: CDEP

No matter how much thrash, grindcore, hardcore, and crust I listen to and go see, I am a sucker for all-girl bands. Now add a few covers with a blast of bubblegum, and I’m like a catfish hooked with a designer lure. Starting off is a cover of

The Professionals which was one of Steve Jones’ bands after the Sex Pistols. I vaguely remember the song, but I was never really into them. But this band turns it into a new song. Never heard the Nick Gilder song “Backstreet Noise” before. All I ever heard was “Hot Child in the City.” I would have never known it was a cover if I didn’t look at the liner notes. Their rendition of the Ramones’ “I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend” becoming “I Wanna Be Your Girlfriend” was an easy lyric change and enjoyable too. It didn’t feel sacrilegious. Their Iggy Pop cover of “Funtime” has the elements of quirkiness that a band like Fuzzbox in the ‘80s or Elastica in the ‘90s would have done. Their originals are great too. This one’s a keeper! Now if a copy of their previous release that I read about with the Redd Kross and Day City Rollers covers comes my way, I will be one happy music junkie. —Donofthedeat (Teenacide)

**ROSE MELBERG:
Cast Away the Clouds: CD**

I loved this album, but then in high school, I always had a strong fascination with the melancholy girls. You know the girls. Like Alice in your math class with the dark brown hair and red cheeks who you saw crying in the hallway last week after she broke up with Glenn. And it was, like, sad, you know? Because they weren’t just a high school couple. They seemed like, *desperately* in love. And so you sit there when you’re supposed to be doing that sheet of word problems and stare at Alice because she’s so pretty and her second-hand clothes are so much nicer than

anything you’ve ever found at the Salvation Army and you kind of cry a bit when she gets up on stage at the school’s talent night and plays her green acoustic guitar and sings a song about Glenn and how much she loved him. I love Rose Melberg for the same reasons I loved girls like Alice in high school. Because she is talented, and gorgeous, and oh so sad. And since I’ll hopefully never be sad enough myself to write songs this great, I’ll listen to this album whenever I feel like hurting vicariously. —Jennifer Whiteford (Double Agent)

ROY: Killed John Train: CD

Mr. Todd Taylor is a clever one. I pop this CD in the player and right there on the first song, the guy starts singing about Reno. That’s where I live! Unfortunately, “Reno, I’m Coming Home” contains a line within that states, “Empty halls with sparse applause yields another bad review.” Err... this does not bode well for Roy. There’s a great, phony album teaser at the end of Built To Spill’s CD, *There’s Nothing Wrong with Love*, where producer Phil Eck introduces songs that will appear on the next LP. The songs are miles apart from each other stylistically, much like the material on *Killed John Train*. Country-tinged indie-pop in the vein of Wilco and Neutral Milk Hotel followed by slow alterna-moodiness the recalls Idlewild and Guided By Voices with some early Silver Jews thrown in to allow things to get really quiet. As none of these descriptive terms contain the words “rock” or “roll” or the letter “n,” I didn’t care much for this. —Josh Benke (Lujó)

Unknown Instructors
Temperature and pressure read water
Cold water (left) hot
Hot water (right) cold
Hot water supply line
Electrical junction box
Exhaust and intake pipes
Shut-off valve
Gases
Electrical connection
The Way Things Work
A freeform blast of intelligent noir beat poetry that plumbs the same depths of freakiness that Sun Ra and the MC5 did.
—Creem Magazine

LURID
Bizarro proto-metal from Akron, Ohio, circa 1972!

THOR
CD & DVD
As compelling as it is utterly hilarious.
—Classic Rock Magazine

THESE TITLES AVAILABLE AT THE iTunes STORE:
The Dissidents, Bold Chicken, Teengenerate, The Cokes, Onepercentres, Beat Caravan, The Shamrocks, The Oranges, Buzz Clic Adventure, Les Black's Amazing Pink Holes, The New Creatures, California Speedbag, David Thomas & Two Pale Boys, The Vacancies, Rubber City Rebels, Rocket From The Tombs, Amoeba (raftboy), Stepsister "Autopilot Stuck On, Get Down!", Step Sister "Sugar Sweat 8-Track/Second Hand Smoke", Amps II Eleven, Offbeats, Agitated, "Broke: File Under Soundtracks" "Pie & Ears" comp Volume 1 and 2, Numbskull, THOR, Unknown Instructors and The New Christs!!

smog veil RECORDS
1658 N. Milwaukee #284, Chicago IL 60647 www.SmogVeil.com
OUT SOON, new releases from: Pere Ubu, Unkown Instructors, THOR, Lurid

RUM RUNNER: *Dead Men Are Heavier Than Broken Hearts*: 7"

Sounds like Swingin' Utters / Filthy Thieving Bastards channeled via The Pogues. Though a bit unimaginative, it is done very well, utilizing banjo, accordion, drums, and undistorted guitar in that wild chaotic way that characterizes Irish folk punk. I personally like the more punked-out songs I've heard this band do a bit better, however. The B-Side is a slightly more punk version of... hmm, a Pogues cover. —KO! (Longshot)

RUTS: *Punk Singles Collection*: CD

As the name implies, this is a collection of singles tracks courtesy of that other most excellent Limey band that sprinkled liberal doses of reggae into their punk rock. Virtually every classic tune imaginable this band recorded can be found here, from "In a Rut" to "Jah War" to the first Ruts DC single, "Different View/Formula Eyes." Of particular note is that the versions of "Babylon's Burning," "Society," and the aforementioned "Jah War" are all the singles versions making their CD debut here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

SAINTE CATHERINES, THE: *Dancing for Decadence*: CD

I remember in the summer of 1993, the big talk of the U.S. punk scene was Avail. They were awesome live, but all their records up until that point were pretty weak. Nothing they'd released had done a really good job of capturing their live energy. Then *Dixie* came out and Avail became the big shit of the '90's. *Dancing for Decadence* is The Sainte Catherine's *Dixie*. Finally, an album that is as dynamic and powerful as seeing them live. Imagine Tragedy playing Leatherface songs with catchy, anthemic choruses a la Strike Anywhere, and you've got a pretty good idea of where these six French-Canadians are coming from. Hugo's lyrics straddle the line between personal emo-ish stuff and social statements calling the scene out on its shit, but always with enough intelligence to not sound cheesy. The three guitars are just different enough from one another to create a warm, dark melodic texture, but without losing their bite. I'm so glad The Sainte Catherine's finally have a good recorded representation of how awesome they can sound. This band is gonna get fucking huge, so you might wanna get in on the ground floor and get this now. —Ben Snakepit (Fat)

SAINTE CATHERINES, THE: *Dancing for Decadence*: CD

Hey! Another band that flew under my radar and pops up out of nowhere! I see this band has already put out a couple of LPs, an EP and two splits. Where have I been? Clueless, as usual. A posse of six from Montreal, Canada is the culprit of creating this wall of noise. A mixture of small hints of Strike Anywhere, Hot Water Music, and maybe a double pinch of Strung Out. Melodic, but still hard driving. The production is top-notch in Fat fashion where every instrument is separate and identifiable, but melds as one. The vocal delivery is slightly gruff, but is in key and sung with conviction. The three guitars play a game of Twister

with their intertwining harmonies and layers. There is no doubt these guys can play and show some anger in the process. A great introduction to another band I have never heard of before. —Donofthead (Fat)

SAM LOMBARDI: *Take Your Pic*: CD

Picture if you will, Kelly Clarkson weaned on Johnny Thunders. Well, maybe not weaned, but told by some A&R weasel to dress that way because it'll sell. Yep, this is pure teen pop crap. There's quite the team of writers here. Some songs have up to five or six writers. Too bad Sam herself is only credited on four of them. The first song was kind of catchy (in an embarrassing, shameful kind of way), but I was redeemed when I couldn't stand the rest of it. This should be standard mall fare in no time. —Ty Stranglehold (Black Sea)

SASS DRAGONS: *ManCandy*: CD

Illinois is one lucky state. It houses the Lincoln Home National Historic Site, it lovingly claims the wonderful city of East St. Louis, and they happen to also be home to one of my new favorite bands, the Sass Dragons. I can't even begin to tell you how happy I am to have received this from Razorcake HQ. Now that Hickey has been gone for a few years, The Bananas don't seem to ever want to record a new album, and The Minds have disappeared off the map, I am reassured that fun, sloppy, inventive pop punk isn't going to die along with some of my favorite bands. I actually was surprised that these guys weren't from the Bay area. There is a distinct feeling I get from their music that I automatically associate with northern California, which I should probably stop doing now. I am finding it really hard not to jump and flail around the living room right now with a huge smile on my face. Now to clarify, the band comparisons above are not entirely accurate, because there will never be a replacement for any of them. The Sass Dragons seem to borrow from the best aspects of each of them, creating a sound original to them. Well, it's official. My pick for best album of 2006 thus far. PLEASE COME TO PORTLAND, DEAREST SASS DRAGONS! —Newtim (Lets Pretend)

SATELLITERS: 6-song CDEP

This long-standing beat/garage/psych unit from some country where they issue funny website addresses never truly connected with me; much like pretty much everything else on the Dionysus label, they always seemed like a slightly sterilized version of something that was supposed to be intrinsically rawer and cooler. Be that as it may, the band seems to have "progressed"—arguably for the better (gasp!)—mutating/evolving into something more akin to some of the less-horrible quote-college-rock-unquote units from the Southern Hemisphere ca. 1985 (Hoodoo Gurus... uh... shit, that's all I can think of right now), and not at all un-Bigtime Records-ish, if you follow (and even if you don't). What this means to the layman is that, although I still am not enervated in any meaningful way by this band, I am now somewhat more interested in the ways

and means of how they go about not enervating me. BEST SONG: "It's Not True" BEST SONG TITLE: "Your Stuff" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Band uses a Vox amp. Goodness. —Rev. Norb (Dionysus)

SCARRED, THE: *No Solution*: CD

Young mohawky goodness, pure and simple. The Scarred somehow look and sound the part of punk from days gone by without going down the rehash road. It's refreshing. The songs have an urgency and lack of hope that has me on the edge of my seat. I guess they kind of remind me of Broken Bottles (but not quite as good).

—Ty Stranglehold (Punkcore)

SCARS OF TOMORROW:

***The Beginning of*: CD**

Two early lineups of a band I've never heard of playing burp-metal with occasional flashes of melody. The results are—you guessed it—about as exciting as a fistful of downs with an Everclear chaser. —Jimmy Alvarado (Thorp)

SCOTCH GREENS: *Professional*: CD

On the case is a sticker, which says, "punk rock and American roots. When was the last time you heard originality?" With regards to the first part, when I think "punk rock and American roots," I think of the Gun Club, The Blasters, Los Lobos and maybe The Knitters. As for the second part, outside of the occasional inclusion of a banjo, what I'm hearing, while not terrible by any stretch, ain't exactly teeming with originality. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.scotchgreens.com)

SHIVS, THE: *They're Here*: CD

I love it when a local band does good. The Shivs are pretty much the top of the heap as far as hardcore bands go in Victoria, and this record is a good representation of them. Fast and heavy is the order of the day. A couple of Blind Marc's favorite bands are FUs and the Stretch Marks, and you can tell. They tend to creep over to the metal side of things here and there, but for the most part, it's stripped down early '80s hardcore thrash. Add the musings of a drunk blind guy who is obsessed with aliens, and you've got a fine batch of songs. Throw in a couple of my favorite older tunes "15 Pack" and "86'ed" and some cover art featuring some Jaks Team aliens and call this a full blown winner. —Ty Stranglehold (No Front Teeth)

SHONEN KNIFE: *Genki Shock!*: CD

I was a huge Shonen Knife fan back in the early '80s. I have a decent collection of their releases that I have amassed through the years. Like having your favorite pair of underwear or brand of beer, that tends to change over time. I kind of fell off their map when they went on a U.S. major label. Nothing of their later material has the magic of the early material to my ears. The magic in their earlier music was they could barely play and recorded in cheap studios and the songs were bubblegum cute. The new material is not the same for me. It sounds like they are trying too hard to sound garage. They play the same formula as their later material and worse, they continue to sing in English. When they were

singing mostly in Japanese and broken English, the music was great. I read that for this U.S. release, they re-recorded the songs in English. I much would have preferred the Japanese vocals. —Donofthead (Glue Factory)

SHOP FRONTS: *"So Sick" b/w "Shop Fronts" & "Polish Hammer"*: 7"

...I thought their first 45 pretty much bit, to tell you the truth, but, although I am still gonna hold off on anointing these guys (and girl) the sorely needed saviors of punk rock, I have no problem in admitting this is a three-song sampling of highly increased keenness. The a-side sounds like a stripped-down, female-vocalized version of the Spaceshits "More Abuse," but with more of a Red (not "Redd") Cross (not "Kross") style Robo-beat; the b-side causes my reptilian brain-stem to want to excavate the Manic Depressives' "Out With The In Crowd" three-song 7" for a quick compare/contrast session. Catchy, crunchy, under-produced and primitive, I now officially "see great promise" in this band. Huz the fuck Zah. BEST SONG: "So Sick" BEST SONG TITLE: "Polish Hammer?" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: If "Polish Hammer" is in reference to Ivan Putski, another childhood wrestling hero of mine, Wikipedia says that he's now a security guard in a high school in a suburb of Austin, Texas. Huh. —Rev. Norb (Noma Beach)

SINALOA: *Life at These Speeds*: 7"

They spell their name with a "5" instead of an "S" on the cover. This 7" sounded more pretentious each time I listened to it. Pee-yew! —Josh Benke (Waking)

SINKIN' SHIPS:

***All Signs Are Wrong*: CD**

The first thing that hit me on this one was the voice. Damn, that is one hell of a set o' pipes. Right off the bat I'm thinking Cinder Block or Theo from Lunachicks, not because of the gender similarities, but the sheer power. Love it! Musically, it's also very Lunachicks-like and that's never a bad thing in my book. In fact, this thing played in my car for quite awhile, which is always a good testament to a disc's longevity. I also think that "Tits on Toast" is a damn fine song title. Search this one out. —Ty Stranglehold (Wounded Paw)

SIX STRING JETS, THE: *Self-titled*: 7"

Chock full of the most ancient rock-'n'roll clichés, these young morons almost pull these songs off. "Savage Beat" has the line "King of the jungle I'm a wild eyed savage beast/I'm a hungry for love and baby you're the feast." So dumb it's almost retarded. The lyrics are sung in exaggerated Alex Chilton fashion. I applaud their spirit, but I'm lukewarm to their execution. —Josh Benke (Wrecked 'Em)

SLIDESHAKER: *In the Raw*: CD

Good '60s mid-to-down tempo garage blues with a slight hint of psychedelia played by what appear to be Finns (Arttu Keski-Orvola, Jani Korhonen, and Heikki Savolainen). The unassailably rad vocals sound like they're sung through a kazoo hooked up to a fuzz

box. The guitar player understands that well placed, uncomplicated solos can be more satisfying than some hot dog axe man trying to achieve full blown Clapton-esque wankery. Only two of the three band members are credited with providing handclaps. If anyone has this on vinyl, send it my way. —Josh Benke (Bad Afro)

SODA POP KIDS, THE: *Write Home*: CD

The first song, "Put on Your Tight Pants," is so catchy and perfect that the first time through the CD, I experienced a let down with each subsequent song. It took a few listens, but the rest of the tunes grew on me, too, and now I can't get this gooey glob of glam punk outta my CD player. "Chained with Your Love" and "Memory Lane" have those '50s "ooo-wah-ooo" backing vocals that I'm an absolute sucker for. Listening to this CD is like shooting cotton candy intravenously, chugging Swizzle Stix, and chasing it down with root beer spiked with cocaine. Cheers to the sugar high. —Josh Benke (Full Breach Kicks)

SOFAKINGDOM:

***Corporation America*: CD**

Pretty formulaic hardcore that's like salad at a big holiday meal. It doesn't bother you that it's there, but you wouldn't miss it if it was never put in front of you. —Megan (sofakingdommusic.com)

SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS: *Doublewide and Live*: CD

If you dig live recordings and SCOTS, this one's for you; it's high energy and excellently produced, with an expertly

selected song variety. Alas, live recordings have opposite the intended effect on me—I feel left out instead of included. Nothing against this album, it's very well considered, just not my preference. However, they're still making a lot of people gleeful, including me. —Jessica T (Yep Roc)

SPACE CRETINS: *Rocket Roll*: CD

Here's another case of a band pulling a fast one on me. If I were to look at the disc, I would be willing to bet that this was going to be a straight up "dragstrip rock" record. It's got the crazy drawing of a hot girl and an alien riding a rocket, it's got a dude in the band photo that looks a lot like Billy Hopeless of the Black Halos and it's called *Rocket Roll*. I don't have to explain my shock and excitement when I popped the disc in and it sounded like The Crowd. What? That can't be Decker... I'm telling you "Hong Kong Blow" has to be one of the best songs The Crowd never wrote. It starts to lean more towards the rock vibe as the disc progresses, but it still manages to sound somewhat fresh. A nice little surprise. —Ty Stranglehold (www.spacecretins.com)

SPAIN COLORED ORANGE: *Hopelessly Incapable of Standing in the Way*: CD

I'm sure that this would have some long, hyphenated description, like electro-retro-lounge-camp or something, but I'll just file it under "no thanks." —Megan (Lucid)

SPERMBIRDS: *Something to Prove*: CD

A reissue of what appears to be the lion's share of the first couple of LPs

and some bonus rarities from one of the best bands to come outta Germany's mid-late '80s punk/hardcore scene. If the occasional misogynistic lyric (someone in the band apparently had a few issues with women and, unfortunately access to a pencil and pad) doesn't get your undies in a bunch, you might just find yourself thrashing in wild abandon to some choice noise that sounds more like it originated in central California's skate punk scene than the land of lederhosen—melodic (but not in the current pop punk sense), obnoxious and fast. Good stuff it remains. —Jimmy Alvarado (Boss Tuneage)

SPIDER FRIENDS: *Self-titled*: CD

So this dinky and repetitive drum machine and synth beat is playing, and a dude's whining over it, and you think that more drums or a guitar or a melody or something are going to kick in soon so the song can start. Joke's on you! Track 2: steady drum machine and synth, dude whining, end of song. This formula gets a workout over eight tracks with a couple of deviations (once, an actual riff!) and some catchy Kraftwerk melodies, but it's mostly like the disc has been shot up with Novocain. —Anthony Bartkewicz (www.myspace.com/spiderfriends)

SS KALIER: "7"

From the promo sheet touting these dudes as "streetrock" and the nice silk-screened cover showcasing a bunch of dudes with mohawks, I was really rooting for something that sounded like Bombshell Rocks or

even Rancid. I mean, my secret's out: I actually like Rancid quite a bit, in spite of their genre-hopping, their posturing, their blossoming thug/gang mentality. It's embarrassing, but it's there, you know? I was thinking, "Yeah, SS Kalier—the thinking man's Rancid! I can get behind this shit!" Then I actually put the record on and instead of the anthemic gravel-buried-in-the-melody stuff I was hoping for, these guys kick out four surprisingly dense, tough songs with hardly a hint of melody or "sing-alongness" to be found. I mean, the lyrics are all super-positive and they're obviously totally fired up on punk, but that undercurrent of jump-in-the-air pogo that I was looking for was lacking, and was replaced with something a lot more simple and, like I said, tough. So if you want some sharp-as-nails street stuff that you'll be hard pressed to sing along with, grab it up. It's not bad, and it's definitely heartfelt. Just a little too rough around the edges for me. —Keith Rosson (FNS)

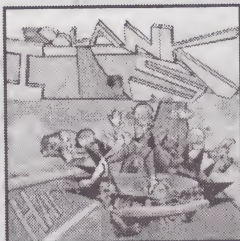
STEEL TOE SOLUTION:

***Eight Year War*: CD**

Well lookie here. A baldie in tattered bell-bottoms and tennis shoes. Don't that just beat all? —Jimmy Alvarado (Headache)

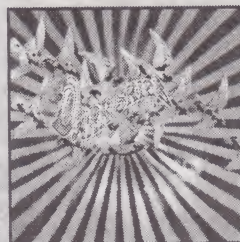
STOKOE: *The Experiment Has Been a Complete and Utter Failure*: CD

Thanks for summing up my entire review in the album title. —Jimmy Alvarado (Rookie, no address)



Blanks Its - Happy Accidents

"...Mangled two finger chords...and a high-strung backbeat... Think of them as if the Urinals at their most agitated writing songs they'd like to hear the Monkees cover..." —Smashing Transistors



Dark Skies - s/t

...stomp and twist their throttling, heavy soul stylings through channels of Groundhogs and the MC5 - but burgeon in the hydroponic northwest heat of Dead Moon and the Wipers.



Original Three - Dealt a Losin Hand

Lead by Ian of the Black Lips the Original Three play down tempo garage punk. Recorded by Alicja Trout (Lost Sounds/MouseRocket) with a guest appearance by Jay Reatard (Reatards/Lost Sounds)

Tokyo Electron - s/t

This record is chock full of that blown out trash punk sound that Ryan (Reatards, Digital Leather) has perfected over the years. TE has quickly turned into one of his best and most sought out bands to date



www.EmptyRecords.com

POB12301 Portland, OR 97212

The
Happiest
Place
On
Earth



DOUBLE
DOWN
SALOON

LAS VEGAS

4640 Paradise Rd

NEW YORK

14 Avenue A

doubledownsaloons.com

STRONGARM AND THE BULLIES:
You Had It Coming: CD

Not sure about this. It is dripping with man anger and rage but not in an accessible way for me. This album has a very metal influence with the skin-head vibe thing. The vocals are extremely deep—can't imagine what it was like for this guy to go through puberty—similar to Danzig meets an angry drill sergeant. Along with the metal vibe, the album has moments of bass-infused blues-like-rock outs, with screeching guitar rock star solos over it, like in "That Kind of Courage" and "Gone." The production of the album is good and the tempo is sped up and always going, but something about it just isn't gelling with me. —Jenny Moncayo (Rebellion)

SUSPICIONS: Self-titled: LP

Seattle power pop roolz! The full length from the Suspicions is finally here and it is even better than the single. Great power pop/bubblegum that is the best thing Rip Off has released since that first Kill A Watts LP. Fans of Bobbyteens, early Joe Jackson, Lipstick Records, or anything involving Travis Ramin (Total Babes, Fevers, Nikki Corvette, etc.): here is your new favorite band! —Mike Frame (Rip Off)

TANGLED LINES, THE /
DICK CHENEY: Split: 7"

I listen to hardcore so rarely that I'm often surprised how enjoyable it is in small doses. Both of these bands are excellent at ripping shit up, and both sides remind me of the Propagandi/I

Spy split 10" from a decade ago. Ten songs, political and personal lyrics. Cool stuff. —Josh Benke (Thrashbastard/Refuse)

TEEN CRUD COMBO:

Judgment Night Soundtrack Part 2: LP
Motörhead, but a wee bit retarded (in a good, punk way). Everything's in the pocket. Riff-locked, blast-forward rock with plenty of swagger, switch-blades in their pupils, and zero fat. Great rock is such an easy thing to almost instantly recognize; such a hard thing to play without being a parody, being tedious, or outright laughable; and for a Toronto band that ended about six years ago, its epitaph is this torch of an LP, keeping the rock'n'roll flame alive. Lemmy'd be proud that the Combo took care of business. Members went on to Ruination and Brutal Nights, which makes perfect sense. —Todd (Deranged)

TERMINALS:

Takin' Care of Brooks: 7" EP

Reminds me of Supercharger, barely more hi-fi, meaning it doesn't quite sound like a boombox recording in a kitchen: fuzzy, muffy, sweaty, dirty white folks with soul blues. Before I actually heard the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, this is what I was hoping for: gristle bass, cigarette burns on the linoleum, grease splattering through the vocals, sizzle on the guitars, dirt in the drums. So immediate, I feel like I'm choking on the exhaust of their tour van with a bad catalytic converter as it idles outside. They'd fit in perfectly on a bill with

The Original Three or The River City Tanlines. —Todd (Boom Chick)

THOUGHT CRIME:

It's All in Your Head: LP

Originally released on CD by Tribal War Records, PE gives this a proper vinyl release. Former members of the U.K.'s Suicidal Supermarket Trolleys and NY's Distaught play a brand of mid-to late-'80s anarcho punk that is equal parts Discharge, Conflict, and Icons Of Filth. Hearing the English accent makes the songs more period and authentic and not some copycat sideshow that has appeared through the years when certain bands try to recreate the sound. To add even more, Steve Ignorant, formerly of Crass, appears on a few tracks. The songs charge ahead with fierceness and bile. The lyrics are statements of what angers them: gentrification, war, religion and other usual suspects, all delivered in rapid fashion. I saw the reformed Conflict a few years ago and they were a former shell of themselves. This band carries the flame that used to burn brightly for bands of the original movement. They are exciting and relevant to the current generation of punks who question. —Donofthedeat (Profane Existence)

TIME AGAIN: The Stories Are True: CD

This is the best Rancid record since *Let's Go*. I'm still trying to figure out why they changed their name. It must explain it somewhere on the actual liner notes, but all Hellcat sends out are these shitty cardboard sleeves with no info. I'm also not too sure why they point out that track four features Tim Armstrong. I mean, they all do right? Seriously, you could butt this record up right in between *Let's Go* and the *Wolves* one, and it would be seamless I tell you. Seamless! I, for one, am really happy that they decided to get back to what they do best. Forget all that reggae stuff or the wannabe Discharge stuff. This is how I like my Rancid... What?... It's really not Rancid? Okay, well I guess I like Time Again better than Rancid. —Ty Stranglehold (Hellcat)

TRACTOR SEX FATALITY:

Black Magic, White Pussy: CD

What a fantastic, inspired title for a CD. The satisfied pleasure I experienced when my mother-in-law, a women's studies professor, disparaged and scoffed at the name of this CD was a moment of pure, distilled joy. How uptight she must be to have a sincerely disdainful reaction to the word "pussy." I guess it's what you'd expect from a cunt! Now then, the music. Heavy, frightening, fucked up noise that powers over the underlying tunes without diminishing their resonance. Tennessee thunderstorm double bass and screeching, wild guitars make this sound like the soundtrack playing inside the head of your town's resident, whacked-out, sleeps-in-the-park, crazy dude. I wasn't prepared for, nor have I yet recovered from, the onslaught (onslaught and assault combined!) of this ferocious CD. —Josh Benke (Big Neck)

TRANZMITORS: Bigger Houses, Broken Homes b/w Glamour Girls: 7"

Jesus fucking Christ, how does Gord of Deranged do it? I'm not blowing him here, but, crap, man, he can find and release the top ten percent of punk rock in its fullest spectrum, from full-on hardcore to power pop. The Tranzmitors remind me of the missile-top of the heap: Buzzcocks, Jam, Stiff Little Fingers, Exploding Hearts. Crystalline, yet raw-edged, explosive pop that stomps its boots while sweating uncontrollably. I haven't been this moved by a band like this since The Gain or Smalltown, and that's just from two songs. Excellent. —Todd (Deranged)

TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT:

Crooked Life/Straight World: CD

Imagine a *Slip It In*-era Henry Rollins conducting the Drive Like Jehu bullet train all the way from 1988 Chicago to 2006 Norway. That's kinda what this sounds like. I especially like the "empty, but not thin" production. It's a definite departure from the typical No Idea sound, and I mean that in a good way. The guitars are driving, relentless even, with just a tinge of natural distortion, while the drums keep it smooth and solid, evoking Hose Got Cable. My only complaint is that they put the strongest songs at the beginning and end, so it drags a bit in the middle. Other than that, these dudes from Norway have delivered an excellent album that deserves your attention. —Ben Snakepit (No Idea)

TRASHIES, THE: Life Sucks: CD-R

Lo-fi pop of the Spits meets the unbeatable dirty charm of Four Deadly Questions brand of punk rock with a bit of the U.K. accents of The Briefs. You'll have fun chanting along, for sure. "I hate you mother fuckers! I hate you mother fuckers!" —Mr. Z (Party's Over)

TRASHIES, THE: Self-titled: 7"

Once and a while, a band comes along that blows your mind with its depth and overwhelming creativity. And other times, some jerks like The Trashies put out some stupid songs about chicken sandwiches and the Northwest trash-core existence, and that's okay too. Sometimes accused of being a dumber version of The Spits (true) and their songs sounding all the same (also very true), their first vinyl release spits out two Trashies classics, "Bring Daddy a Chicken Sandwich" and "Taz Tattoo," featuring Peggy Pinkeye. The 7" also boasts of packaging bonuses, such as a picture of a real Tasmanian Devil tattoo and individually spray painted and handwritten cardboard cover art created in the infamously filthy 24/7 house venue where they record. The Trashies may be stupid, but at least they're still a pretty fucking fun guilty pleasure, like spending all your money on drugs and partying the night before rent is due. Get Trashies' music before one of them knocks up their cousin or dies of alcohol poisoning. —Comrade Bree (Party's Over)

TRIAC: Dead House Dreaming: CD

A furious assault of grind metal, I like this. It's a little deeper than most

CORROSIVE TO CONFORMITY
CLOCKCLEANER
NEVERMIND



Infamous Philly noise punkers unleash weird and unruly new full length. Jan '06

SEND \$12 BY MONEY ORDER, CHECK OR CONCEALED CASH TO:
REPTILIAN RECORDS | 403 S. BROADWAY | BALTIMORE, MD 21231
Call us: 410.327.6853 E-mail us: chrux@reptilianrecords.com
or find these and a ton of other releases online at reptilianrecords.com



music in this genre; in addition to the traditional blastbeats and riffage, they go off on tangents of sludge and tech-metal. It brings to mind Cephalic Carnage, and even a little Discordance Axis. I'm not crazy about the vocals. I think the singer dude could've tried to come up with some more interesting stuff, like the rest of his band does, but hell, they have a song called "Old Leprechaun," which proves they're not taking themselves too seriously, which is definitely necessary with this kind of music. If you're in the mood to smash shit, this would be a good record to listen to while doing it. -Ben Snakepit (Reptilian)

TRUST IN FEW: *Shitlist*: CD

Fast, tight, choral power punk with hardcore leanings, vocally and lyrically. After screaming "You're a Piece of Shit" and "You Suck," they bring the speed down from ninety to about twenty-five with one pub-style song called "My Barroom and My Beer." Think early-to-mid '90s punk, think Bad Religion-ish. -Jessica T (Spook City)

TUSK: *Get Ready*: CD

Apparently this is a reissue of Tusk's debut CD. This is akin to some of the heavy early-/mid-nineties hardcore/grindcore bands such as Rorschach, Union Of Uranus, and His Hero Is Gone. At times the guitar has elements of Melvins and Scratch Acid as well. Chunky power chords with quirkiness galore. It's chaotically noisy and herky jerky. At times the chaos makes the songs unmemorable. The band would benefit from a slightly more straightforward approach, though I think experimentation is their intention. No migraine headache listening here. This is for experimental grindcore fans, with a high aural threshold for random acts of noisy jerkiness. -KO! (Hewhocorrupts)

UPSKIRTS: *Sidewalk Susie*: CDEP

I actually started laughing out loud when I read this band's bio. After already deciding they were trying a bit too hard to sound like early Turbonegro, I was informed that they are from Norway, and that they had originally formed as a Turbonegro cover band. This officially meets both of my strict qualifications to justify taking a band like this somewhat seriously. With that in mind, think *Never Is Forever* era, done with a Confederacy of Scum feel to it. Obviously there will be nothing as amazing as the original, but this is damn fun. -Newtim (Grog, www.upskirts.no)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

If It Ain't Cheap, It Ain't Punk: CD

As with most compilation projects, this CD has moments of both brilliance and tedium. This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb opens up the whole thing with "What I Want" which is a song so good that it actually makes me want to be optimistic, like, about everything. If I ate meat, I'd probably be irritated by the somewhat self-righteous "I Used to Be a Meat Eater" by Operation Cliff Clavin. However, I've been a vegetarian for sixteen years, and this song rules. Also a highlight is "Everything in the World" by the Sissies. This is a song that makes

me feel like getting up in the morning. So really, this CD is worth it for its frequent moments of brilliance. The few generic folk-punk tracks that don't really do it for me can be easily ignored. -Jennifer Whiteford (Plan-It-X)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

If It Ain't Cheap, It Ain't Punk: CD

I'm a sucker for this stuff. I have been since the first time I heard Operation: Cliff Clavin back in my sophomore year of high school. I love it. It makes me feel like I'm gonna be a kid forever! There's a good chance that if you like one Plan-It-X band, you will like most of them. If you have been able to avoid any of their releases up until now, here's an amazing introduction. Thirty songs from thirty bands, past and present. Half of the songs have been already released. The other half are either exclusive, or new to CD. Highlights are Matty Pop Chart, OPCC, Rosa, The Bananas, The Four Eyes, One Reason, Sexy, song number thirteen (which has no indication as to band name or song title, but rules just the same), Paul Baribeau, Abe Froman, and The Max Levine Ensemble. Actually, I can honestly say I like all but five songs on the entire comp. Sloppy pop punk from the kids, for the kids. For \$5, you really can't go wrong. -Newtim (Plan-It-X)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Ox Compilation #64: CD

Not bad, and having a comp CD included in a mag brings me back to the days of reading old issues of *Rational Enquirer* and the like, back in the mid to late '90s—seems like every newsprint punk zine on earth was including comp CDs. It's a trend that has unfortunately gone the way of Cosmic Bowling and acid-washed jeans. Meanwhile, the standouts: Sludgefeast's "Outrun Motherfucker," a Bombshell Rocks song I haven't heard before, Tricky Lobsters (who sound eerily like KISS and the Gotohells merged into one carbon-fueled monstrosity), Slackers, and Heresy. Sonic streaks in the underwear: Matchbook Romance, Shocker (ex-L7), and Peter Coretto. But the deal is, this thing already comes with the mag, there's almost thirty bands from Europe and the States covering the spectrum, and the bad shit doesn't necessarily outweigh the good. So if you want to brush up on your German, get the mag and listen to this one. Deal. -Keith Rosson (Ox)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Under the Radar: Volume 1: CD

From the looks of the cover, I initially thought this was going to be all sorts of crazy metal, but as the old saying goes, I was wrong. Here are twenty-two different bands that actually span a decent variety, from trashy rock, to some acoustic stuff, to weird noise. There still seemed to be a long block of "I love drugs and murdering people" songs, which I couldn't really get into on account that I don't do either. This is more of a "See if there's anything you like" kind of record. -Joe Evans III (Antidote)

VOLUMEN: *Science Faction*: CD

It doesn't seem like these guys can make up their minds about what they wanna sound like. Sometimes it's dissonant Jesus Lizard-y type stuff; sometimes it's a garagey, new wave, Lost Sounds kinda thing; sometimes it sounds like mid-'80s indie rock; and sometimes it's psychedelic and spacey. While it's a cool idea to mix all these sounds and genres, Volumen never really hit the nail on the head. It seems like they spend so much time dabbling in different influences that they never really get a chance to sound like themselves, and the record suffers as a result. Maybe by the time they do another album, they'll fit better into the big hole they've dug for themselves. On a side note, this band has the most dedicated and persistent publicist in the whole world. -Ben Snakepit (Wantage USA)

WAU Y LOS ARRRRGHS!!!:

Cantan En Español: CD

If you, like i, have spent an inordinate amount of time wondering what the Trashmen's "King of the Surf" might sound like were it covered by a pack of drunken, coked-up Spaniards, I think Wau y Company might answer that question smartly. I am unsure what more i need say in order to part the potential consumer from his/her pesetas. PART! You'll thank me next time you're in charge of supplying the soundtrack to a retard orgy. BEST SONG: "Rey de Tablistas" BEST SONG TITLE: "Hey Monstruo Hey" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: I dunno, is "Momia Twist" about that dude from Philadelphia? -Rev. Nørb (Voodoo Rhythm)

WE MARCH:

Waste Management Volume One: CD-R

A nice live set from these guys, not as crucial as their studio work, but it is recorded well (apparently for a radio show) and everyone seems to be having a ball. -Jimmy Alvarado (nonprophetltd@hotmail.com)

WHITE HASSLE: 7"

New York style faux bluesy garage for fans of Royal Trux and Jon Spencer. That is the furthest thing from a compliment coming from me. One of the worst styles of music ever. -Mike Frame (High Maintenance)

WILDLIFE: *Self-titled*: 10" EP

These five songs sound really nice at 45rpms. I wish more bands would go this route as opposed to a 7", where there is a lot of sound lost in the pressing. The recording is great. Fronted by the ex-keyboardist from the Holy Ghost Revival, Wildlife isn't very easy to classify. It's not whiny enough to be considered screamo. Too metal to be considered indie. Short mid-tempo songs heavy on the percussion and plenty of cool breakdowns and vocal parts. Really not what I am into anymore, but can acknowledge the musicianship and songwriting skills are up there. I'd recommend this to people into mid-'90s San Diego Gravity Records post-hardcore stuff. -Newtim (Get Nice/Bodies of Water Arts & Crafts)

WILLIS, THE:

Bathtub. Lightbulb. Heart Attack.: CD

This is straight-up polished indie pop rock utilizing unconventional breakdowns, electronic noises, ambient noises to try and help it stand out from the already saturated market in which it comes from with lyrics like "The fender guitar cooks the porn star out of his mind." Wha? -Mr. Z (Double Plus Good)

WITCH: *Self-titled*: CD

As you can probably guess from the band name and the fact that it's on Tee Pee, Witch plays stoner rock. But, to their credit, it's considerably better than the typical tuned-down riffage of every other goddamned stoner rock band in the world. While they definitely have a Kyuss thing going on, I hear a bit more authentic U.K. doom influence, a la Orange Goblin or Cathedral. The airy female vocals are a nice change as well. This isn't something I'd listen to everyday, but if I ever find myself smoking grass in a graveyard behind a Scottish castle, I'll probably wanna put this on. -Ben Snakepit (Tee Pee)

ZEKE: *Super Sound Racing and Flat Tracker*: CDs

Picked this up because I've always been fond of this band's high speed, high-octane rock'n'roll and having these two early records seemed like a swell prospect. Anyway, I noticed a little square on the back cover that says, "This CD contains copy-protection technology. Any attempt to copy this product may result in damage to your audio or computer equipment. Relapse Records, Inc. and its licensees and distributors are not liable for any damage that may result from such actions." Now, in the first place, I had no intention of copying this for anyone, and merely playing it for the purposes of review. Since, however, the label has decided to include a threat implying that it is now in the business of fucking up the stereo equipment of consumers who may decide to rip a copy for their kid or best friend, allow me to counter by saying that a) this will never be played on any audio equipment I own, and b) I will never willingly buy a Relapse release, c) I will actively encourage anyone I know who might be interested in the (mostly) crappy cookie monster metal they peddle to look elsewhere for their musical entertainment, as use of any of their product may potentially cost more than the sticker price. Oh, and since I've been warned on the front not to sell this, which again I had no intention of doing since I don't want bad karma stemming from my willingly selling what could be a damaging product to someone else, and seeing as the release in question has been deemed utterly devoid of any use other than beer coaster, you will find it, should you want it back, residing at the Whittier Narrow landfill, which is where I believe the trash dudes that serve my area empty their trucks. -Jimmy Alvarado (Relapse)

We're currently posting every record review we've ever written up on razorcake.org. A little patience, and you'll be stoked (or bummed)!



CONTACT ADDRESSES

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue
or posted on www.razorcake.com recently.



- **1234 Go!**, 2928 Telegraph Ave. #3, Oakland, CA 94609
- **1x1**, 1960 Old Cuthbert Rd. Ste. 100, Cherry Hill, NJ 08034
- **A-F**, PO Box 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213
- **Alien Snatch**, Morikeweg 1, 74 199 U-Bach, Germany
- **Alternative Tentacles**, PO Box 49092, SF, CA 94141
- **Antidote**, 9830 W. 53rd Pl., Arvada, CO 80002
- **Art Of The Underground**, 225 Main St., Upper Front Buffalo, NY 14214
- **Baby Killer**, 595 Main St. #1201, NY, NY 10044
- **Bad Afro**, Studiestraede 24, 2, 1455 Copenhagen K, Denmark
- **Barracuda Sound**, PO Box 11994, Gainesville, FL 32604
- **Big Neck**, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20196
- **Bitter Like The Bean**, PO Box 34675, Philadelphia, PA 19101
- **Black Sea**, PO Box 548, DeFuniak Springs, FL 32435
- **Bodies of Water Arts and Crafts**, 1056 Commercial St., Weymouth, MA 02189
- **Boom Chick**, 6405 Morrill Ave., Lincoln, NE 68507
- **Bootleg Booze**, PO Box 89, 671.22 Arvika, Sweden
- **Bopaganda!**, 1809 N Cambridge Ave. #5, Milwaukee, WI 53202
- **Boss Tuneage**, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK
- **Bracket**, PO Box 305, Forrestville, CA 95436
- **BYO**, PO Box 67609, LA, CA 90067
- **Captain Oi**, PO Box 501 High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, England
- **Chain Letter**, www.newfangs.com
- **Charged**, PO Box 3118, Jersey City, NJ 07303
- **Cheapskate**, 297 Stoodley Pl., Schenectady, NY 12303
- **Cooking Vinyl**, PO Box 246, Huntington, NY 11743
- **Crimes Against Humanity**, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702
- **Crustacean**, PO Box 370156, Milwaukee, WI 53237
- **Crusty**, PO Box 59, 1895 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC, V5N 4A6, Canada
- **Crybaby MacCarthur**, 344 W 72nd #8A, NY, NY 10023
- **Cuddle Machines**, 801 Meeker Ave. #1, Brooklyn, NY 11222
- **Deathvomit**, PO Box 14815, Fremont, CA 94539
- **Deep Elm**, PO Box 5260, Clover, SC 29710
- **Double Plus Good**, PO Box 3690, MPLS, MN 55403
- **Deranged**, 1166 Chaster Rd., Gibsons, BC, V0N 1V4, Canada
- **Destroyed**, 12 Summer St., Somerville, MA 02143
- **Dionysus**, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507
- **Don't Stop Believin'**, 8927 Ravenna Ave., NE, Seattle, WA 98115
- **Double Agent**, www.doubleagentrecords.com
- **Doubleplusgood**, PO Box 3690, MPLS, MN 55403
- **Eleven Thirty**, 449-A Trollingwood Rd., Haw River, NC 27258
- **Empty**, PO Box 12301, Portland, OR 97212
- **Epitaph**, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026
- **Eugene**, PO Box 1002, Lexington, KY 40508
- **Fashionable Idiots**, PO Box 580131, MPLS, MN 55458
- **Fastmusic**, PO Box 206512, New Haven, CT 06520
- **Fat Wreck Chords**, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119
- **Fearless**, 11785 Cardinal Circle, Garden Grove, CA 92843
- **Flameshovel**, 1658 N. Milwaukee #276, Chicago, IL 60647
- **Flotation**, PO Box 13282, Everett, WA 98206
- **FNS**, PO Box 1299, Boston, MA 02130
- **For Documentation Only**, PMB 38, PO Box 413005, Naples, FL 94101
- **Full Breach Kicks**, 2826 W. Armitage Ave., 2nd Fl., Chicago, IL 60647
- **Get Hip**, Columbus & Preble Aves., Pittsburgh, PA 15233
- **Get Nice**, www.getnicerecords.com
- **Gigantic**, 59 Franklin St., NY, NY 10013
- **Glue Factory**, PO Box 404, Redondo Beach, CA 90277
- **Goodbye Boozzy**, Via Villa Pompetti 147, 64020 S Nicolò a Tordino, Teramo, Italy
- **GSL**, PO Box 65091, LA, CA 90065
- **Headache**, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432
- **Helicat**, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90025
- **Heroes**, 29 John St. #170, NY, NY 10038
- **HeWhoCorrupts**, PO Box 4450, Chicago, IL 60680
- **High Maintenance**, PO Box 6058, 9702 HB Groningen, Netherlands
- **Hindi Guns**, www.thehindiguns.com
- **Hjernesind**, PO Box 604, 2200 Copenhagen N, Denmark
- **Hungry Eye**, PO Box 20403, Tompkins Square Station, NY, NY 10009
- **I Scream**, PO Box 46608, LA, CA 90046
- **Jade Tree**, 2310 Kennwynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810
- **Jeth-Row**, 510 Company St., Wetumpka, AL 36092
- **Joyful Noise**, PO Box 20109, Indianapolis, IN 46220
- **Kabuki Thunder**, 10 Victory Ln., Leetsdale, MA 15056
- **Kick n' Punch**, PO Box 578, 2200 Copenhagen N, Denmark
- **Kids Of Carnage**, PO Box 37, Centerville, MA 02632
- **Kill Rock Stars**, PMB 418/120 NE State Ave., Olympia, WA 98501
- **Kuriosa**, Biezenveld 48, 7943 MC Meppel, Netherlands
- **LaLaLa**, PO Box 76, New Albany, IN 47151
- **Let's Pretend**, PO Box 2993, Carbondale, IL 62902
- **Life Is Abuse**, PO Box 20524, Oakland, CA 94620
- **Longshot**, PMB#72, 302 Beford Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211
- **Lujo**, 3209 Jennie Dr., Morgan City, LA 0380
- **Luther**, PO Box 685138, Austin, TX 78768
- **Mad Butcher**, Kurze Geismarstr. 6, D-37073 Gottingen, Germany
- **Make Or Break**, 1430 N. Wood St. #1, Chicago, IL 60622
- **Mint**, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3Y6, Canada
- **MOTO**, PO Box 578912, Chicago, IL 60657
- **Mountain-Landis**, 3776 A Shafter Ave., Oakland, CA 94609
- **New Art School**, 12864 Biscayne Blvd. #201, North Miami, FL 33181
- **New Regard Media**, PO Box 5706 Bellingham, WA 98227
- **No Front Teeth**, PO Box 27070, London, England N2 9ZP
- **No Idea**, PO Box 1436, Gainesville, FL 32604
- **Noma Beach**, PO Box 735, Sonoma, CA 95476
- **One Percent**, PO Box 141048, MPLS, MN 55414
- **Ox**, PO Box 10 22 25, 42766 Haan, Germany
- **Party's Over**, 2417 E. Union St., Seattle, WA 98122
- **Plan-It-X**, PO Box 3521, Bloomington, IN 47402
- **Plastic Idol**, 410 Bell Ave. Apt. 25, Sacramento, CA 95838
- **Prison Jazz**, 431 Birch St., Scranton, PA 18505
- **Profane Existence**, PO Box 8722, MPLS, MN 55408
- **Punkcore**, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953
- **Reality Clash**, PO Box 491, Dana Point, CA 92629
- **Reason Y**, 2871 Royal Bluff, Decatur, GA 30030
- **Rebellion**, 5213 GD Den Bosch, Holland
- **Refuse**, PO Box 7, 02-792, Warszawa 78, Poland
- **Reptilian**, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231
- **Rip Off**, 581 Maple Ave., San Bruno, CA 94066
- **Robotic Empire**, PO Box 4211, Richmond, VA 23220
- **Rock Bottom Wreckids**, 248 McKibbin St., Brooklyn, NY 11206
- **Sailor's Grave**, PO Box 6786, Toledo, OH 43612
- **Salinas**, PO Box 20446, Ferndale, MI 48220
- **Saw Wheel**, 213 Patterson St., Copperas Cove, TX 76522
- **Schizophrenic**, 17 West 4th St., Hamilton, Ontario, L9C 3M2 Canada
- **Shoot First**, 5160 Rice Rd. #151, Antioch, TN 37013
- **Sickroom**, PO Box 47830, Chicago, IL 60647
- **Small Pool**, PO Box 173, Whittier, CA 90608
- **SOS**, PO Box 3017, Corona, CA 92878
- **Spacement**, 269 Wonder St., Reno, NV 89502
- **Spiderland**, 2920 13th Ave. S, MPLS, MN 55407
- **Spook City**, PO Box 34891, Philadelphia, PA 19101
- **Step 1 Music**, PO Box 21, Tenterden, Kent TN30 7ZZ, UK
- **Street Anthem**, PMB#218 1530 Locust St., Philadelphia, PA 19102
- **Suicide Squeeze**, PO Box 80511, Seattle, WA 98108
- **Surfdog**, 1126 South Coast Highway 101, Encinitas, CA 92024
- **Takeover**, 1810 14th St. Ste. 210, Santa Monica, CA 90404
- **Tankcrimes**, PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609
- **Team Science**, 11 Birchwood Park Pl., The Woodlands, TX 77382
- **Tee Pee**, 356 Bowery 2nd Fl., NY, NY 10012
- **Teenacide**, PO Box 291121, LA, CA 90029
- **Temporary Residence Limited**, PO Box 60097, Brooklyn, NY 11206
- **The Death Scene**, 8642 Bay Parkway, Brooklyn, NY 11214
- **The Scientist and the Duke**, PO Box 305, La Canada, CA 91012
- **Third Party**, 21 Nancy Ln., Amherst, NY 14228
- **Thorp**, PO Box 6786, Toledo, OH 43612
- **Thrashbastard**, www.myspace.com/thrashbastard
- **Touch and Go**, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625
- **Transdreamer**, PO Box 1955, NY, NY 10113
- **TSOR**, Badenerstr. 731, 8048 Zürich, Switzerland
- **Underground Communique**, 1220 West Hood Ave. #1, Chicago, IL 60660
- **Upskirts**, Kvitsysgt. 89, 4014 Stavanger, Norway
- **Vinehell**, PO Box 36131, San Jose, CA 95158
- **Volcom**, 1740 Monrovia Ave., Costa Mesa, CA 92627
- **Voodoo Rhythm**, Jurastrasse 15, 3013 Bern, Switzerland
- **Waking**, 541 Clinton St. #2F, Brooklyn, NY 11231
- **Wantage USA**, PO Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807
- **Wired Gnome**, PO Box 572, Concord, CA 94522
- **Wounded Paw**, 26C Brookfield St., Toronto, ON M6J 3A9, Canada
- **Wrecked 'Em**, PO Box 240701, Memphis, TN 38124
- **Yep Roc**, PO Box 4821, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Send all zines for review to Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042. Please include a contact address, the number of pages, the price, and whether or not you accept trades.



"MOST OF THIS WAS PRETTY FUNNY OR AT LEAST ENTERTAINING—MUCH LIKE WATCHING MY CATS FIGHT ONE ANOTHER—SO NO HARM HERE."
—GO METRIC #20

A. CRIMES POSTCARD

ZINE #2, #3 and #4, Free
Newest issues of this radical postcard zine! Each one has a new image and a new and totally unexpected entry on the reverse side! GREAT GREAT GREAT! The best layout and print job so far has got to be #2. Email them today and get in on this amazing mailing list before you've missed too many more issues! —Mr. Z (acrimes@gmail.com)

AT BOTH ENDS #7,

\$2 plus shipping, 8 1/2" x 11", cold web press, 88 pgs.
Canadians sure are great folks. I don't think I've ever met a Canadian I didn't like. The folks behind *At Both Ends* continue the trend. This zine isn't just geared towards the Canadian punk/hardcore scene, it covers all sorts of stuff. There's a great interview with Shellac (with whom I hardly ever see interviewed and whose interview is interspersed with all kinds of ridiculous facts on Canada), a nice photo diary of Bane's Canadian tour, reviews in the *middle* of the zine (a novel idea), columns, interviews with bands I'd never heard of, lots of ads, an interview with Paint It Black, recipes, and a run down memory lane about some punk rock house in Bellingham, Washington. I feel kind of on the fence with this zine since I thought there was a lot of filler, but at the same time, the interviews I did read were pretty interesting. Nonetheless, I think I'd be open to reading another issue if it came my way. —Kurt Morris (At Both Ends, #207-555 E. 6th Ave., Vancouver, BC Canada, V5T 1K9)

BROKEN PENCIL #30,

\$5.95, 8 1/2" x 11", offset, 68 pgs.
Heavy focus on the DIY/indie writing/creative scene in Canada. Decent range of topics, with all of them holding onto the rough

theme of either doing something creative as a career or balancing a day job with one's creative endeavors. There are also plenty of reviews (zines, books, film, etc.), zine/book excerpts and short fiction. —Keith Rosson (Broken Pencil, PO Box 203, Stn. P, Toronto, ON, M5S 2S7, Canada)

DEVIL ON 45, THE

#1, \$5.50, 8 1/2" x 11", 36 pgs.
This is an ambitious first issue. There are really only four articles and one interview (with Cynthia Plaster Caster!), but they're all pretty lengthy in addition to being very well written and researched. Especially interesting was the investigation of the intersecting worlds of punk and porn, which is labeled part one. I hope I can read part two sometime. —Gus (Ed Hannon, Downings Cross, Prosperous, Nass, Co. Kildare, Ireland, thedevilon45@yahoo.ie)

GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS #2,

\$3ppd., 8 1/2" x 11", 35 pgs.
The guy who wrote this, one Shannon Colebank, says it best: "The so-called 'reviewers' who will inevitably purposely take a few lines out of context, project their paranoid self-hatred onto them, and then flat-out lie to their readers...never ceases [sic] to astonish and appall me." Well, far be it from me to let the guy down. Take it away, Shannon! "The 3 things I hate the most are: Weaklings (Liars and Arguers). The Stupid (those who refuse to learn). The Mentally Ill (weaklings who cannot handle the horror of it all.)" "Black people talking that nigger-jive shit...knowing full well they are utterly insignificant." "It is so easy to develop a God Complex when everyone around me is so totally non-existent as an ego." "In California they sell hard liquor in grocery stores but will not take your bottle

returns. What the fuck?" "The little white girl had a crush on me, like most girls that age do. She kept showing me her pussy..." "The little zebra girl became a nigger and pounced on the little white girl." "Anyone stupid enough to take any of this obvious catharsis of mine literally deserves to be intimidated by it." Thank you, Shannon. Thank you. —Gus (Shannon Colebank, Whizzbanger Productions, PO Box 5591 Portland, OR 97228)

GO METRIC #20,

\$2, 8 1/2" x 11", copied, 80 pgs.
This is a newsprint zine filled with random columns and pseudo-interviews. Column topics include the disgrace of the movie *Grease*, Van Halen's impact, SCTV, and one writer's bands of the decade, pseudo-interviews with Paul Wolfowitz as part of the NYC punk scene (you really had me going guys!), Knights of the New Crusade (a Christian metal band), and 8-Track Gorilla. There are also many an album review. Most of this was pretty funny or at least entertaining—much like watching my cats fight one another—so no harm here. —Kurt Morris (Go Metric, 801 Eagles Ridge Rd., Brewster, NY 10509)

KICKING AND SCREAMING

#12, \$3.95, 8 1/2" x 11", glossy, 64 pgs.
First look, the cover lineup reads pretty well: interviews with everyone from John Holstrom (the founder of *Punk* magazine) to Broken Bones, Four Letter Word, Curtis of Taang Records and tons more. Unfortunately, all the interviews are really short and ultimately pretty dull, and they've apparently decided that since the mag's full color, they should use every godawful color combination imaginable in regards to text vs. photo placement. Guys, orange, pink, and green text on a black background (in Chalkboard font)

does not a good record review section make. I think their intentions are sincere, and they've probably put a lot of work into this one, but there are entire interviews in here that are rendered nearly illegible due to the colors used. Decent if you're into streetcore or metal stuff, but they're gonna have to work on tightening up the layout and doing some more in-depth features and interviews to turn this guy into a subscriber. —Keith Rosson (Kicking And Screaming, PO Box 1299, Boston, MA 02130)

LADYSCIENTIST #1,

\$2, 8 1/2" x 11", Xeroxed, 34 pgs.
As the title suggests, this is a zine about women in science. It's made by a biochemistry graduate student from Canada named Susan P. Bustos. It reads like a travel zine at times (her European postdoc entries on countries like England, Spain, Germany, and Scotland). There's also a nice piece about her scientist heroines (like Barbara McClintock, Rachel Carson, Hildegard of Bingen, and Nancy Wexler, to name a few). There's also a funny piece about impostor Ph.D. students and how she is one who just slipped through the cracks herself and another called "My Life as a Ribosome," (note: a ribosome is a minute round particle composed of RNA and protein that is found in the cytoplasm of living cells and serves as the site of assembly for polypeptides encoded by messenger RNA). Interesting, even for a chemistry-deficient dude like myself. —Greg Barbera (Ladyscientist, 398 Bloor St. W., Toronto, ON M5S 1X4, inof@ladyscientist.com)

MAXIMUM ROCK AND

ROLL #273, \$4, 8 1/2" x 11", many, many pgs.
It would appear as though you're reading *Razorcake*. That leads me to believe you've probably read *MRR* at least once in your life. So

I imagine you know the drill by now. One might argue they are the exemplar punk ultra-zine. They got the interviews, like the one with Jesus Fucking Christ, who are evidently some pretty funny guys. Punk! They got the scene reports. St. Louis punk rock? You bet! Rock! They got the reviews of records and zines and such. Yeah! They got the news of interest to the discerning punk. Did you know that twenty or so "youths" recently mobbed a pair of policemen in Greece and left one in the hospital while making off with the other's gun a few months back? Awesome! They got the columns. Like this one, where Mykel Board describes his experience touring to promote his new book: "'Solly, Mr Board,' says the clerk. She's a short Oriental with a severe Chinese accent. 'Yaw tickets dis morning. You cannot use aftah.'" Ha ha ha! So anyway,

NOSE KNOWS!, THE Vol. 2, #s 3-6, \$2, 8½" x 11", folded a few times
I got sent four of these to review. Okay. Topics covered by *TNK!*: death, cereal, cars hitting bikes, post car/bike hitting trauma, Valentine's Day, the art and science of kidnapping roadies, long drives, cell phones in the toilet, parodying Ben Snakepit (Cakepit! Get it?), Jesus gets pregnant, Brazil rules, America not so much, grammar, touring, talking snakes...no wait, that's a talking plant, um...yeah that's pretty much all of it. Kind of all over the place, but interesting, and not too incoherent. -Gus (Nose, 1810 Riback Rd. Columbia, MO 65201)

OBLIVIOUS NATION
Winter 2005, \$2, 8½" x 5½", copied, 48 pgs.
While there's no numerical designation on this zine, it would seem

Records to a bunch of bands I've never even heard of. It also features about five trillion reviews, covering releases in just about every sonic and visual format available, it comes with a full-length compilation CD and, shit, even the ads look awesome. But it's also entirely in German and I can't read a word of it. -Keith Rosson (Ox c/o Joachim Hiller, PO Box 10 22 25, 42766 Haan, Germany)

PUBLICK OCCURANCES #5, \$1 or stamps, 4" x 5", 24 pgs.
So Danny goes to thrift stores looking for old yearbooks. When he finds one, he sketches twenty-four pages worth of the people in them. He claims to do a different year every month. The one I'm looking at is from 1956. This is in fact quite awesome. I might have to send for some more of these. Oh, and he sends you some stick-

reality none of it is horrible, but, combined, it just seemed to add up to something intolerable. The layout was really poorly done with Pagemaker in multiple fonts, the reviews weren't in alphabetical order, the interviews were with bands and people I'd never heard of, and the columns were boring and uninteresting. The zine itself was released a year ago and thus had material in it even older than that. There's too many fish in the zine sea to want to spend any amount of time reading most zines, especially this one. Next! -Kurt Morris (davejobless@gmail.com)

SLUG & LETTUCE #85, Free in person or for postage through mail, 15" x 11", 20 pgs.
Another solid issue of *Slug & Lettuce*. Contains the typical columns, zine reviews, and music reviews. Even with such a large

GUYS, ORANGE, PINK, AND GREEN TEXT ON A BLACK BACKGROUND (IN CHALKBOARD FONT) DOES NOT A GOOD RECORD REVIEW SECTION MAKE.

KICKING AND SCREAMING #12

they got the...wait, what? Why does Mykel Board, author of *You're Wrong!* feel it's necessary to phonetically write out his encounter with an Asian American Greyhound ticket clerk, especially as this scenario was described just paragraphs after he described his exchange with an "Alabama-twanged" "Southern Belle"? Why didn't he feel the need to fuh-netically renduh his encoun-tuh with this paragon of Suthun' sen-sablahtee? Not punk rock enough? -Gus (Maximumrocknroll, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146)

NEGATIVE REACTION

\$5, 7½" x 10½", 35 pgs.
I sometimes wish I'd been raised in the U.K., because then I could use awesome U.K. slang without sounding like a wee blimey cunt. Everything just sounds better and more hilarious if you say it Cockney-like. You read the GBH interview in this issue, or better yet, the one guy's account of his having accidentally attended a Slipknot concert, and you tell me I'm wrong, ya wee bloody tosser. -Gus (Trev Howarth, 20 New Front St. T/Lea, Stanley, Co. Durham, DH9 9LY, England)

that Miss Oblivious, (the proprietress of this zine) has been doing it for a little bit. Based out of the East Bay area, the zine covers Miss Oblivious's life and times, including her punk rock wedding ceremony, some record reviews, lots of pictures of friends and her family, and so on. The layout's all cut and paste with a lot of what just seems like garbage and pictures of people I didn't know. Even though the zine isn't small, it still didn't seem like there was much content here. It's almost as though this zine was made for Miss Oblivious's friends and people who are familiar with her life. I thought the story of her wedding was kind of cool, but other than that, I didn't get a lot out of it. -Kurt Morris (Sailorhank2000@yahoo.com)

OX FANZINE #64, \$4.50, glossy/perfect-bound, 140 pgs.
What can I say about this one? It's massive, impeccably laid out, in full-color—but is restrained and tasteful in its use of said color—features about a trillion interviews with everyone from Penny Rimbaud of Crass to Boy Sets Fire to Mike Park of Asian Man

ers, too. Really cool stickers! -Gus (Danny Martin, 3407 E Camden #1, Tucson, AZ 85171)

PUNK PAGAN #4, Free, 5½" x 8½", 43 pgs.
So, yeah, this dude loves the punk and he loves the paganism, among other things. In fact, he compiled a list of 100 things he loves. Some excerpts: Mountain Dew (#7), being naked outside (#15), vampire books (#19), Xanax and Valium (#25), taking nice, healthy shits (#29), bar food (#43), "Cincinnati chili" (#72), switchblades (#90), and getting out of jail (#100). If you need to know some good methods and times by which to worship the goddess Brigit, to say nothing of who Brigit is and what significance she might have in your life, check this out. He also reviews some stuff and goes on an extended (though not untrue) rant about Fuck the War! Screw the Troops! Condi Rice is Evil! -Gus (Punk Pagan Publications, PO Box 282, Manville, RI 02838)

SLTM #22, \$2, 8½" x 11", ? pgs.
This might very well be one of the worst zines I've ever read. And in

layout, before you know it, it's over. Christine is always on top of her game, the zines and music reviews are well-written, and the breadth of the columns is good, including Mike Straight's about how he cons the two marketing agencies in Philly, which was pretty funny. I like how the ads are at the bottom of each page, so they're not really distracting. There's a good array of live shots of all kinds of bands, too. And with it being free in person or just the cost of postage via mail, it's worth picking up. -Kurt Morris (Slug & Lettuce, c/o Christine, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23361-6632)

TONES & NOTES, #4, \$1, 8½" x 11", Xeroxed, 14 pgs.
I've been sent one of these before and, by god, if I can figure out just what exactly is going on with it. This much I can tell you: it is about music, but a side of music I'm not that all familiar with, the side that deals with composition, notation, and arrangement. The pages are dense with information and, while I've tried over and over, comprehension escapes me. The last two pages include brief

TERROR

LOUDER
THAN
11!

RAZORCAKE

Sure does like
The Soviettes!

Mark it, dude. New
website's up. 10,000
reviews are being posted.
Distro's tight, too.
www.razorcake.org

zine reviews. This is the second zine I've reviewed this issue that is making me feel completely stupid. And for that I give *Tones & Notes* high marks! Or was it the four crisp one dollar bills that came with this issue?... —Greg Barbera (Tones & Notes, PO Box 190-tn, Philomath, OR 97370)

TRYING #3, \$1, 5½" x 8½", 66 pgs. A five-part journal in which Dominic helps his mom move, leaves his hometown and all his friends in NY to move to Portland, hangs out with little kids and wacky middle-aged men on the train, wears the same underwear for a few days, works some weird part-time jobs, breaks up with his long distance girlfriend, and agonizes endlessly about the choices he's made. It's mostly handwritten, although there is a sort of op-ed on gender inequality that's typed and some stream-of-consciousness poetry stuff in cursive. A little uneven overall, but as far as the ruminations on hope and loss, well, fuck, we've all been there. —Gus (dominic@bust.com)

UGLY PLANET #3, Free, 7" x 9", 64 pgs. Man, these guys are only on issue #3? Wow. This thing is some pretty slick shit. I like the big pictures they have of their interviewees, who are a pretty diverse group. In this issue alone you got Le Tigre, Jarboe, Jello Biafra, Naomi Klein, Ramsey Kanaan, and Ice-T (discussing the different degrees of pimpin'). And those are just the people I'd heard of. Thanks to this magazine, I finally found out who it is that's been drawing all those pictures you see all over the damn place. His name is Eric Drooker. Go to drooker.com and you'll know who I'm talking about. This magazine is free, so I can't say I'd buy it again, but I'd definitely pick it up the next time I saw it. —Gus (Ugly Planet, PO Box 205 New York, NY 10012)

UGLY PLANET #3, \$3.95, 7½" x 10", 66 pgs. Glossy cover, snazzy layout, lots of ads, and good interviews with a range of characters from Le Tigre and Jarboe to Jello Biafra and Ice-T. Of course, there were the required CD/book/DVD reviews, and interviews with bands I'd never heard of. There was an interview with artist Eric

Drooker that included some of his artwork, but on the whole, nothing much really struck me as too interesting. With so many magazines out there that are seemingly covering the same general fare, I can't see why anyone would want to drop four bucks on it, but oh well, go ahead, be my guest. —Kurt Morris (Ugly Planet, PO Box 205, NY, NY 10012)

VERBAL ABUSE #1, \$1.99, 8½" x 11", Xeroxed, 12 pgs. A stellar comic zine featuring Popeye Vs. The Republican Party (hint: Popeye wins!), Gooftard the Retarded Guinea Pig, Farty the Crippled Robot, and more. The mind behind the madness here is Andrew Brown, and he does a good job aping that which came before while creating his own twisted vision (think Turbonegro here). The only complaint I can find with this zine is that it's too fucking short! —Greg Barbera (Verbal Abuse, 3210 W. Wells St., #11, Milwaukee, WI 53208)

WELCOME TO FLAVOR COUNTRY #5, \$1 (?), 5½" x 8½", 18 pgs. Raw and highly self-questioning, *WtFC* is a personal zine, to

be sure, but it's one that is almost scientific in its self-examination. Kurt goes to great lengths to say why he doesn't want children. Step by step—from the perpetuation of bad genes, to finances, to the responsibilities of raising a child—he not only asserts his belief of remaining childless but makes sure the reader, in no way, shape, or form, feels talked down to. Another section of the zine examines—with the same type of self-scrutiny—the tall wall he has to scale to find a lady friend: a woman with Christian faith, a love of DIY (or at least a compassionate for it), who doesn't want a child, while living in Indiana. Honesty in writing goes a long way with me and *WtFC* fits that bill. —Todd (Morris, 835 Ashland Ave. #4, SB, IN 46616)

Hundreds more zine reviews, old and new, are being posted on www.razorcake.org



GET READY FOR YOUR SPECIAL EVENT

WEDDINGS • SCHOOL DANCES • WORK PARTIES • ANNIVERSARIES

Come and learn great dance steps or simply have us choreograph a special dance to your favorite song!
Salsa
Rock
Punk
Rockabilly
the possibilities are endless!
Serving all of So. California



LEARN TO DANCE & GET ONE FREE HOUR
LIMO RIDE WITH BEST TRANSPORTATION SERVICES!

DIAMONDS AREN'T THE ONLY THINGS THAT LAST FOREVER

714.963.5900 • AGRDANCE.COM
SE HABLA ESPAÑOL • CALL FOR MORE INFO.



Baby Killer Records

NEW 7"s BY...



M.O.T.O.
'EL STOP' BK-1002
OUT NOW!



WEEKENDERS
'ANY PLACE ELSE' BK-1001
STILL AVAILABLE!



REATARDS/OSCARS
SPLIT 7"
THIS SUMMER!



TAMPOFFS
COMING SOON!



DC SNIPERS
COMING SOON!

BABYKILLERNYC@YAHOO.COM



13

"CALABRESE is one of the top
Horror Rock bands"—Blasko from
The Death Riders and Rob Zombie

HALLOWEENS

on sale now from America's
premiere Horror Rock band

CALABRESE



If you like the Misfits, AFI and the
Ramones listen to CALABRESE at
www.CalabreseRock.com



Even a Daughter Is Better Than Nothing By Mykel Board, 347 pgs.

I remember when Mykel Board first started writing about Mongolia in *Maximum Rockroll*. I thought it was a joke. He's notorious for pulling readers' legs in his *MRR* column. He's really a great liar, which is what you want out of a writer. I didn't believe that he really had gone to Mongolia until his fourth or fifth column from there. Even now, after reading the columns and the book, a little part of me wouldn't be surprised to find that he made it all up. It doesn't matter. Regardless, the book is believable enough and interesting enough that the facts don't matter. You'll find some truth either way. *Even a Daughter Is Better Than Nothing* is a memoir of Board's year of teaching English at the National University in Ulaanbaatar. The chapters are arranged more or less chronologically, but they read like individual essays. Some of them, or at least parts of them, probably appeared in *MRR* (at least, when I read a few of the chapters, I did have a vague sense that I'd heard the story before). When taken as a whole, though, this book takes you on a yearlong trek in Mongolia. You get a taste of the local flavors. You get to learn some of the customs, taste some of the food (nothing like lamb brains), and get a sense of what life is like at the end of the world. The country really does come across as a bizarre land. It seems like one of the last places left in the world that's unsullied by globalization, that's ignored by McDonald's and Wal-Mart, sure, but also ignored by Time Warner and Universal Music, which is probably even more significant, culturally speaking. Mongolians make their own music, they create their own culture, they build their cities and towns on their own time schedule and under their own terms. In this way, even though there's not punk rock there, Mongolia comes across as an ideological punk rock heaven. Certainly part of this image of Mongolia is colored by the storyteller. Board does see the world through his punk rock eyes. He celebrates things that a typical travel writer would condemn, and he condemns what a typical travel writer would celebrate. And, at his very core, he's the Mykel Board who you've come to love and hate through his *MRR* columns. He's kinda like that guy you go on the road with because he seems cool at first. Pretty quickly into the trip, you want to strangle him, and after the trip is over, you look back fondly on time spent with

him. He's snotty and spends a lot of time trying to figure out which buttons to push to really set you off, then pushes those buttons. At the same time, he has a lucid eye for undercurrents just below the surface. He has a tenderness, too, that seems to belie his role as a contrarian. Deep down, you get the sense that he cares, that he just wants to do right by the people around him. It's this dichotomy, along with the remote setting and people, that makes *Even a Daughter Is Better Than Nothing* more

than just a collection of columns or just a travel book. It's a unique and powerful view of an odd man at the end of the world. —Sean Carswell (Garrett County Press, 614 South 8th Street #373, Philadelphia, PA 19147)

Getting to the Bottom of This #1 By Shannon Colebank, 32 pgs.

Shannon hates America. Shannon is a genius and you are all sheep. Shannon thinks niggers should either speak proper English or shut the fuck up. *Shannon is a genius*. And he hates capitalism.

He knows for a fact that Freemasons rule the planet.

He knows that Communism and witchcraft are the only ways to true freedom.

And you're all maggots. Imbeciles. And Shannon, of course, is a God.

Shannon hates America, did I mention that? And all of you blathering, bleating sheep that are obviously too stupid to understand him.

Did I also mention that he's a genius and you're an idiot?

This is essentially what you're going to get, repeatedly, *over and over again*, in Colebank's recent spiral-bound little gem: page after page of vitriolic, delusional, hateful writing. Essentially, what it comes down to is that Shannon writes repeatedly how he "gets" it and you, the reader, don't and won't. But he just keeps crankin' 'em out, doesn't he? Topics of Shannon's attacks here include but are not limited to: America, Asians, queers, blacks, America, punks, the American Medical Association, the California Department of Parks and Recreation, meter readers, America, Shannon's ex-roommate Kathleen, America, drug addicts, and America. You get the point: pretty much anyone but Shannon is repeatedly labeled as a "blithering imbecile." At times it's hilarious, at times really frightening; the depths of this dude's delusions run pretty deep.

An excerpt, as Shannon yet again reminds us how much he hates America—and all the people who inhabit it—and that he will eventually move to a more acceptable Socialist country (such as, he says, Iceland): *When I get to the Socialist country, and they ask me where I am from, I will not defile myself with the humiliating label of "American." I will instead tell them I am from*

the Utopia I have created in my own mind (when I was 10!), and ask them if they are worthy of it.

So, essentially, this is the sort of vocal exchange Shannon would be looking at should he ever find himself waiting for a bus in Iceland or something:

Random Icelandic dude: *Hey, man, how's it going? Where are you from?*

Shannon Colebank: *I am from the Utopia I have created in my own mind when I was ten. Are you worthy of it?*

That shit'll fly like a jet, I'm sure.

Like I said, his writings come across as bitter, hateful, paranoid and random. There's no real cohesion. He repeats himself over and over again. The themes (Shannon versus the world) get tiring. They're also just *not very well written*. I mean, yeah, I get it, Shannon; you're frustrated because no one accepts you as a God except you. And we're all sheep, and Asians are all politically correct idiots, and "antagonistic flaming faggots" dress in drag for the sole purpose of being "discriminated against" and blah blah blah. On and on. I get your shtick, trust me.

Another excerpt: *I pity the average person (though I feel no sympathy) for their inability to grasp what I am talking about. It is pointless for me to explain it here, since I have already beaten it into the ground in a dozen other zines you are too stupid to read.* This is the difference between a shitty but emotionally balanced writer, and one who is not so balanced: the guy who's got some degree of solidity in his life takes rejection in stride and works on perfecting his craft. The guy who considers himself a God blames his crappy writing and lack of readership on eeeveryone but himself. —Keith Rosson (\$3 ppd. to Shannon Colebank, PO Box 5591, Portland, OR 97228)

King Dork

By Frank Portman, 341 pgs.

So this is the first novel by Frank Portman, (better known to the pop punk world as Dr. Frank, of The Mr. T Experience), a coming of age novel for teens, which I suppose isn't that much of a surprise coming from the man who wrote songs such as "Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret" and "Bridge to Teribithia." But no, this isn't just "a book about a girl." It's fairly safe to assume Portman didn't want this to come off as another "I was miserable as a kid until I got into punk" story, but it's hard not to see the similarities.

The story follows Tom Henderson, who lives in a world filled with the same weird stuff you'd expect to hear about from the MTX's contemporaries (or for that matter, would expect to deal with living in the suburbs that everyone tries to keep secret, as I can vouch). He deals with excessive bullying, trying to attract girls, as well as finally trying to start his own rock band (and, by all means, Tom's constant name-changing band still did more than my own in high school). To make things interesting, Tom has also taken it upon himself to try to solve some of the mystery surrounding his father's death, which revolves around *The Catcher in the Rye* and the notes left within his father's copy. All of the parts eventually tie in together somehow—much like how life has a funny way of doing that sometimes.

I may not have been a teenager for a few years now, but I still found this to be an enjoyable story overall. My only real complaint is with, at times, the first person narration. There's no way to nicely put it, but even the smartest, nicest teenagers can be pretty dumb most of the

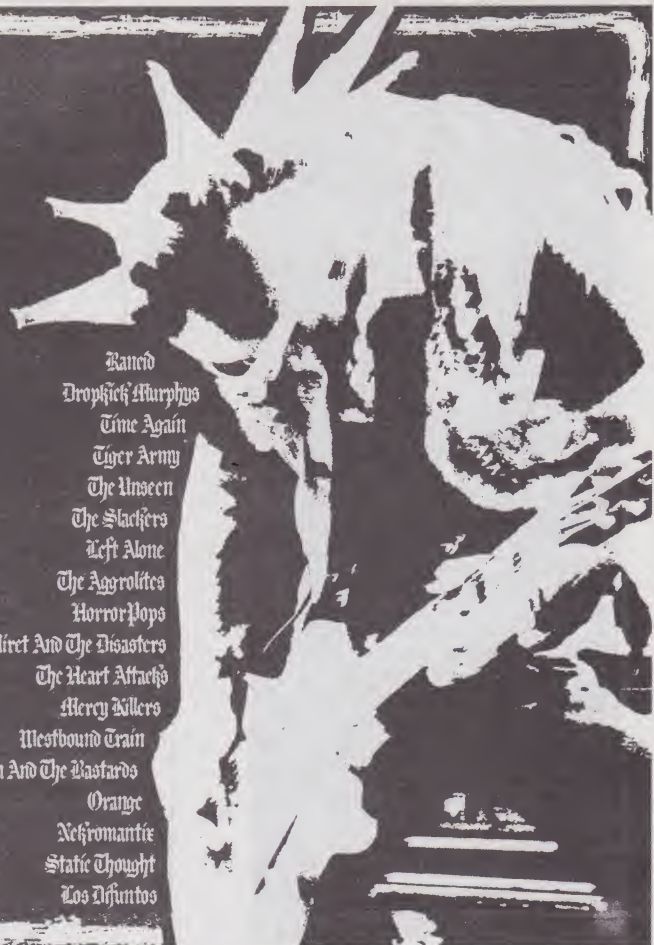
HELLCAT RECORDS PRESENTS...

GRAB 'EM THE BOOT V

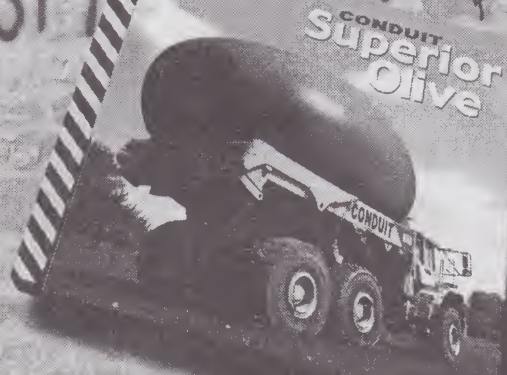


www.hell-cat.com

Banded
Dropkick Murphys
Time Again
Tiger Army
The Unseen
The Slackers
Left Alone
The Aggroettes
Horror Pops
Roger Miret And The Disasters
The Heart Attacks
Mercy Killers
Westbound Train
Lars Frederiksen And The Bastards
Orange
Nefromantic
Static Thought
Los Difuntos



Just f---in' buy it!



Conduit/Superior Olive
From upbeat funk to dark
and steamy...this one has
it all. 12 songs in all.



The Flank/At Stake
Bowie meets Lennon in this
poppy little number. Full
length...11 songs in all.



To order CD's send \$13 check or money order to:
Velvet Wrinkle Wreckers
1701 Susquehanna Street
Allentown, PA 18103

or visit our website at
velvetwrinklewreckers.com/merchandise.html

SUPER SECRET RECORDS

www.SuperSecretRecords.com

P.O. Box 1585

Austin, TX 78767

FEATURING: MANIKIN, THE WINKS, NERVOUS EXITS, BROTHERHOOD OF ELECTRICITY



NUCLEAR SKULL.COM



NUCLEAR SKULL.COM



Fl's underground misfits
3 Song Demo featuring
"RESIDENT EVIL MERCENARY"

NUCLEAR SKULL.COM

1101 98th st #6



Bay Harbour

FL. 33154



New on Southkore Records



Fourth Rotor-Plain LP
Second LP by this DIY
Chicago punk band.
Minutemen and No-
MeansNo influenced
punk. CD version on
Underground
Communique.

Still Available

SK004-Ratas de Cuidad CD comp
featuring Eske, Reaccion, Los Jodidos, I Attack,
Tras de Nada, Pkdores, and Non Fiktion Noiz.

SK005-The Pedestrians 7"

SK005.5 Hardcore or Die Comp CD
featuring Deadfall(CA), Tropiezo(Puerto Rico), Blind
Pigs(Brazil), La Armada Roja(Dominican Republic),
KL:I(Mexico), and 25 more

Distributed in the US by Southkore
KLH-Fuera de Mi CD (on Algo Discos)
15 songs of skate punk/HC from Mexico

Southkore Fest 2006

June 2nd and 3rd in Chicago, IL

Check our Website at

www.southkorerecords.com for details

Prices

Lp's-\$10ppd U.S \$12ppd Worldwide

CD's-\$8ppd U.S. \$10ppd Worldwide

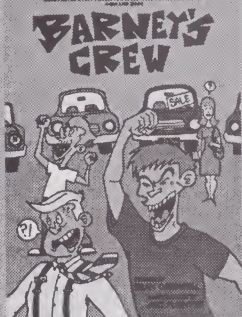
7"s-\$4ppd. U.S. \$6ppd Worldwide

Send cash or money orders only payable
to Benito Hernandez

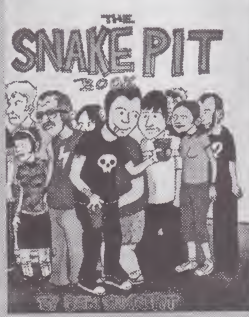
Southkore Records

2814 S. Spaulding

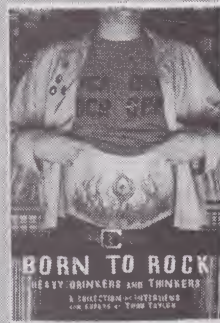
Chicago, IL 60623



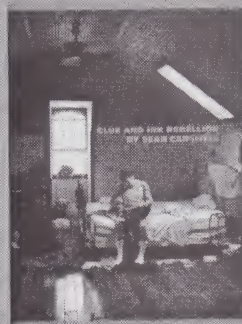
Barney's Crew
by Sean Carswell
\$10.00 ppd.



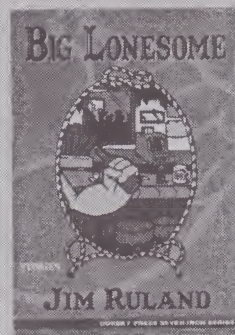
The Snake Pit Book
by Ben Snakepit
\$10.00 ppd.



Born to Rock
by Todd Taylor
\$10.00 ppd.



Glue and Ink Rebellion
by Sean Carswell
\$10.00 ppd.



Big Lonesome
by Jim Ruland
\$10.00 ppd.

READ
BETWEEN
BARS.

PO BOX 42024,
LA, CA 90042

WWW.
GORSKYPRESS.
COM



NEW STUFF!

GRRRL

by Jennifer Whiteford

\$10.00 ppd.

time (at least, speaking from personal experience), so calling everything gay and retarded starts to get a little irksome after a while, but it seems to stop after a while. The same goes for the constant abbreviations for everything (again, I'm guilty of this NOW, let alone when I was that age). Overall, this is a pretty good read whether you can relate to it now, or for nostalgic reasons. —Joe Evans III (Delacorte Press, 1745 Broadway, New York, NY 10019)

Mecca Mettle

By Tomas M. Disch, Blöðhag, and Tim Kirk, 102 pgs., hardbound, with CD

I'm a big fan of hard work and extremely dumb shit (And I say that as high praise). It's a rare case when "wouldn't it be funny if..." and a full-scale project actually come to fruition. Case in point: all four members of Blöðhag, progenitors of NorthWest EduCore, not only have the gravitas to put pen to paper and provide excellent excerpts from their extended bibliographies—stories ranging from drug-induced hallucinations to The Chronicles of Mighty Payloader—the book itself is exquisitely

appointed. Five-time Hugo award winner Tim Kirk provides the illustrations. The book's hardbound and numbered and signed by all those involved (including the publisher, who has wonderful penmanship). It makes me happy that what could be merely a kitschy gesture—"Dude, it's a lit-grindcore band! Bro, Phillip K. Dick and Anal Cunt, but with real words!" followed by headbutting—is such plowable creative ground with more than eight years of fertile topsoil. Blöðhag, bless 'em. They play actual libraries. They put out a real book. They record actual albums. They're not just a figment of my imagination. And it's all in the name of good fun, literacy, and the grand gesture that nothing but nothing is more punk rock than learning, trying to be smarter than those who control us, and pushing every little boundary, page by page. —Todd (Payseur & Schmidt, c/o Alice Schmidt, PO Box 61249, Seattle, WA 98141)



Bad Religion: Live at the Palladium: DVD

I've long had a love/hate relationship with Bad Religion—I pretty much adore their early work and pretty much loathe their later work. It isn't so much about the whole "sellout" thing as it is about slick production and the professionalism that crept into their work, which, to me, sapped the energy and immediacy out of anything they did. Not that I hated everything they did later on—I'll admit a fondness for "Los Angeles Is Burning" off the last album, and I appreciate the topicality of their lyrics—but on the whole it moves me about as much as your average Def Leppard album, which to me runs completely contrary to what punk was/is supposed to be about. Ultimately boils down to personal preference, I guess. If that three guitar attack played through state of the art equipment and that big rock sound float your boat, I tip my hat to ye. I crank up "Voice of God Is Government" and revel in Brett's slightly off-kilter guitar and all that agro that's missing from their current output. I feel the same about what's presented on the disc in question. The bulk, a live set recorded at the Hollywood Palladium, is all gloss and slickness, with eleven cameras capturing every movement onstage and the band running through a "best of" selection from nearly their entire catalogue. The band seems amiable, their performance is pitch-perfect and the kids in the audience seem to be eating the proceedings up, yet the whole spectacle feels about as edgy and spontaneous as a Britney Spears video. Frankly, I'll leave that part of this DVD for the punters to fawn over. What really got my blood going was the "bonus" footage of the band performing on the

legendary, sorely missed *New Wave Theatre*, footage (it's a goddamned shame that, in an era where entire seasons of crap television shows are released on DVD, a show as creative, visionary and downright essential as *New Wave Theatre* continues to gather dust on a shelf and wallow in obscurity) that, while is sloppy, out of tune, and poorly mixed, conveys more spirit and sincerity in less than ten minutes than the Palladium footage manages to convey in more than an hour. —Jimmy Alvarado (Epitaph, 2798 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90026)

Lollipop Is Burning Festival: DVD

A document of a set of Paris gigs, featuring five tunes each from The Hatepinks, Jerry Spider Group, Neurotic Swingers, Petit Vodo, and The Briefs. Although most of the bands here are kinda strip-mining the same little punk pigeonhole, they do it well and the sound quality and presentation are good enough that the proceedings are a hoot to watch. The Briefs, of course, continue to amaze. The extras, which include footage of the final Gasolheads show, assorted videos, and Kevin K performing on Croatian TV, is of varying quality. —Jimmy Alvarado (Lollipop, 7 Impasse Monsegur, 13016 Marseille, France)

Nardwuar the Human Serviette: Doot DooLa Doot Doo...Doot Doo!: DVD

Seeing as how you're reading this review in this particular rag, you're already well aware of Nardwuar the Human Serviette. The crazy Canadian has been interviewing celebrities and politicians and other random freaks for many years now. In the '90s, Much Music (aka: the Canadian MTV) hired Nardwuar to... well, continue being Nardwuar. He continued to interrogate rock stars and actors, videotaping every second. And now, thanks to Much Music, Alternative Tentacles, and the man himself, you can watch these interviews, spread out over two DVDs, equaling over five hours of footage! What a deal!

The thing that becomes most apparent when watching these interviews is just how brilliant of a journalist Nardwuar is. He's always incredibly well-prepared, with lots of questions that most interviewers wouldn't ask.

2 song 1 sided limited edition 7"
EXPLODING TOE RECORDS

www.myspace.com/thedivebombhoney

PRESENTS PRINCESS
CD OUT NOW!!
on On/Off Switch
www.ononswitch.com

BATTLESHIP
WORLD TOUR AND NEW ALBUM
MAY '06!

PRESENTS PRINCESS
LP OUT NOW!!
on RawDeluxe Records
www.therawdeluxe.com

His demeanor is infectious, making his subjects open up in a way most people never see (for better or worse). Above all, the man is fearless, going to great lengths to ask the most incredible questions. Even when celebrities hate him, they respect his in-depth research, and so will you!

Disc One features the first two *Nard Wars* specials commissioned by Much Music. *Nard Wars I* is basically a compilation of snippets from a number of his interviews, hosted by Chris Murphy of Sloan. The interviews run the gamut, featuring Kelly Osbourne, Gene Simmons, Marilyn Manson, Peaches, Ian Mackaye, Vanilla Ice, Busta Rhymes, Timothy Leary, Josh Homme, Rob Halford, and a bazillion others. These little snips are rounded out by Nardwuar's top five favorite interviews, which get a bit more screen time. It's all fast paced and hilarious as you watch some people "get" Nardwuar, and some people who just want to beat the shit out of him.

Nard Wars II is less exciting. It's basically a half hour of Nardwuar preparing for his third interview with Snoop Dogg... collecting info, calling his manager, waiting in the hotel for Snoop to show up. It's kinda interesting to see how these things unfold, but it's a little boring. Luckily, the last twenty minutes with Mr. Dogg is pure Nard magic.

The first disc is rounded out with performances from Nardwuar's bands, Thee Goblins and The Evaporators, including live performances and music videos! The quality varies, but it's all a lot of fun to watch.

Disc Two is basically just unedited versions of the bits shown on disc one. They're even funnier this way, as you can watch the reactions of the interviewees get more and more annoyed, disturbed, and ultimately confused by Nardwuar's consistent prodding. His interview with Wesley Willis is bizarre, yet touching. His numerous Jello Biafra encounters are edited down to a thirteen-minute compilation, highlighting some pretty hilarious moments. The full length Henry Rollins, Gwar, and Michael Moore interviews are priceless. The second disc also has a few extra tidbits, and both discs feature bonus Easter eggs hidden about (I found at least five).

As Michael Moore once said, Nardwuar is "a national treasure." If you like reading his interviews, you'll love watching him in action. My only complaint is that I wish there were more interviews! Maybe there will be a second volume down the road (hopefully with the infamous Sonic Youth and Lydia Lunch interviews). Until then, this one is highly recommended. —Russell Lichter (www.nardwuar.com)

Novel Amusements #5: DVD and zine

A DVD of homemade short films and videos, with this issue all pertaining to games of some sort—athletics, Nintendo, headgames, etc. I like the way the shorts are related to games in totally different ways. Some are real fun, a few are reminiscent of every short film collection (office work stuff, writers block, dicking around on a bedroom floor) but if you haven't seen 20,000 shorts in the last five years then you will be just fine with these,

as they hit all the right marks for fun. And if you like games and hockey fights, you will love this disc. "Yoga Deathmatch" is reason enough to get it. The extra games included for your computer will keep you in a loop for a week. —Speedway Randy (Novel Amusements, 10 Trellanock Ave, Toronto, ON, M1C 5B5, Canada, www.novelamusements.org.)

Rock and Roll B-movie Monsters: *Zombie Bot from Death Planet 6*: DVD

Cartoon creator Gene Romero is back with the second installment of the RNR B-Movie Monsters, and this shit's funnier than his first one, *Go Go Johnny Kill!* (Which can be watched on <http://officialramones.com/site/nav.html>). Without ruining the plot, our B-Movie Monsters fight fire with fire against Clint Howard's evil robot with a robot of their own—the Lembot Kilmaster 3000, and yes, it's *that* same Lemmy you're thinking of. There's also the ripping on *Robo Cop* and a very "colorful" Johnny 5 from that movie, *Short Circuit*. Okay, that's all your getting—like I said, I ain't ruining it for anyone. Gene's creations in his animations are funny as they are entertaining, and I'm really looking forward to his next series, *Super Vato*. His official animation website should be going up around the same time this goes to print. If you wanna get a hold of Gene, you're encouraged to drop 'em an email and check out his MySpace page to get a glimpse at what he and his lil' monsters have been up to: eugen Romero@yahoo.com or <http://www.myspace.com/rockandrollb-moviemonsters>. —Designated Dale

Threat: DVD

The plot of this film is simple enough—two friends, one a hip hop dude and the other a homeless straight edge kid, bring their two tribes together and murder and mayhem ensue as the two groups clash. In theory, it should make for interesting viewing, if not successfully conveying its message—which appears to be that underdog factions should focus on fighting the greater society than each other. The problem, however, lies in the execution of the film. After a nicely done intro, the bulk of the movie consists of disjointed scenes featuring various members of each group separately prosaically waxing philosophical about assorted subjects and doing little else. While this may have worked to some degree in movies like *Clerks*, the script here is sorely lacking anything close to Kevin Smith's wit, and the actors make the View Askew stable of thespians look like a seasoned Shakespearean company. The remainder of the film, a tit-for-tat murder spree, the result of the meeting of the two groups at a straight edge gig, is essentially pointless, as very little sympathy for the dead characters has been developed over the preceding hour for the audience to really care that they've been shot, stabbed, or hit in the face with a gardening claw. —Jimmy Alvarado (Halo 8 Destructions, 7336 Santa Monica Blvd #10, LA CA 90046)

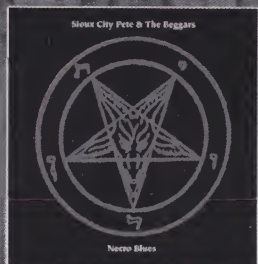


art · words · junk
amyadoyzie.com

OUT NOW ON
RLD RECORDS
THE JACKS
CONCRETE DEATH T

\$4 US/\$6 OVERSEAS
GET IN TOUCH
FOR WHOLESALE
RLDRECORDS@COMCAST.NET
MYSPACE.COM/RLDRECORDS

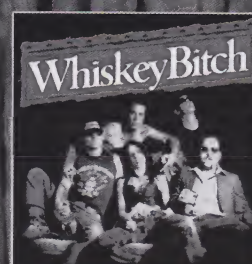
FULL CONTACT ROCK 'N' ROLL



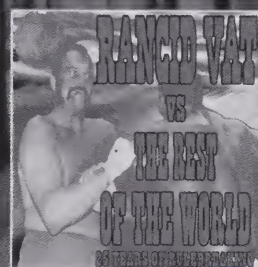
**SIoux CITY PETE
& THE BEGGARS**
Necro Blues CD



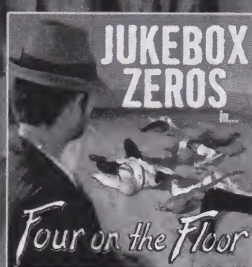
**THE EARACHES /
JUKEBOX ZEROS**
split 7"



**WHISKEY
BITCH**
self-titled 7"



RANCID VAT
Rancid Vat vs.
The Rest Of
The World 2 X CD



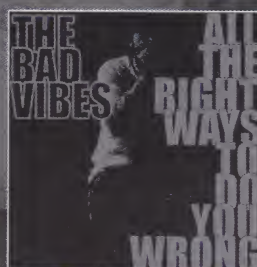
**JUKEBOX
ZEROS**
Four On
The Floor CD



**JOHNNY CASINO'S
EASY ACTION**
We've Forgotten More
Than You'll Ever Know CD



THEE MINKS
Are You
Ready Now? CD



THE BAD VIBES
All The Right Ways
To Do You Wrong CD



THE EARACHES
Get The Revolution
Out Of Your Head CD

**COMING LATER IN 2006 NEW STUFF FROM: ANTISEEN, BLOWFLY, THE DOWNBEAT 5,
THE EARACHES, HAMMERLOCK, LABOR PARTY, THEE MINKS & SON OF A GUN**

VISIT OUR WEBSITE FOR MORE INFO. ON THESE & OTHER GEMS FROM OUR CATALOG, INCLUDING: THE 440s * ADZ * ANTISEEN
THE BAD VIBES * BLARE BITCH PROJECT * BORN BAVARIAN * THE BULEMICS * THE BUMP-N'-UGLIES * THE CHICKENHAWKS
COCKNOOSE * CRETN 66 * JEFF DAHL * THE EARACHES * EDISON ROCKET TRAIN * HAMMERLOCK * HELLSTOMPER * HOOKERS
THE LEAVING TRAINS * LIMECELL * THEE MINKS * NOTHING BUT PUKE * RANCID VAT * THE RESISTOLEROS * SICKIDZ * STUNTMEN

STEEL CAGE RECORDS, PO BOX 29247, PHILADELPHIA, PA 19125
WWW.STEELCAGERECORDS.COM * DISTRIBUTED BY RED EYE USA

NOFX

WOLVES IN WOLVES' CLOTHING



CD & LP IN STORES NOW!



Fat Wreck Chords • PO Box 193690 • San Francisco, CA 94119 • www.fatwreck.com • www.nofx.org